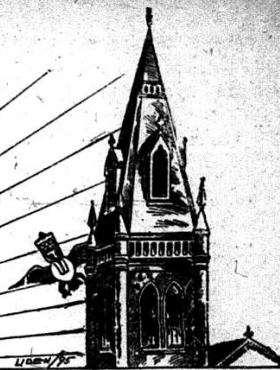


The Firebrand

FOR THE DESTRUCTION OF THE CONGRESSES 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.

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THE FIREBRAND

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

The Dying Tramp.

I AM a tramp, a dying tramp,
I've lost all self-respect,
When clad in rags, with hunger weak,
What else could you expect?

I've dragged my blister'd feet along
The hard and frozen ground;
I've shiver'd thro' the winter nights
And tramp'd my hopeless round.

You look at me, a total wreck,
With lips that show your scorn
And wonder why in this blest age
A tramp was ever born.

You step aside lest I should smirch
Your rich and stylish dress;
But yet I have a hist'ry sad
Which you might never guess.

Stand thou and hear thy victim's tale,
'Twas pattern'd by your hand;
Your hand, so shapely in its glove,
That rules this stricken land.

In days gone by I work'd for you,
In days when all were fed;
And when I was a journeyman
I courted and I wed.

The days pass'd by in faithful toil,
The evenings brought their cheer.
As time roll'd on, around our board
Were several children dear.

But then a change came o'er the scene,
You felt the thirst of greed;
You cut my wages to the niche
That scarce suffic'd my need.

Protest and strike unheeded fell,
I wrought for home and wife;
But as the wages lower dropp'd
All joy forsook my life.

The baby's face was pinch'd and wan,
The children cried for bread;
Then sickness took a favor'd one
And laid her with the dead.

You paid too much to let us starve
And not enough to live;
While those without a job were forc'd
To beg what others give.

When times grew hard and work shut down,
Our scanty savings went;
In spite of living bare
That little was soon spent.

The keepsakes fraught with memories,
Associations sweet,
Were pledg'd where show the triple balls
Upon a hungry street.

Our little home was sacrific'd
For just a nickel song,
The house we built with earnings small,
For which we toil'd so long.

Through all the land I could not work
At my own honest trade;
And in a stifling tenement
Our rent was left unpaid.

I look'd for jobs, our landlord came

And pill'd us in the street;
I begg'd to save my family,
You took me for a "beat"

And sent me up for ninety days,
The victim of your wrong;
You burnt on me the brand of shame
Because you were so strong.

At last the prison doors unclous'd,
But all my lov'd were lost;
My wife was dead, my children gone.
See what your wealth has cost!

My boy became a genuine tough,
I saw his corpse one day;
My girls, they could not freeze and starve,
You led their steps astray.

In my despair I took to drink,
For nothing else remain'd;
You see me now, your handiwork,
All bloated and sin-stain'd.

You pale before my burning words
Yet lay the blame on me,
Because I did not rise above
This struggling human sea.

'Tis easy from the quarter-deck
To taunt me with my grief,
And ask me why I have no yacht
To come to my relief.

You pass me by, a "filthy tramp,"
A "blotch" upon the land;
But hearken to my dying words
Nor stir from where you stand.

The victims of your avarice
Are but the planted seed
Whose fruit will be a whirlwind doom
Upon your heartless greed.

—A. Thurston Heydon.

Centralization.

MUCH is being said and written at the present time about centralization of capital and the evils incident thereto. The funny papers that champion the party out of power never weary of cartooning and caricaturing the trusts and their promoters, picturing their rapacity and heartlessness quite hideously. Warning is scouted by the press of the deposed party and direful calamities predicted if the tendency to centralization continues. "Economists" write and talk about centralization, its dangers and the remedy, but all of them stop short of a thorough investigation of the cause of this tendency and the logical necessity for its prevention.

Some men who seem to be well meaning and try to point out how best to control the trusts, and a few like Frank Parsons advocate curing centralization and the evils of trusts by further centralizing all capital; by putting all trusts into one great trust—the government. The object of these "economists" is either to solve the vexed question: or to allay discontent. If they are honestly seeking a solution of the question, are intent on bringing about an equitable state of affairs, then they must fearlessly and without prejudice grapple with the facts, regardless of where the logic of these facts may lead them. This, however, is not to be expected. These men have social standing. They have more to lose by telling the truth than they hope to gain from a social and financial standpoint. Usually their minds are so filled with formalities

and red tape, legal and social, that they cannot conceive of any adjustment freed from such things. To them all social and political arrangement implies simply a modification—either simplification or complication—of the existing arrangement. In view of these facts it is evidently useless to go to this class of men for a solution of this question.

Centralization of capital tends to reduce the number of employers, to remove the employer further from the employe, to create a class of immensely wealthy people who form a social strata quite distinct from the remaining members of society in general. Its evil effects are too well known to require elaboration. How to prevent these evil effects is the question uppermost at present. To prevent the evil effects it is only necessary to do away with the cause, i. e., centralization.

There is a school of social economists who call themselves scientific socialists, who claim to know the why and wherefore of all social-phenomena and to give a material interpretation of history and to predict from that interpretation the future.

The reason for mentioning them is that the most of those who are attracting public attention at the present time on account of their attempts to solve the question of centralization are more or less tinctured with the theories of this school. They claim that competition drives the competitors to combine and thus leads to centralization. The government is a sublime power in their eyes, one that they hope some day to enlist in their favor. They want to centralize capital to a greater extent than now by placing it in the hands of the government. They seem incapable of distinguishing between society and the government. In speaking of competition they argue as though it could only be prevented by government control of all industries; in fact they so assert. Competition seems to them as much a self-existent something as capital seems to the burgeoise economist. They would reduce competition among workmen by withdrawing large numbers from the ordinary fields of production and placing them in government jobs, thus taking them out of competition with their fellow workers who are looking for a job. They fail to see, or at least to properly appreciate, the fact that every man withdrawn from production must be supported by those engaged in production. They seem to think that the government can create value. They attribute centralization to the inevitable working of natural force and seek to completely centralize all industry and all capital by extending government control over them, by governmentalizing—socializing, they call it—them.

Centralization of capital has grown up quite quickly, but so quietly that its growth was not perceived by many until it had assumed proportions that made its presence painfully apparent. At first only a few knew that it was centralization that was hurting them, and they were laughed at by many who now howl centralization most lustily. Gradually the fact that this process was working havoc with the hopes of a very large percentage of the people became recognized, and now we have

anti-department stores, anti-trust and other movements that are avowedly out after the scalp of centralization. "They know not what they do."

Centralization is a logical result of accumulation. Accumulation has been inculcated in the public schools, at home, by press and pulpit, and extolled as a virtue. Accumulations of wealth have been protected by special legislation and the machinery of the law. Two accumulators put their accumulations together and organize a corporation; two or more corporations form a trust, and those who advocate accumulation denounce the trust and howl about centralization.

Land monopoly—that is to say, legal title to land—is one of the fundamental causes of centralization. Money monopoly, legal tender, is another cause. The two are the primary causes and sufficient to bring about all the centralization that now exists, but they are supplemented and the process quickened by patents, copyrights, license laws, etc.

When men are denied the use of the land they must seek other means of providing themselves and those dependent on them with the necessities of life. If they had money they might go into business. Having none they must borrow if they would go into trade. In order to get money to use they must pay interest. This is made necessary by money monopoly. A site for the transaction of business is necessary and for this they must pay rent. If he is selling goods he must charge these items into the price of the goods. He is helping to centralize capital by so doing.

Most men look for a job—try to get an opportunity to work for another. The other knows that hundreds are looking for a job, as they must when access to the land is denied them, or they are compelled to pay rent for it, so he reduces the wages of his employe, thereby increasing his profit, and centralizing capital in his hands. The man who is looking for a job may think to fool his employer by working for himself. In that event he undertakes to drive an express wagon, peddle truck or run a hack or cab. He wont go many blocks along the street until he collides with a policeman who asks him for his license. Failing to produce one he is taken to police headquarters, where, if the Chief is kindly disposed he may be allowed to go if he will immediately procure a license. If the Chief of police happens to be cranky from his last night's drunk he may have a fine to pay before he is allowed to procure a license. In either event he will have to contribute a part of his earnings to the political machine. Maybe the license will force him out of business and he may then hire out to the big company that owns a number of express wagons, a market truck or a lot of hacks and cabs. The license law has driven him out of business and helped to centralize capital.

A mechanic may see what appears to be a good opportunity to manufacture something that he fully understands making. He starts in business but soon finds that improved machinery must be introduced by him in order that he may compete with other manufacturers. He discovers that while he may be able to make the machine required he is restrained from so doing by patent laws, and that the owner of the patent will charge him such a price for the machine, or such a royalty on it that he will be forced out of business and the trade he would have done will go to the patent owner. Thus the patent laws help on with the centralization of capital.

Every avenue of human activity is thus closed against all who are not already possessed of considerable capital. Even if possessed of as much capital as would have insured success some years ago—other conditions being favorable—a man finds himself at a disadvantage now, and unless he can pool his capital with others, can form a trust—centralize—the chances for success are against him. If he does pool with others he hastens centralization.

In every instance where centralization is the

logical and inevitable tendency it will be found that a law is at the bottom of it. Law restricts liberty, and gives advantage to some which it denies to others.

We can thus see that centralization of capital is the inevitable result of a system that those who howl against it have fostered and even now defend and uphold. It is not a natural development, like the growth of a forest or development of a wild animal, but is the result of law: of conscious interference with human association by the men who constitute the government. When our present system of private, absolute title to land was established it was for the purpose of forcing some persons to work for others. When money was made a legal tender, and its issue monopolized by the government it was for the purpose of exercising a controlling influence over trade.

All these things have been done by those who sought advantage over their fellowmen; who despised the poor and cared for them only as they could use them to make profit, and they have been justified on the grounds that it was all for the public good. The superstition of government has, and does cause people to acquiesce in all these nefarious schemes, even though they may curse them and howl with rage at their effects. They never blame the fact of government, but lay all the trouble at the door of mismanagement, or say that the legislators proved recreant to the trust reposed in them. They go to the polls at election time "to turn the rascals out," and only succeed in turning some other rascals in. All the time they are trying to get some new laws to restrain the trusts, centralization is going on as rapidly as ever, and the controllers of this centralized capital are wielding more influence than ever over their lives and happiness: Are subjugating them more completely than ever before.

Decentralization is a necessity. Instead of curing the evils of centralization by nationalization, or other forms of monopolization, they can be removed, without introducing greater ones, only by decentralization; by abolishing the laws that have made it possible—have fostered and encouraged it. When those injured by centralization cease to support and defend government; when men quit putting their trust in politicians; in legislation and power of government to improve their condition and assert their right to use the earth, to associate at will in any and all transactions without paying tribute for the privilege, there will then be hope of removing the evils of centralization.

Centralization being the legitimate child of government, how can you look to the government to kill it? HENRY ADDIS.

Marriage.

I.

THE FAMILY A BAR TO LIBERTY.

SINCE I wrote the article under this head in No. 126 I have been able to further develop my thought upon the subject. Where I merely hinted at the status of affairs in the former article, I expect now to present facts which I hope will cause the reader to consider whether the narrow-minded exclusiveness of the family institution as it exists today is worthy of perpetuation.

I must call attention to the fact that for all practical purposes there is no difference between a legal and an illegal marriage. Both are not only recognized by the courts as binding covenants, but do also carry the same germ of exclusive relationship and narrowed action. Where in the one case the parties feel the officials, in the other they beat them. In every other particular the two cases are alike.

Those families tilling the soil for their own maintenance, thereby living at their own expense of energy, are the proper ones by which to compare and value the others. To produce food, clothing, shelter and such luxuries as have become necessary to us as cultured animals, alone entitles one to the right of existence, from a moral point of view.

This being the case, it follows of course that wherever the people become interdependent by improved

methods in the production of this necessary wealth they should form congenial groups of convenient size for the purpose of resisting hunger and cold and promoting sociability. But what do we find? A scrambling for existence among the families, not in the production of wealth, but in robbing and exploiting the producers of wealth, thereby increasing the stumbling blocks in the way to a happy existence to all the families.

And here I deem it proper to put the question: What is our object in life, real or apparent? Undoubtedly to enjoy it to the fullest extent. But do we? Let us see.

I have in mind just now a family worth perhaps \$50,000, more or less. The father retired a few years ago from business. Is the family happy? Do they enjoy life? Here are some of the facts. The father is not an Adonis and the mother lacks some features of being a Venus. Neither had any ambition other than to be well off. So they are. But that is all. The property is now the bone of contention between the father and mother, because the husband and father mistook the hired girl for his legal spouse and—the legal spouse objected by instituting divorce proceedings. Where they loved each other in the beginning of their family relationship, they now worry each other all they can. Poor people—well off! They followed custom and usage, and strife in their old days is the result.

Here is another picture of the sacred family. Some years ago two young people, he a stout, ambitious mechanic, she a blooming beauty, healthy and strong, fell in love with each other and—married. Everything went lovely the first two years. They got to be father and mother twice. They got to dislike each other for sexual reasons. The father went out, sought and found other company more congenial than his spouse, came home drunk occasionally and the mother remonstrated, but to no purpose. He began to treat her bad and they would have separated if they had not considered it their duty to stick together on account of the children. Do they enjoy life?

Another picture: Here is a family of six, father, mother and four children. Mother takes in washing, which comes especially handy when father has no boss for whom to work, which is the greater part of the time, for mother has taught him to bend his back and thank God that he does not bring home less wages than what he does. He is a model workman. Do they love each other? They abuse each other for ever having married. He is disgruntled with the everlasting worry how to maintain the household. She is working from early morning till late at night seven days in the week, ordering the children about, threatening to punish them for—well, they know not what to do to avoid a thrashing from one or the other parent. Father and mother are afraid the children will turn out bad, so they insist upon obedience regardless of right or wrong. The whole lot are too ignorant to know the meaning of intelligence. Are they happy? Yes, after they have gone to bed at 9 o'clock too sleepy to worry about the past, present or future.

But here comes a contrast in sex relations which I had occasion to observe. A woman, an inmate of a "house of ill fame", was approached by a drunken man using very bad language. She was quite intelligent and somewhat refined—she put him out. At another time this same woman was approached by a diseased man. She refused his company. Both of these men were married and, being of a troublesome disposition, their wives did not dare to refuse them.

I might mention other cases, but I am confident that any reader of this article can multiply such instances many fold.

After reading the foregoing consider the beautiful existence of each and every one belonging to a family of from fifty to five hundred grown persons of both sexes with their offspring, not one of them maintaining private property in sex partners, but, on the contrary, continually intermingling economically, socially and sexually, while all of them are intelligent enough at least to act so as to command the respect of the others. No one has any occasion to strive for the possession of anything which could be considered exclusive. Each man and woman stands upon his or her own feet, asking no favors of any one except what cannot be done alone. On the contrary each member of this family is continually striving to please every other member as occasion arises. Are they narrow minded? Are they jealous of one another? Is there any grounds for strife among them? No; their envi-

rcnments do not warrant any such madness. And how do they enjoy life? By discarding the old ideal of happiness after death and doing good because of a reward for not being bad. Each one is selfish enough to do a favor for another because of the gratification such favor will cause him to experience. While no woman expects to be supported for loving any particular man, every man is free to offer his aid to any woman whom he deems in need of it without any reluctance whatever. And because every woman who wishes to become a mother is intelligent enough to purpose that her child be born well, every one of the children will find as much confidential sympathy in any other member of the community as it has a right to expect from either father or mother. No child will feel a chill creeping up its back at sight of a stranger, because children are not penned in like our dreary, old-fashioned family. Can any one expect to find narrow minded and sickly women and tough or vulgar men in such a crowd, as in the old-fashioned family? Not as long as each and every one is free to recognize and appreciate any quality in any other member that he or she feels complementary to or rounding out his or her own individuality. Those women will laugh at the girl or widow who is looking for a man able to support her as a sex partner. And the men will scorn the idea of swearing allegiance to a sex or any other partner for life. Nonconformity to the tenets of priest and politician as far as is convenient is the safe road to liberty, sexually and economically.

Economic freedom cannot be expected as long as the wealth-producing families are sexually enslaved by church, state or public opinion. The condition of the parasites in society is none of our concern. They have no rights which we are bound to respect.

BODENDYKE.

Note and Comment.

At a banquet in Madrid, Spain, on the 20th of July, the "liberal" and conservative political leaders got into a free fight and were forcibly ejected from the hall. The same day in Barcelona there were serious conflicts between the people and gendarmes, the people storming the gendarmes. The government sent large reinforcements to help crush the people.

A WEEKLY paper published in Little Rock, Arkansas, reprinted Stella Starbright's article on Variety that appeared in The Firebrand, and told something of a conversation that occurred in the courthouse there. For this he was arrested and charged with publishing indecent literature. I don't think he will be convicted, but it would be well for as many of our readers as can and feel so disposed, to write the District Attorney Jacob Friebe, District Judge John A. Williams and U. S. Commissioner J. T. O'Hair, all of Little Rock, Ark., protesting against interference with the freedom of the press. It will help to preserve the freedom of the Tribune directly and will incidentally help to enlarge and maintain press freedom generally. It will also win the good will of the Tribune editor and may encourage him to investigate our claims and espouse our cause.

I WOULD call attention to Comrade Emma Goldmann's announcement, in this number, of a propaganda tour. Let the comrades do what they can to arrange meetings for her.

To show how the prejudice against Anarchist literature has waned since The Firebrand has been running, we publish the following, and hope if any of our readers have a stray copy of No. 42 or 43 of Vol. I they will send it to us in order that we may complete the volume for the library. We now have a number of the great libraries on our mailing list and the number is steadily increasing.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR

NEW YORK, July 29, 1897.

EDITOR THE FIREBRAND, DEAR SIR:

This library has received as a gift the first volume of The Firebrand, with the exception of Nos. 42, 43, and I have the honor to request that you will, if possible, kindly supply these missing numbers, and also place the library on your regular mailing list, to receive the publication currently, as issued. Trusting that you will comply with my request and enable us to complete our file, I am, very respectfully,

I. W. BILLINGS, Director.

A CORRESPONDENT asks why we don't put E. M. 297 in our date line instead of 1897. For two reasons. In the first place, 1897 is intelligible to everybody, and

we are actually living in the Christian Era. In the second place, E. M. means nothing. The Era of Man has not come. When it puts in an appearance; when superstition gives way to sense; when man realizes himself and lives; when the race emerges from the thralldom that now binds it down, it will be in order to erect an Era of Man date, but while things go on as now our present date line is more consistent.

WE are in need of the following numbers and would 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.

Social Outlines.

COUNT NOCOUNT and Princess Efecte get married by the bishop and have the blessing of the pope upon the union. Result: Polite quarrels of a mismatched pair to begin with; then a few scrofulous, hunchback and idiotic children. Natural result of an unnatural union. But plenty of glory and honor.

Mr. Moneybags marries Miss Hardup, with all due ceremony. No love in sight, but he gets a sexual slave and she gets a home with brown-stone front. Result similar to those of first couple, though perhaps not quite so pronounced—this latter due not to good sense, but to the fact that their blood is not quite so thin and run down, but a few generations will find the enervation duly accomplished. Society esteems them.

Mr. Freedom meets Miss Liberty. Both have a good stock of vitality, health, good looks and brains; hence, they don't marry. Being healthy and mentally and physically adapted to each other they love, and loving, mate. This is followed by handsome, healthy, happy and intelligent children. Mrs. Grundy discovers the absence of a marriage license recording priestly mummeries and red tape, and steps in to stigmatize the children as bastards and the parents as disreputable. Possibly a term in jail for the latter.

John Toiler is a young man who knows the present conditions of society do not justify him in marrying and bringing a poverty stricken lot of children into the world, but he is human, like other men. He meets Sarah Cook, who is also human—and healthy. Being healthy, she has healthy desires, and with John she gratifies these desires. But unfortunately for them, as they can't afford children and are honest enough to prevent such a misfortune, the law discovers their indulgence in common sense practices and sends them to prison as criminals.

Moral: Obey the law, that sacred thing, and venerate Mother Grundy the virtuous dried-up old hag. Then shall thy days be long in the land, thy heart seared, thy conscience obliterated, thy decency non-existent and thine orthodox honor untainted, though thou art loathsome.

These are but four little pictures of modern society—nay, not that, mere outlines—yet hundreds could be painted "from the nude." But of what avail. Those who should see and study will not look. Those who do not need to study the outlines are only too well acquainted with the original in all its nudity.

ZADNAK THE DREAMER.

Gleanings.

BY EMILE EDELSTADT.

MANY politicians are in the habit of laying it down as a self evident proposition that no people ought to be free until they are fit to use their freedom. The maxim is worthy of the fool in the old story who resolved not to go into the water until he had learned to swim.—[Macaulay.

NONE are so helplessly enslaved as those who falsely believe they are free.—[Goethe.

You profit by the night; but beware! The dawn is all-powerful. You cannot prevail over it. It is coming. Nay! it is come. Within it is the day-spring of irresistible light. And who shall hinder that sling from hurling the sun into the sky? The sun I speak of is Right. You are privilege. Tremble! The real master of the house is about to knock at the door. I am come to warn you, I am come to impeach your happiness. It is fashioned out of the misery of your neighbor. You have everything and that everything is composed of the nothing of others.—[V. Hugo.

ONE night of a storm a little deserted child an orphan alone in the immeasurable creation I made my

entrance into that darkness which you call society. The first thing I saw was the law under the form of a gibbet; the second was riches, your riches, under the form of a woman dead of cold and hunger.—[V. Hugo.

MEANWHILE, that great outward changes are in progress can be doubtful to no one. The time is sick and out of joint. Many things have reached their height, and it is a wise adage that tells us, "The darkest hour is nearest the dawn." Wherever we can gather indication of the public thought, whether from printed books or from rebellions and political tumults, the voice it utters is the same. The thinking minds of all nations call for change. There is a deep-lying struggle in the whole fabric of society, a boundless, grinding collision of the new with the old.

The French Revolution, as now visible enough, was not the parent of this mighty movement, but its offspring. Those two hostile influences which always exist in human things, and on the constant intercommunion of which depend their health and safety, had lain in separate masses, accumulating through generations, and France was the scene of their fiercest explosion; but the final issue was not unfolded in that country; nay, it is not yet anywhere unfolded.

Political freedom is hitherto the object of these efforts; but they will not and cannot stop there. It is toward a higher freedom than mere freedom from oppression from his fellow-mortals that man dimly aims. Of this higher, heavenly freedom, which is man's "reasonable service," all his noble institutions, his faithful endeavors and loftiest attainments are but the body and more and more approximated emblem.—[T. Carlyle.

Jealousy.

AN EXTRACT FROM TCHERNYCHEVSKY'S "WHAT'S TO BE DONE."

"You do not admit jealousy, Rakhmetoff?"

"A man with a developed mind should not have it. It is a distorted feeling, a false feeling, an abominable feeling; it is a phenomenon of our existing order of things, based upon the same idea that prevents me from permitting anyone to wear my linen or smoke my pipe: it is a result of the fashion of considering one's companion as an object that one has appropriated."

"But, Rakhmetoff, not to admit jealousy leads to horrible consequences."

"To those who are jealous they are horrible, but to those who are not there is not only nothing horrible about them, but nothing even of importance."

"You preach utter immorality, Rakhmetoff."

"Does it seem so to you after living with him for four years? How many times a day do you dine? Only once. Would anyone find fault with you if you dined twice? Probably not. Why do you not do so? Do you fear that you may grieve some one? Probably because you do not feel the necessity of it. Yet dinner is a very agreeable thing. But the mind and (more important still) the stomach say that one dinner is agreeable and that a second would be disagreeable. But if the fancy seized you or you had an unhealthy desire to dine twice would you be prevented by the fear of grieving some one? No, if anyone felt grieved or prohibited you, you would hide and eat your food in bad condition, you would soil your hands in taking it hastily, you would soil your clothes by hiding bits in your pockets, and that would be all. The question here is not one of morality or immorality, but only this: Is smuggling a good thing?"

Propaganda Tour.

COMRADE EMMA GOLDMANN will leave New York about Sept. 3 or 4 for an extended tour in the interests of the cause in general and the liberation of Berkman in particular. She proposes to visit the New England states first, starting for the West about the 15th. She announces herself ready to speak on the following subjects, or any others chosen by the comrades arranging meetings for her:

Must we become Angels to Live in an Anarchist Society?
Why I am an Anarchist-Communist.
The Aim of Humanity.
Woman.
Free Love.
Marriage.
Religion.
Prostitution. Also, Berkman's Unjust Sentence.

Comrades wishing to arrange meetings should correspond at once with Comrade Goldmann at her New York address, No. 50 E. First Street. The expense to the various groups or cities will be very light, as she wishes only contributions to her railroad expenses.

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

"GONE WITH A HANDSOMER MAN."

John, who has been at work in the field, comes home to find a note addressed to him:
 "Well said! the door is locked! but here she's left the key,
 Under the step, in a place known only to her and me;
 I wonder who's dyin' or dead, that she's hustled off pell-mell!
 But here on the table's a note, and probably this will tell.
 Good God! my wife is gone! my wife is gone astray!
 The letter it says, 'Good-bye, for I'm a-going away;
 I've lived with you six months, John, and so far I've been true;
 But I'm going away today with a handsomer man than you.'

A han'somer man than me! Why, that ain't much to say;
 There's han'somer men than me go past here every day.
 There's han'somer men than me—I ain't of the han'some kind:
 But a lovin'er man than I was I guess she'll never find."

His curses follow the fugitive, and her deplorable future is pointed out in bitter and burning words, by the injured husband:

"And maybe she'll sometimes long for me—for me—but no!
 I've blotted her out of my heart, and I will not have it so.

And yet in her girlish heart there was something or other she had
 That fastened a man to her, and wasn't entirely bad;

And she loved me a little, I think, although it didn't last;
 But I musn't think of these things—I've buried 'em in the past.

I'll take my bard words back, nor make a bad matter worse;
 She'll have trouble enough; she shall not have my curse;
 But I'll live a life so square—and I will know that I can—
 That she always will be sorry that she went with that han'somer man."

John sat down to brood over his woes, and while in this mood is interrupted by his returning wife, who has been off on an innocent lark:

"Why, John, what a litter here! you've thrown things all around!
 Come, what's the matter now? and what've you lost or found?
 And here's my father here, a-waiting for supper, too;

I've been a-riding with him—he's that 'handsomer man than you,
 Ha! ha! Pa, take a seat, while I put the kettle on,
 And get things ready for tea, and kiss my dear old John.

Why, John, you look so strange! Come, what has crossed your track?
 I was only a-joking, you know; I'm willing to take it back."

JOHN (aside).

"Well, now, if this ain't a joke, with rather a bitter cream!
 It seems as if I'd woken from a mighty ticklish dream;
 And I think she 'smells a rat,' for she smiles at me so queer;
 I hope she don't; god Lord! I hope that they didn't hear!"

'Twas one of her practical drives—she thought I'd understand!
 But I'll never break sod again till I get the lay of the land.
 But one thing's settled with me—to appreciate heaven well,
 'Tis good for a man to have some fifteen minutes of hell."

—Will Carleton's Poems.

Miscellaneous.

The man who will starve while the warehouses are bursting with the necessities of life is just as foolish as the colt which starves in the meadow full of clover.

Some people have so little business of

their own that they are continually interfering with that of others.

In some countries the majority believe in the monogamic relations, or one husband and one wife; in others they believe in a plurality of wives, while in others they believe in a plurality of husbands; all judge themselves right and the other wrong. Will a few of these self-constituted judges please show their credentials properly sworn to and witnessed as to how, when, and by whom they gained the power to judge the acts of their fellow men and women, and decide which is right or wrong?

They who infringe upon the rights of others are not Anarchists. Anarchy believes in freedom; not the freedom to do wrong but right; however there is much in our lives that society considers as wrong, but society itself may be wrong.—The New Era.

The above is from an Anarchist-Communist paper, but here it makes a error. It asks how anyone can judge which is right or wrong in one paragraph, and in the next paragraph it states that Anarchy believes in freedom to do "right" and not "wrong." Now I wish to ask The New Era who is going to get the power to judge which is right or wrong, under Anarchy, and how? Anarchy is a condition of freedom to act as you please, and not according to some established creed of "right" and "wrong."

A LITTLE ANARCHIST.

STRAIGHTFORWARD writing is so rare an accomplishment, says the London Globe, that we hasten to extend the hand of welcome to it wherever it is found. The most recent shining specimen of literary directness which we have lighted upon is a letter addressed by an Australian partisan to the politician whom he assisted to eminence, but who, on reaching his high estate, forgot the poor man on whose shoulders he had risen. The Australian wrote as follows:—

"Dear Sir: You're a bad fraud, and you know it. I don't care a rap for the billet or the munny either, but you could hev got it or me if you wasn't as mean as muk. Two pound a week ain't eny moar to me than 40 shillin's is to you, but I object to bein' maid an infurnil fool of. Soon after you was elected by my hard workin', a feller here wanted to bet me that you wouldn't be in the House moren a week before you maid a ass of yourself. I bet him a cow on that as if thort you was worth it then. After I got Your Note sayin' you declined to act in the matter I driv the cow over to the Feller's place an' tole him he had won her. That's oril I got by howlin' myself horse for you on pole day, an' months befor. You not only hurt a man's Pride but injur him in Bizness. I believe you think you'll get in agen. I don't. An' what I don't think is moar Consequence then you imajin. I believe you take a pleshir in cuttin' your best friends, but wate till the clouds roll by an' they'll cut you—just behind the Ear, where the butcher cut the pig. Yure no man. An' I don't think yure much of a democrat either. Go to hel. I lowers myself ritin to a skunk, even though I med him a member of Parliament."

And the Globe adds:—This, it seems to us, is wifatt Mathew Arnold called a "serviceable prose style."

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