

The Firebrand

FOR THE DESTRUCTION OF THE EMPIRE 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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Falsehood and Vice.

A DIALOGUE.

WHILST monarchs laughed upon their thrones
To hear a famished nation's groans,
And hugged the wealth wrung from the woe
That makes its eyes and veins o'erflow,—
Those thrones, high built upon the heaps
Of bones where frenzied Famine sleeps,
Where Slavery wields her scourge of iron,
Red with mankind's unheeded gore,
And war's mad fiends the scene environ,
Mingling with shrieks a drunken roar,
There Vice and Falsehood took their stand,
High raised above the unhappy land.

FALSEHOOD.

Brothers! Arise from the dainty fare,
Which thousands have toiled and bled to bestow,
A finer feast for thy hungry ear
Is the news that I bring of human woe.

VICE.

And, secret one, what hast thou done,
To compare, in thy tumid pride, with me?
I, whose career, through the blasted year,
Has been tracked by despair and agony.

FALSEHOOD.

What have I done!—I have torn the robe
From baby Truth's unsheltered form,
And round the desolated globe
Borne safely the bewildering charm:
My tyrant-slaves to a dungeon-floor
Have bound the fearless innocent,
And streams of fertilizing gore
Flow from her bosom's hideous rent,
Which this unflinching dagger gave.—
I dread that blood!—no more—this day
Is ours, though her eternal ray
Must shine upon our grave.
Yet know, proud Vice, had I not given
To thee the robe I stole from heaven,
Thy shape of ugliness and fear
Had never gained admission here.

VICE.

And know, that had I disdained to toil,
But sate in my loathsome cave the while,
And ne'er to these hateful sons of heaven
GOLD, MONARCHY, and MURDER, given;
Hadst thou with all thine art essayed
One of thy games then to have played,
With all thine overweening boast,
Falsehood! I tell thee thou hadst lost!—
Yet wherefore this dispute?—we tend,
Fraternal, to one common end;
In this cold grave beneath my feet,
Will our hopes, our fears, and our labors, meet.

FALSEHOOD.

I brought my daughter, RELIGION, on earth:
She smothered Reason's babes in their birth;
But dreaded their mother's eye severe,—
So the crocodile slunk off slyly in fear,
And loosed her bloodhounds from the den
They started from dreams of slaughtered men,
And by the light of her poison eye,
Did her work o'er the wide earth, frightfully:
The dreadful stench of her torches' flare,
Fed with human fat, polluted the air:
The curses, the shrieks, the ceaseless cries
Of the many-mingling miseries,
As on she trod, ascended high
And trumpeted my victory!—
Brother, tell what thou hast done.

VICE.

I have extinguished the noonday sun,
On the carnage-smoke of battles won:
Famine, murder, hell and power
Were glutted in that glorious hour
Which searchless fate had stamped for me
With the seal of her severity.
For the blasted wretch on yonder throne
Commanded the bloody fray to rise.
Like me he joyed at the fled moon
Wrung from a nation's miseries;

While the snakes, whose slime even him defiled,
In ecstasies of malice smiled;
They thought 'twas theirs,—but mine the deed!
Their's is the toil, but mine the meed—
Ten thousand victims madly bled.
They dream that tyrants goad them there
With poisonous war to taint the air:
These tyrants, on their beds of thorn,
Swell with the thoughts of murderous fame,
And with their gains to lift my name
Restless they plan from night to morn:
I—I do all; without my aid
Thy daughter, that relentless maid,
Could never o'er a death-bed urge
The fury of her venomous scourge.

FALSEHOOD.

Brother, well,—the world is ours;
And whether thou or I have won,
The pestilence expectant lours
On all beneath yon blasted sun.
Our joys, our toils, our honors meet
In the milk-white and wormy winding-sheet:
A short-lived hope, unceasing care,
Some heartless scraps of godly prayer,
A moody curse, and a frenzied sleep
Ere gapes the grave's unclosing deep,
A tyrant's dream, a coward's start,
The ice that clings to a priestly heart,
A judge's frown, a courtier's smile,
Make the great whole for which we toil.
And, brother, whether thou or I
Have done the work of misery,
It little boots: thy toil and pain,
Without my aid, were more than vain;
And but for thee I ne'er had sate
The guardian of heaven's palace gate.

—[Shelley.]

Sentiment in War.

MEN of progressive tendencies are nearly always magnanimous and merciful. Generous natures only are capable of being reformers. They are loth to believe ill of their fellow men. Their trust in the innate goodness of the human heart is little less than sublime. Those who study the causes of oppression place the blame upon systems rather than upon individuals. Thus they reason: All men are but creatures of conditions over which they individually have no control; therefore the capitalist oppressor is not wholly to blame. So even revolutionists are soft-hearted beings, moved to tears by the simplest tales of suffering. They desire to right grievous wrongs, but are inclined often to sacrifice justice to magnanimity. Frequently they permit such sentiments to overrule reason and common sense, and only find out their mistake when stung by the viper they have spared.

These reflections are the result of a late re-reading of the history of the Paris commune, and the following incident, narrated by Motley in his "Rise of the Dutch Republic":

A certain poor, persecuted anabaptist was fleeing from an officers of the terrible inquisition over a frozen lake. Hotly pressed, he however reached the shore in safety, while his pursuer, less fortunate, broke through and sank under the ice. No one was near except the poor, hunted fugitive, who in a moment more might be in a place of safety. But the instincts of humanity were even stronger than those of self-preservation. At the risk of his own life this outcast of the sixteenth century rescued his enemy from certain death, and was then delivered by him to the authorities, by whom he was

burned at the stake.

War is a cruel thing. But when it becomes a necessity nothing is gained by a squeamish desire to save bloodshed. In mortal conflict, as in everything else, procrastination is not only a "thief of time," but a sure precursor of defeat. A dilatory policy is always sure to end in disaster, unless, indeed, it may be for the purpose of dealing a more telling blow by employing stratagem. A battle between two contending forces of nearly equal strength may, under certain circumstances, be an admirable spectacle. But suppose one party far excels the other in numbers, discipline and equipment, and suppose also, that this stronger party is animated by a keen desire to blot from the face of the earth the weaker body, regarding them as enemies of the human race, whom to kill and destroy is a virtue and christian duty. Is it not clear that all sentiments of a softening nature on the part of the weaker body toward their antagonists would be worse than puerile, and that any neglect to take advantage of their powerful foe would be criminal. Such inaction could only result in complete defeat and massacre. The Spanish invincibles under Galva and the prince of Parma cutting a nation of peace-loving Dutchmen to pieces in the sixteenth century furnishes an apt illustration of this. A massacre under such conditions is a most horrible thing. There have been too many of these one-sided butcheries in the past.

Revolutionary Socialists and Anarchists can learn a valuable lesson from the fate of the compassionate but foolish anabaptist mentioned above, as well as from the dilatory movements and policy of procrastination of the Netherlanders. The former was a typical Anarchist of his time. The hand of every man was against him because he was a heretic, a rebel and an outlaw. And yet he was but one of 3,000,000 rebels—a proscribed nation, every individual of which was under sentence of death. Had every social and religious heretic in the Netherlands banded together with the determination to drive out or exterminate their savage persecutors, how different might have been the result. The pages of history would not now be blackened by the recital of an Antwerp fury and a fertile and cultivated country utterly laid waste.

Socialists and revolutionists of our day have made the same terrible mistake, and dearly have they paid for their folly. When the city of Paris, with perhaps the whole of France, was in the hands of our comrades in 1871, and prisoners falling into the hands of the government troops were most barbarously tortured and slaughtered in cold blood, the policy of mercy and magnanimity adopted by members of the commune was a sadly mistaken one. The desire to save bloodshed, (so natural to radicals) while noble under many circumstances, at this time was suicidal. Short, sharp and terrible should have been the conflict. Every act of brutality by Thier's soldiers should have been quickly followed by reprisals. A terrible lesson should have been taught those inhuman monsters who so ruthlessly disregarded every rule

of warfare. Thus countless lives would have been saved and the cause might have been won, for Thiers would not have cared to sacrifice many of his bourgeois friends for the mere pleasure of murdering his prisoners. After weeks of delay, and thousands of prisoners had been murdered in the most fiendish manner by the Versailles troops, the commune passed the law concerning hostages, article 5 of which provided:

"All executions of prisoners of war or of partisans of the regular government of the commune of Paris shall immediately be followed by the execution of a triple number of hostages retained by virtue of article 4, (which provided for their regular trial and conviction) and who will be drawn by lot."

But even after this tardy manifestation of their determination to stop these wholesale butcheries, the same dilatoriness in carrying out such a necessary measure prevailed, and from this time until after the last sitting of the Commune in Paris, not a single life was taken in retaliation of the horrible butcheries which continued under the express sanction of M. Thiers.

Questionable mercy, surely, when we remember the carnival of blood that took place when the government troops finally entered the city. Were our comrades spared because they had been merciful? Did their mistaken policy avail anything in the eyes of the victorious army of Thiers? Twenty thousand of our comrades slain on Satory's bloody field! Between 20,000 and 30,000 in the streets of Paris! White haired patriots, mothers with infants in their arms, young maidens and little children! Not merely cut or shot down, but many of them butchered with all the devilish cruelties of refined demons. Thousands of the wounded were buried alive with the dead. This was the answer of the French government to the policy of magnanimity and mercy which the commune had pursued. Nor is this all. The unthinking rabble, for whose sakes the most brilliant and best men and women have freely sacrificed their lives do not hesitate to openly charge the revolutionists with the responsibility of these murders. According to them the Communist insurgents were the friends who wallowed in human blood. And these foul charges have been carefully nurtured by the capitalist press. What more could they have said or done against our devoted comrades if the latter had taken the most terrible vengeance against their oppressors when the power was in their hands? And yet but two officers of the army and sixty-four hostages (most of them priests) were slain by the justly infuriated populace, not one of whom died by the authority of the Commune of Paris. But these sixty-six men in the balance against the 40,000 persons of both sexes and all ages hunted down or penned up and slaughtered like wild animals! What fearful odds!

Let no one impugn my motives, or charge me with a desire to provoke carnage. I hate war; I abhor bloodshed. My nature revolts against even the slaughter of brute beasts. But war is inevitable. We can no more ward it off than we can the tempest or thunderbolt. Neither Socialists nor Anarchists are responsible for its coming. It is the natural result of long years of suffering and oppression. And when it does come how shall revolutionists deal with it? Shall we be soft-hearted as in the past? Shall we permit ourselves to be guided by sentiments of pity and love for our enemies rather than by reason and stern justice? On our actions at the critical time will hang the fate of our brethren and our loved ones, besides the success or defeat of a movement which has already cost us untold suffering and thousands of innocent lives. That movement has been nourished by the blood of many of the most illustrious men of our time; it has grown in spite of the opposition of church, state and private malice. May it succeed without occasion to resort to extreme measures. But if the enemies of the social revolution resort to barbarous methods shall not the measure be meted out to them double? If they treat us like wild

beasts will we not be justified in using our teeth? In the event of another conflict be sure the savage enemy will show no quarter to revolutionists. Should we be more merciful?

JACQUES.

Victory of Public Opinion.

THE "Intransigent" a radical daily paper published the following cablegram from Madrid dated Feb. 27. "A part of the Madrid press is discussing today the question of the "Barcelona torture." The leading article of the "Heraldo" tries to show that justice should never be allied to "cruelty." This very same paper declares that it kept silence for patriotic reasons about the mysteries of the Barcelona prisons. But in view of the revelations published by the "Intransigent" of Paris, and a project of interpellation in the British parliament, the Heraldo is constrained to speak openly. The Heraldo recognizes that there were unnamed cruelties perpetrated, and says that the public opinion ought to be instructed, and that it is good to protest. The judicial authorities opened an investigation. The government seems to be decided to punish the authors of the committed barbarous acts.

The "Heraldo" is a government paper like the "Tribune" in New York. As far as can be expected from the government investigation, the result will be only smoke; we know that, but, you see, that very same paper denied the "Inquisition" before, and now is forced to admit it. The reason that they said nothing before was an assumed "patriotic" one. What do you think of that, friends? Well, yes, this last religion is just as bad as any other because it springs up from the same narrow source as every other superstition which was invented by rascals and followed by fools.

There we are, you see; this is the fruit of the efforts of our French comrades in pressing their opinion on the public through pamphlets, meetings, demonstrations, menaces, by private letters, open placards and all other sorts of means within our reach. They are of the opinion that now is the time to act even if in a foreign country. It makes no difference, because if you attack one government from our standpoint you attack the rest of them as well. It is against the "principle" of authority that we strike; the very bed rock of every cruelty.

Just look friends! what are we doing over here, pretending to strive for justice and right? During the time of the arrest of our Chicago martyrs, what did most of the flowery speakers and other wind-bags do? Nothing! Hid themselves. But today they will go to an eleventh of November meeting and "applaud." To break down their muscles, some of them go even so far as to get drunk and go on a spree after the so-called celebration. We have the Cubans right across the "bay." Are there no ways to foist our opinion on the public? There are; but we will not do it until too late.

A. KLEMENCIC.

Sex and Anarchism.

Is it possible to discuss Anarchism and let the sex question alone? It is not. An editor who fancies himself an Anarchist lately called all who write or speak of sex matters a lot of fools, and said that the great question was the money question, and when that was solved all other reforms would come along easily enough, while an Anarchist-Communist propagandist advised us to teach Anarchism and let the sex question alone—or leave it to Lucifer.

Can anyone teach Anarchism in Russia or England and let the church question alone? They cannot. It is impossible for the simple reason that in each of those countries they have a State-established Church, and when you attack the State you, of necessity, attack the Church. In this country the marriage institution is established by law, and when the State is attacked this institution is of necessity attacked. That is why the sex question cannot be let alone in propagating Anarchism. To say that the sex question "will settle itself" when the industrial question is settled might be good argument with a Marxist who claims that the morals of the people, their religion, and their social relations are all dependent on their economic conditions, but it will not fit the facts of history, nor the philosophy of Anarchy. Were people as free in sex matters as they are in religion—free to adopt or discard as they might agree, to hold to this partner now, or to that one then, as they belong to this church now, or to another at some future time—

then we might leave the settlement of the sex question to the future, but such is not the case, nor can it be. Marriage and property are interlocked, and the inheritance of property by the children is a great barrier to freedom in sex relations in the present society.

If all laws are abolished there can be no legal marriage. If there is no legal marriage all sexual co-operation between a man and woman would be by mutual agreement, and if they are mentally free this co-operation would be only of an agreeable and desirable character. If they are still dominated by the old notion of absolute possession there is sure to be trouble, and if the men are as foolish on the question as one professed Anarchist that stopped in The Firebrand home for a while, murder is apt to occur.

Anarchism contemplates personal liberty. Can there be personal liberty when people consider that they own one another? When a man says "this is my wife," or a woman says "this is my husband?" When they will take a pistol or an ax and "go after" an "untrue" husband or wife? Yet such would be the state of affairs in a condition of no legal marriage if present ideas on the sex question prevailed. Would that be a condition of Anarchy? No! Then it is impossible to propagandize for Anarchy and leave the sex question alone.

The present idea of marriage, which is the recognized outward expression of sex partnership, is based on the idea of possession, or more properly of property. The woman becomes the man's property, and in the minds of some women the men become their property. Now, strange as it may seem, and funny as it is, some who contend that the idea of property must be rooted out of the mind completely, even to property in personal necessities, before we can be truly free, contend that the sex question—the sexual ownership of one person by another—must be let alone.

We demand freedom. Are people free, sexually? If not then in our demand for freedom we must point out the cause of sexual slavery just as we point out the cause of industrial slavery. No one who has given the question any consideration will contend that sexual freedom exists. Then, to be logical, we must point out the lack of sexual freedom, and how to become sexually free.

Look for a moment at the horrors that constantly come to light as a result of our present marriage system and sexual relations: At the loathsomeness of thousands of cases of sexual association; the inhumanity of men toward their wives, and then ask if there is anything to be said on the sex question.

We have comparative freedom in religion, and yet the encroachment of superstition is so feared by some of our comrades that they make more war on religious superstition than on the State. How much more necessary is it that we should make war on a superstition that is a legalized form of privilege? Let the laws be swept away and present-day ideas remain concerning sex relations, and soon you would see a code of rules grow up, first in public opinion, then crystallized into laws, but if, along with the idea of industrial freedom goes the idea of sexual freedom, of complete individual liberty, then no foolish customs of restriction will grow up to thwart the work of final and complete emancipation.

Lift your ideas a little higher above the ground. Consider for one moment that there can be other reasons for the association of persons of opposite sexes than that of copulation. Remember that love is too sweet and too precious a thing to be controlled by fixed and inflexible rules, and no more will you be found deerring candid and scientific discussions of the sex question, but contending for the greatest conceivable freedom in all love relations.

These seem reasons enough to justify a full, fearless and unbiased discussion of the sex question.

HENRY ADDIS.

That "Financial Reformer."

THE "Financial Reformer" is an infernal nuisance; a serious hindrance to progress. When he sees himself as he is, he will want to crawl off to some lonesome place and kick himself. Being possessed of a mechanical intellect, he imagines that social questions involving morality can be settled by mechanical devices. To him the road to Paradise lies through the Patent Office, the sign-boards on the way reading, "whereas," "be it resolved," etc. The financial reformer must go, if ever the world is to become aught but the stamping ground of the

usurer. Live reformers needn't waste their politeness on him, for he is one of those fellows who only becomes sociable after a devilish good trouncing. I know that by experience for when young and sappy I too was a "financial reformer." The deepest debt of gratitude I owe is to the man who unceremoniously told me I was a damn fool.

Industrial history is chiefly the record of the lives of two individuals, Capital and Labor, and about the only difference there is between those gentlemen is, the amount of brains they each possess. Some time ago Capital had a million dollars or so. Labor had quite a bank account himself, no end of land, and nearly all the mechanical skill in existence. In a moment of weakness Labor borrowed that million dollars, of Capital, at 5 per cent. per annum. He wanted to build a railroad, or some other fool thing. He might just as well have built the road himself but he thought he could build it easier by borrowing Capital's spare cash. The arrangement gave Capital an annual income of \$50,000 derived without further effort than was occasioned in the ancient and honorable pastime of cutting "cowpons." Capital struggled along on \$25,000 a year and saved the balance, and Labor, being too durned honest for anything, turned up at the end of each year to pay the balance, \$25,000. Now the question is, how did Labor pay it?

Naturally, he always made an effort to pay it in products, being in the product-raising business, but Capital not being able to live in more than five or six houses at a time, or capable of enjoying six meals a day, or wearing two suits of clothing at the same time, or wishing to make more than one trip to Europe during the season, or to live two lives on earth simultaneously, refused, like the sensible man he was and is. He would have been delighted to encourage home industry and help Labor out, don't cher know, but then he couldn't, so how could he? So he took \$25,000 worth of Labor's land and money, simply because there was nothing else to take. Labor had no diamonds. He may have acquired the balance through Labor's throwing his products on the market at any price obtainable, the method is inconsequential, the result the same, everytime. In fact, Capital absorbed \$25,000 worth of Labor's opportunity to live and do business on earth, and all history proves it. That is what history is for, I guess.

Now Mr. Financial Reformer, you just go ahead and invent some kind of money, or some method of issuing it, that will carry brains from one man's head to another, and you're a dandy. The more money you issue the higher prices go, and interest with them, and the more money you need to do business. You then resemble the little dog in harmless pursuit of his tail. You never get there. The usurer gets everything and always will, as long as there is interest or rent, even 1 per cent. You can turn over the whole country, with the machinery, to Ali Baba Hanna and the Forty Thieves, or you can effect combinations to buy and possess opportunity, (land and money), and sell the product, whatever it may be, transportation, sermons, or potatoes, rigidly excluding usury from the price. Then shylock will have no security for a loan, and others will be compelled, by the natural law of competition, which is stronger than all the governments on earth, to do the same. Ta ta, "financial reformer." Good bye. See you again some other time, in Paradise, perhaps. Looks as if we shall both have to get off the earth pretty soon. SAM FONOGRAF.

A Dream.

I DREAMED I was at a child's may-day party, in which every means of entertainment had been provided for them by a wise and kind host. It was in a stately house, with beautiful gardens attached to it, and the children had been set free in the rooms and gardens, with no care whatever but how to pass their afternoon rejoicingly. They did not, indeed, know much about what was to happen next day; and some of them I thought were a little frightened because there was a chance of their being sent to a new school where there were examinations; but they kept the thoughts of that out of their heads as well as they could, and resolved to enjoy themselves. The house, I said, was in a beautiful garden, and in the garden were all kinds of

flowers; sweet grassy banks for rest; and smooth lawns for play; and pleasant streams and woods; and rocky places for climbing. And the children were happy for a little while; but presently they separated themselves into parties, and then each party declared it would have a piece of the garden for its own, and that none of the others should have anything to do with that piece. Next they quarrelled violently which pieces they would have. And at last the boys took up the thing, as boys should do, "practically," and fought in the flower-beds till there was hardly a flower left standing; then trampled down each others bits of the garden out of spite; and the girls cried till they could cry no more, and so they all lay down at last breathless in the ruin, and waited for the time when they were to be taken home in the evening.

Meanwhile, the children in the house had been making themselves happy also in their manner. For there had been provided every kind of in-doors pleasure: there was music for them to dance to; and the library was open, with all manner of amusing books; and there was a museum full of the most curious shells and animals and birds; and there was a workshop, with lathes and carpenter tools, for the ingenious boys; and there were pretty fantastic dresses for the girls to dress in; and there were microscopes and kaleidoscopes and whatever toys a child could fancy; and a table in the dining room loaded with everything nice to eat.

But in the midst of all this, it struck two or three of the more "practical" children that they would like some of the brass-headed nails that studded the chairs, and so they set to work to pull them out. Presently the others, who were reading or looking at shells, took a fancy to do the like; and in a little while all the children, nearly were straining their fingers in pulling out brass-headed nails. With all they could pull out they were not satisfied; and then everybody wanted some of somebody else's. And at last the really practical and sensible ones declared that nothing was of any real consequence that afternoon except to get plenty of brass-headed nails; and that the books and the cakes and the microscopes were of no use at all in themselves, but only if they could be exchanged for brass-headed nails. And at last they began to fight for nail-heads, as the others fought for bits of garden. Only here and there a despised one shrunk away into a corner, and tried to get a little quiet with a book in the midst of the noise; but all the practical thought of nothing else but counting nail-heads all the afternoon, even though they knew they would not be allowed to carry so much as one brass knob away with them. But no! it was, "Who has the most nails? I have a hundred and you have fifty;" or "I have a thousand and you have two." "I must have as many as you before I leave the house or I cannot possibly go home in peace." At last they made so much noise that I awoke, and thought to myself. "What a false dream that is of children." The child is father of the man, and wiser. Children never do such foolish things. Only men do.—["Sesame and Lilies" by John Ruskin.]

Answer to Criticisms.

MR. HOLMES welcomes me by anticipation into the Communist camp. I am glad to return the compliment by welcoming him at once into the Commercialist camp.

It is evident enough that we are on common ground somehow. We both propose to let the individual defend the possession of such of the products of his labor as he sees fit. (If I misrepresented Mr. Holmes, I very much desire to be corrected.) We both agree that it will in all reasonable probability be found better to keep some of one's products for one's own use, and to leave some others free to the use of whoever may desire. Neither of us, I believe, has any other rule than the convenience of the individual for determining which shall be kept. We seem to differ as to how much it will probably be best to keep, but that is not an essential point in discussions of principle, since each of us proposes to let every man judge for himself as he may fancy in this regard.

We agree as to what Anarchism implies, then—which is what I want—and we agree on the ground which I have always understood to belong to the

* I have sometimes been asked what this means. I intended it to set forth the wisdom of men in war contending for Kingdoms: and what follows, to set forth their wisdom in peace contending for wealth.

defenders of private property. Certainly it is nothing new among Commercialists to hold that in certain spheres the most economical and convenient form of commerce is that in which no attempt is made to be sure of getting an equivalent, and that the giving of gifts is a very good habit of mankind. I remember seeing in Liberty, for instance, in the foremost place on the editorial page, an article by John Beverly Robinson in which, describing the probable workings of the coming free society, he makes them build roads by the free contributions of whoever sees fit for the public good, there being a public opinion condemning any one who does not help, unless he has a good reason. Now roads free to the use of all are a strictly communistic institution, if Mr. Morris does say they are not; and the favoring of free roads is favoring a certain amount of voluntary Communism. The only strange thing is Mr. Holmes' idea that the principle of property is impaired if one chooses to destine part of his property to the use of his neighbors as well as himself.

Mr. Holmes makes some arguments to show that the extent of communication may best be greater than I think, and that it is my slovenliness that makes me want so much property. But that is properly a side issue; otherwise I might have something to say on my side. But, since I find that Mr. Holmes acknowledges the legitimacy of private property, I shall not fight him even when he impugns sound arguments for private property.

I strongly oppose the man who, speaking in the name of liberty, denies my right to maintain private property in whatever I honestly get. It seems to me that such a man is misrepresenting and opposing liberty, and that in liberty's cause he ought to be answered. But when a man, admitting that right, announces that he differs with me about the way in which I might deal with such rights when free to do as I like with them, I answer that he is welcome to differ; I have very little respect for either his opinions or my own on such a subject. One year's experience under freedom will teach the world more about the best use to make of the new opportunities of freedom than a lifetime of united discussion by all the Anarchists in the world; and it will be very surprising if that experience, when it comes, does not prove both Mr. Holmes and me to have been short-sighted dreamers on these subjects.

Meanwhile the man who can best work for liberty—which is the business of today—will be he who has the fullest view of all the possibilities that liberty includes, the possibilities of Communism, the possibilities of Commercialism, and all the rest; who also understands most clearly the probability that he sees only a small part of what liberty will make possible; and who is best able to impress on all his neighbors the idea that liberty will allow them to choose from among all the forms of life that can seem good to any of them, and to keep that which each man for himself shall find to be most satisfactory.

I do not know how much reply I owe to my laconic anonymous critic of Feb. 7. To her dictum that in liberty no one "would want that trash." for which I now care so much, I would answer that she is an excellent example of that kind of human nature that wants everybody to be built exactly on its own model, but that some people will still refuse to be built according to their neighbors' notions of propriety. Her further argument, that whatever was wanted would be produced in abundance, I thought I had answered in the article she is criticizing.

STEPHEN T. BYINGTON.

ALL the Anarchists that ever existed never threw a millionth part of the number of bombs that Christian capitalism has thrown.—[The Labor Leader.]

THERE are two "reigns of terror," if we would but remember it and consider it. The one wrought murder in hot passion, the other in heartless cold blood; the one lasted mere months, the other lasted a thousand years; the one inflicted death upon the ten thousand persons, the other upon a hundred millions; but our shudders are all for the "horrors" of the minor terror, the momentary terror, so to speak; whereas, what is the horror of the swift death by the axe, compared with lifelong death from hunger, cold, insult, cruelty and heartbreak?—[Mark Twain.]

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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.

Must We?

When the mind for light is struggling,
Not content with priestly juggling,
Must we really call it madness?
Must we ever weep and whimper,
Be afraid to laugh and simper,
And forbid the heart its gladness?

When the soul is brightly flashing,
Or the spirit onward dashing,
Must we put it into prison?
Must we hitch it, like a donkey,
Or engage it as a monkey
That derides our grinning reason?

BASIL DAHL.

A Contrast.

Her father owns a factory and a thousand squares of land.
Her mama supports a missionary on India's coral strand;
Her face is health and sweetness; she's a winsome child of nine.

With a manner of refinement: for good money can refine.
Aye, money lifts the steple, bears aloft the regal dome:
And fills with wook the cradle of the nestling of the home.
I saw her gloved and wrapped in furs, the little witch so fair.
Her face as low with pleasure and the keen October air:
Soft were the carriage cushions: real glad was I to see;
And I shouted out "Good evening!" as she threw a kiss at me.
Hurrah! Hurrah! for money—with great joy it threw me wild
To see what good hard money can provide a little child.
I do really love good money and don't alone am I.
I feel I have in that respect the round globe's sympathy:
For all to plainly say it would of course be scarcely meet:
But a poet, foolish fellow! may at times be indiscreet.
I've another little girl friend, I met her 'tother day
As she briskly tripped at early morn along the leaf-strewn way.
The bracing air of fall brought out the flush of youthful blood,
And finer eyes have never looked out a worn hood,
A scanty shawl her shoulders bore, her skirt was shrimp and thin;

Her shoes were rusty and her hose showed bits of whitest skin;
Her glance was clear and honest, and her walk had native grace:

I roared aloud "Good morning!" and she smiled up in my face;
She smiled up in my face, she did, as if to say, "You roar,
But that kind of humbug tyrant I've often met before."
"Now, by the blood-red sun," I said, "the morn is very fine;
But isn't it too early for a little girl of nine?"
"O, rot at all, I'm off to work!" "To work!" surprised I said;
"Can it be the stalwart workers of the city have dropped dead?"
"O, no, my father's out of work; don't tell my age, I pray;
I'd be discharged and couldn't get the 70 cents a day."
And so she tripped away and laughed, as wickedly I swore;
And a distance followed I, up to the factory door.
I read the name emblazoned there; I clenched my wicked hand:
And sneered as I bethought me of "this noble christain land."
For there the lady's husband's name was painted on the doors,
Who supports a missionary on India's coral shores.

—[Ex.

Society and its Phenomena.

DELUSIONS fill the brains, which have always overpowered the people. If it be possible to drive these hallucinations out of the heads of the people it is possible to advance order and welfare for the whole people. It is a fact that no step of advance is ever made till man's delusions are whirled out of his head. Why can not teachers, publicists, editors, leaders of the societary life of the people see the distinction between society and government? Why talk of government as something existing, possessing powerful attributes through which a transformation of the conditions of society is confidently hoped for, looked for, labored for and believed?

Society, the collective man, has an existence as certain as that of the existence of the mountains on the earth's surface. The phenomena of societary conduct, or actions, do not exist as things of themselves.

Government is only one of society's phenomena. Society has being, government has not. Society will exist as long as its individual units are reproduced; governmental operations, as now understood, will pass away as society becomes enlightened. Why make the phenomena of society superior to, more powerful than society itself? Can you not see no societary phenomena could, be if society did

not exist? Haven't you made capital superior to labor, another one of your delusions? So you live in a delusion with reference to government. Why allow your delusions to break your backs and heads by its weight? Society, the collective whole, will protect its units when the units become incapacitated, as it always does if possessed of power, and that power is freedom or liberty.

You, by your delusion, permit your phenomena called government to destroy your freedom, and this is why the battle has raged for thousands of years—that the people might see their delusions, which destroy them.

The writer emphasizes the idea, that if the delusion of the existence and powerful attributes of government be driven from the heads of the people, all the other delusions, there are many, will disappear much faster.

All the progress made in the God idea has been by driving the anthropomorphic conception out of the heads of the people. So, too, when people can see that they are superior to government, that the phenomenon would not exist without them, liberty justice, fraternity and equality is here for all people.

Look! you glorify the power of the public press to mold public opinion—a delusion. The public press only perpetuates opinions already established. Society, the people, drives the public press to advocate its teachings.

Look! you glorify your schools of learning and think you see in them the bulwarks of your institutions—a delusion again. The schools only perpetuate what is given them, and never advance until pressure from the outside forces them to teach the advanced knowledge discovered and taught without their aid.

You have glorified your religions as safeguards against crime, misery, wrong and immorality, all a delusion, and you are fast learning it. You still glorify your governments, believing that without them life and property would not be safe—a great delusion. Life and property are constantly consumed by your governments and without this consumption government would not exist. You glorify private property, and make it superior to human life. If the former is destroyed it must be paid for, but if the latter starves, dies, creating or protecting this private property no redress is possible. You glorify wealth and force the propertyless to crime and degradation, because you are deluded as to your governments and other institutions. There is no science of government, because that which does not have an existence can not possess scientific data or principles. See? A human law is not based on a fact in nature, consequently law making is always transitory and a delusion.

There is a science of Society because, that which exists as an entity develops phenomena, data, principles by which a grouping can be made and a scientific system created. It matters not what you term this system of facts when established as a science, for the facts remain, and names change none of the phenomena of nature or society.

L. EMERICK.

Jacksonville, Ill.

Count Tolstoy vs. State and Church.

No Revolution ever rises above the intellectual level of those who make it, and little is gained where one false notion supplants another. But we must some day, at last and forever, cross the line between Nonsense and Common Sense. And on that day we shall pass from class paternalism, originally derived from fetic fiction in times of universal ignorance, to Human Brotherhood in accordance with the nature of things and our growing knowledge of it; from Political Government to Industrial Administration; from Competition in Individualism to Individuality in Co-operation; from War and Despotism in any form to Peace and Liberty.—Caryle.

It cannot be controverted that the present is a season of serious discouragement to every true friend of human progress and enlightenment in every quarter of the world.

At home we find ourselves no longer the assailants but the assailed of the "Classes." Last Session of parliament the landlords endowed themselves, at the

expense of the workers, to the extent of £70,500,000 (capitalized value), by means of an outrageous Rating Act, and now the Priest, Roman and Anglican, are about yearly to rifle our pockets of large indefinite amounts in order to distort and enthrall the plastic mind of the youth of the country, for unborn generations. The "Masses" and to pay the piper, and the Priests are to call the obscurantist tune to which the "Classes" desire to see the befooled toilers of the Nation dance.

Abroad the retrogressive movement is still more marked. In South Africa we see the primitive style of progress by fraud and massacre introduced, and even open slavery permitted in a British dependency official. In the "Purple East" outrages and murders, almost unheard of in history, are perpetrated with impunity by the "Unspeakable Turk," and are coldly studied and diplomatically tabulated by the "Concert of Europe." Continental Christendom is one vast barracks, and the military madness is even rapidly communicating itself to the Farthest East of the pagan world.

And, alas, the chances of ratification of the Anglo-American Arbitration Treaty—the one oasis in the desert—by the Senate of the United States, are none too brilliant. The gold-owners of Great Britain annually drain the Republic of £40,000,000 per annum in rents and mortgages, and the "Silverites" rightly or wrongly believe that to ratify the Treaty would be to preclude the possibility of silver re-Monetization, and to rivet this heavy yoke of usury on their necks indefinitely. Anyhow, "Single Standard" or "Double Standard," it is Mammon, that "least erect" of all the fallen train of Lucifer, that blocks the way. Alas, alas!—

The days of the nations bear no trace
Of all the sunshine so far foretold.
The Canon speaks in the Teacher's place,
The Age is weary with work and gold.
And high hopes wither and memories wane,
On hearths and alters the fires lie dead;
But that brave faith had not lived in vain,
And that was all that our Watcher said.

In this palpable, world-wide recrudescence of barbarism it was hardly to be expected that, in a country like Russia, our chief of "Teachers" and "Watchers," the venerable Leo Tolstoy and his devoted followers, should have come off scatheless. Indeed, the marvel to me is how the Great Seer has escaped the "expulsion" with which he is now threatened so long. If he had been a smaller man he would assuredly have been in Siberia or in exile long ago. From the point in view of "Law-and-order" he is undoubtedly the most dangerous of living men.

Why? Simply because he believes implicitly not in the Christianity of the "Holy Synod," but in that of Christ Himself, of whose authentic doctrines he has made a profound study. And as the result of his investigations he has long since come to the conclusion that both Church and State are Anti-Christ institutions, conceived in sin and born of iniquity.

How so? Because the basic principle of the Kingdom of Heaven, i. e., the Co-operative Commonwealth, whose foundations it was Christ's mission to lay on earth, is Love. From this principle, in the days of Constantine, the Christians apostatised in favor of its antithesis, viz., the State's basic principle of Force, on which rests the whole monstrous fabric of robbers and robbed, murderers and murdered, which arrogates to itself the imposing attribute—"Civilization."

It is noteworthy that the crusade against the Tolstoyans, which the official Press of Russia is now diligently fanning into flame, did not originate with it, but with the "Holy Synod of the Orthodox Church." Even the Czar himself is credibly reported to be a lukewarm or even a sensibly reluctant persecutor. And this is intelligible enough; for throughout history, when an evil political deed has been done it is seldom that the Church has not taken the lead in setting the engine of State in motion.

Even at the trial of the Master Himself Pilate, as the representative of the State proper, it will be remembered, "could find no fault in Him." Indeed, there is every reason to believe that he was genuinely impressed with the demeanor of his extraordinary Prisoner, and that when he asked the momentous question, "What is truth?" he was not "jesting" in the least. Anyhow, it is certain that it was the priests—the "Holy Synod" of the Jews—that instigated the Crucifixion, and that the Roman Procurator had recourse to every judicial expedient and artifice at his command to prevent it. The priests, in their own court, condemned the Christ for blasphemy or irrelig-

ion; but when they came before Pilate they were astute enough to accuse Him of high treason to Caesar—to the State—and the Holy Synod of Russia is pursuing precisely the same tactics today. The orthodox Bishops tell the helpless Czar himself that he is not even his own "friend," if he fails to deal "to the points of annihilation" with all declared foes of oaths, of war, and of private property, such as the Tolstoyans undoubtedly are.

Tolstoy and his followers, in truth, occupy precisely the same ground as did the Christians of the first two centuries or more under the Rule of Imperial Rome. They are "traitors" because they act implicitly on the injunction of Christ—"Swear not at all"—by which they are strictly prohibited from entering either the Army of the State or any so-called Court of Justice, where oaths have to be taken. They will "neither shed blood nor go to law before the heathen," be the consequences what they may. It is not Tolstoy's

teaching, but Christ's, on which they feel bound to act. No oath, no State murderer, no State judge, no exclusivity property—such were the unmistakable precepts of Christ, and it is for accepting these in the literal sense in which the Master beyond all manner of doubt meant them to be understood, that Tolstoy and his followers are now being subjected to all the dire "resources" of "Muscovite civilization." Love plus passive resistance vs. Force ruthlessly applied is the issue before the world. I unhesitatingly back Love as the stronger agent, and certain to conquer in the end.—[J. Morrison Davidson, in The Weekly Times, London.]

What is Government For?

"Why, if it wasn't for government people would kill each other without any reason to do so, rob each other every chance they got, rape, and all other cruelties that man could think of would be as common in a condition of Anarchy as it is the other way now." This is generally the way the majority of the people think. All these horrible things are supposed to be prevented by government. But is it a fact? I, for one, say No! Let me tell some of the reasons that make me oppose government.

Government is the base of all crime, or nearly so. You may ask, "How can that be?" I say this: money is upheld by government, and it is because people use money that a few get rich and all the rest poor. The largest swindlers are the richest and also the "business men." Such men are recognised as honest men nowadays, but in reality they are the men that have made and are upholding this system. The murdering machine, called government, upholds these "business men." If it were not for these men, there would not be so much poverty nor so much luxury as there is now.

This is how government tends to murder the people. It allows a few to live in luxury and roll in gold, and the rest may starve. Some that are able to support themselves, and have not got the same ideas as the world recognizes now, they hang and torture them like they did in Chicago, and are doing now in Spain. Such is government. This is not all. The men that run this machine—government—take the people's money away from them in the form of taxes, rent, etc. So you see there are some who are supposed to be wiser than the rest and they don't have to work, for they live on the products of others.

To insure themselves in robbing the people, they take some of this money that they take from the people and hire policemen, soldiers, detectives, etc. They tell us that all this is done to save the country and that we will have to pay a little more taxes so as to keep as many soldiers on hand as possible, so if it should happen that war is declared that there will be enough soldiers on hand to defend the country. It is not the country and the people that they want to save, but themselves. They know that if the workingmen once get sense enough to protest against the laws the rulers have made, that they have the power to overthrow them. Here is where they will turn the government army against the people.

These men know well enough if the workers would only think of the power that they have, when united, each with his fellowman, that they could do anything that they wanted to. It can be plainly seen, that government is for the purpose of taking money away from the majority and giving it to the minority that are in power. In order to do this they hire soldiers, so if a man refuses to obey their commands, or give them his money, that they will have the power to make him do it or take away his land, house, or any other thing that he may possess.

If the average worker would only get sense enough not to volunteer to go into the army, and would refuse to be drafted, this machine, called government would soon go out of existence and then the people would live harmoniously without the interference of other men.

We want no policemen, soldiers, kings, presidents, rulers, etc. If all parasites would be abolished the human family could live in harmony and happiness.

A LITTLE ANARCHIST.

Things and Thoughts.

New and radical ideas are much like the hare that ran a race with a tortoise, but which by stopping to sleep lost the race. And these new ideas do indulge in frequent and prolonged slumbers. Keep awake at your end of the line, comrade.

If the government should not interfere in trading by setting up business in competition to private industries, then why should it interfere in social affairs by setting up as the only "real thing" in the way of regulating society?

The social structure of today is based on the purses and egoism of the rich and the patience and ignorance of the poor.

I AM frequently asked that as I state that a proper knowledge of social economics must precede any hope of final settlement of social problems, what would (or will) be the outcome of a revolution of force on the part of the proletariat. I can only give my own impressions, basing them partly on unbroken history, yet not forgetting to take into consideration the fact that history has a new element to deal with—revolutionists who know why they are revolutionists! Briefly, I think that all the people will gain by successful revolution will be within these limits: Single Tax; occupancy and use of land to constitute the only title; direct legislation; income tax. I think that these palliatives will with the addition of government ownership of railroads, telegraphs and telephones, be all the people will get. I think Herbert Spencer was not far off from right when he referred to the "coming slavery." Sleek, well-fed well-housed slaves the people will be, and being slaves, will lack the manhood to demand freedom. Compare the Declaration of Independence with the American Constitution and see what towards the brave men of '76 became after they had won freedom from Britain. Then think on how they have since fallen.

ZADNAK THE DREAMER.

Love vs. Force.

The "solidarity of the race" is not a mere sentimental figment of the brains of Christ and Karl Marx, but a feeble expression of a veritable principle in the constitution of the universe. This is a world of compensation knit together by a subtle thread of sympathy. "No man liveth to himself." From an egoistic standpoint, a philosopher will promote the welfare of others.

No one can be completely happy until all are happy. No person nor people can climb to a happy prosperous condition over the misery and degradation of others. Cheap and rapid transmission and transportation of intelligence, persons and property has bound all Nations and tongues and peoples into a closer brotherhood or consanguinity.

Ignorance of the great law of sympathetic interdependence has militated against the progress of the race more than any other sin of omission. "If one member suffers, the whole body is in pain," is as true as any ethical principle ever expressed. We are so constituted that complete happiness cannot exist in the universe while a single member of the Race is in pain. There can be no Heaven so long as there is a Hell. He whose mind is so abnormally wrought up to an extacy of emotional insanity as to be happy, is no longer fitted for use in the universe until he is restored to a normal state of sympathy for suffering humanity.

It is the restless, sympathetic, conscientious discontented—those who are reaching out for new truths, new sociological theories, who brave the odium theologium or the odium sociologium, who dare to be dubbed Cranks, Socialists, Anarchists, Repudiators, or any other opprobrious term not understood by the conventional cowards who use them, that are doing God's work on Earth.

What right have I to cause pain to any one, for thought or action? Had I been organized, educated and envied just as he was, would not I have thought and acted just as the worst criminal has thought and acted? "Father, forgive them—they know not what they do." "Neither do I condemn thee—go and sin no more," were the most profoundly philosophical expressions ever uttered at their time.

The world learns slowly that evil cannot be cast out by evil. The old "Lex talionis" condemned by Christ so long ago still rules the world, and the law of love, the infallible and eternally persistent law gains slow recognition. Two hundred years ago, over one hundred crimes had a penalty of death attached to them in the most civilized countries. The consensus of the civilized race now is, that severe penalties do not prevent crimes but promote them. How long must we wait for experience to teach us that cruelty creates crime and that the less severe the penalty the less crime is generated? How long before all penalties will be abolished and our primitive institutions for protection turned into schools for ethical culture?

The world has too much faith in force, and not enough in forbearance. Too much in vengeance, physical force, government, authority, terror, fear, and too little in Christianity, embracing love, kindness, persuasion, reason and freedom. This is not a mere sentiment with me, but a profound conviction arrived at by a philosophical research from an egoistic standpoint. The highest egoism is the highest altruism. We are all selfish and desire happiness. Happiness is only attained by making all others happy. "Think no evil," said Christ. Thoughts are things. We may hurt another by thinking evil of him as verily as by throwing a stone at him. "Think not of another what you would not have him think of you," is the diamond rule. What right have we to think evil of another?

No one can act other than he does act. Actions are the result of thoughts. Thought moves in the line of the least resistance and the greatest attraction like any other object in motion. If I project a billiard ball angling across a table, it moves in a straight line until it strikes the opposite side of the table or another ball, when its course is deflected, and its course is again straight until it meets some other opposing or deflecting force, and so on until the propelling force is expended. So with thoughts. I have a right to deflect thoughts that I think are moving in the wrong direction by opposing thoughts. For that reason I write this. That thoughts are things that may be projected to indefinite and almost infinite distances has been almost demonstrated by the "society for psychological research" in its experiments along the line of telepathy, psychometry, clairvoyance, and other occult phenomena.

Faith in the power of love and good thoughts and works, and the ultimate triumph of right, would accomplish wonders in the evolution of society. Such faith is not consonant with coercive force. It is not in harmony with restrictive prohibitive laws. If the same energy, time and money expended in harmony with evil to extirpate the liquor traffic was expended on the side of good to persuade and educate by lectures and love, much more good would ere this have been accomplished, and the perjury, stealthiness and litigation fostered by prohibitive laws averted.

The great truth, so well demonstrated by facts to the mind of any observant person, that where an evil is abolished by force, other evils unforeseen take its place, as great or greater than the evil abolished, is not sufficiently impressed upon the minds of the people by those who should so impress it. If the preachers would teach the ethics of christianity more and their theories of the unknowable less, the world would evolve much more rapidly towards a perfect equilibrium of egoism and altruism and an appreciation of the solidarity of the race. Christ said: "Be ye angry and sin not! Let not the sun go down upon your wrath." He might have said with equal propriety, can ye hate and sin not? I heard a professed christian say, in conversation with me on this subject, as an excuse for hating I suppose, that "a person might hate sin and love the sinner." I replied that it was not safe to hate at all. Hatred borders on wrath, which Christ condemns. If we hate sin, we are apt to hate the sinner. If we must hate and will discriminate philosophically, we will find little to hate. A great man once said, "happiness is the only good." Then the only good we can do is to make others happy. Then the converse must be true, that whatever produces sadness or misery is evil. By a close analysis, the only evil there can be, or the prime cause of all unhappiness is the restriction of freedom or in other words, the aggression or infringement

on the rights or freedom of people. Then all we have a right to hate is aggression on our liberties. But it is best to eschew evil thoughts entirely. It is well to keep in mind the injunction of Paul. "Whatever things are pure, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, think on these things."

Let us keep in mind the law of equal freedom, the highest expression of the moral law; and do no evil, think no evil and allow all others to think and do as they please limited only by our own equal freedom. I have no desire to be governed, how then can I consistently govern others? "Im facit per alium, facit per se," is an old Roman adage and a true one. What I do through the agency of another I do myself.

J. C. BARNES.

Comrade Barnes is not quite logical. First he says, "No one can act other than he does act," and then: "Faith in the power of love, etc." Now, if my actions do not show love, but rather hatred, how could I, according to his own theory, help it? Can I love those that take the product of my labor by force and cause me to suffer? Certainly not. I may not condemn them, considering them victims of our infernal system, but knowing that they have no divine right to rob me. I am compelled to be in warfare with them or else submit to such outrages. Where the preaching of love leads to has been sufficiently demonstrated through the christian era, and for my part I have had enough of such love. It is not the ethical standard that confronts us, but conditions, and by altering them, we will cause people to act more harmoniously—not before.

A. I.

"Why Government at all?"

I REJOICE to learn of the state-situation in Oregon, having believed ever since reading W. H. Van Ornum's book that the plan is feasible and desirable, and also the easiest, cheapest and simplest way to dispense with "government of man by man." So destiny sends involuntary Anarchism to Oregon to show the rest of us how to do it! Brother Addis, don't be too sure that only a "small minority" are ready to take advantage of the unexpected condition. The imprisoned bird soon discovers the cage door left open. Comrades! Now is your time! 'Sh! don't say anything.

Quietly go on with your plowing, your seeding, your wood chopping, your building, your sewing, your cooking, your trading and every industry by which yourselves and fellows may be benefitted.

You, county clerks, assessors, collectors, bankers, and "underwriters" generally, be as useful as you can in your "poor, feeble, useless way" and then—pass the hat! O, it's too funny for anything! The tables turned—the office holders begging—the farmers feasting.

Hired men partners in the crops; cooks paid in dry goods, millinery and shoes! Housekeepers time to dust off the piano, raise the lid and play with new feeling "Home Sweet Home!" Printers printing business and visiting cards for farmers and dairymaids for beans and butter, while ratification meetings rouse unwonted echoes in the lately empty court houses!

Churches open for revivals in brotherly love, the communion tables laden with comforts for the sick and unfortunate, the fiddler in the pulpit (after the sermon on peace and plenty) while the defeated usurer and the forgoing widow join hands with all and "circle to the left." Mortgages, interest, debt—hungry, homeless, did you say? We have forgotten what those words mean. "On with the dance, let joy be unconfined," 'tis not the call to arms you hear 'tis but the roaring wind which sweeps the dust of ages away revealing once more that glad word Liberty across the brow of every public building. Then, "chase the glowing hours with flying feet" singing "Hail, sweet Anarchy"

Open the prison doors and say to the man who stole bread for his hungry children, "Come, you are free and here is food and your choice of labor at your own price or no price at all but pile up your surplus production with ours and there is enough and to spare for all." And to the tramp "Stay with us, send for your family—help us to establish the empire that is to be—"each for all and all for each." And let the little children bring flowers and crown the weary, the aged, the careworn and the stranger within your gates

until "two gay smiles" shall replace each tear and freedom-becomes a state of being and no more a mere name—O, Oregon! dear Northwest. Oregon, are you ready for liberty? Will you ride into freedom's harbor on that tide which "taken at its flood leads on" to victory? Shall we, the defrauded, the despairing, the hoping, the starving of the world feed on your harvests and eat fruit from your hands? Say yes! say yes!

ALBINA L. WASHBURN.

Loveland, Colo.

P. S. By the way, when we clean house those assessment rolls, if not too musty, will be nice to repaper the kitchen, eh?

A. L. W.

Be not to optimistic, comrade, Oregon is still in the hands of the rulers and will be as long as the workingmen do not repudiate private property in the means of production and distribution. The police, or the protective Association as our Individualist friends call such institutions, are and will be paid by the money power even if the legislature did not appropriate the necessary funds. The State is a necessary institution as long as property in land, etc. is recognized.

A. I.

Note and Comment.

We notify our readers that, if our income during the week does not increase, the next number will come out four pages. Better to issue four pages than to go in debt.

The "sandwich-man" has made his appearance on the streets of Portland. Thus, one by one those outward symptoms of the inward disease of society which are so common in the older cities become manifest in the erstwhile "prosperous western cities."

A WOMAN from California replies to the boasting of so many women that are not guilty of law making as follows: "True, women have not been law makers and are not yet among that kind of criminals, but what is the difference between the thief and those who sanction theft? Have not the women raised the men and implanted that very spirit of submission which makes slaves of mankind? Dependent mothers are not very apt to raise free minded children." If they don't recognize their dependency, I would add.

A NUMBER of comrades, from various parts of the country, have enquired about joining us. All that prevents is the question of subsistence. If those wishing to join us can bring along enough money to provide beds etc. and help establish productive industries, there can be no objection. If we could start a poultry ranch, for instance; and some allied industries of a productive character, so that the burden of support would not fall on The Firebrand, but rather be taken from it, and something contributed to its support, then we could undoubtedly succeed, and would be glad to have as many of the comrades with us as wish to come.

ONE of our readers recently asked about the "Church of Humanity." At that time I could give no definite information. Since then I have received the announcement of The Church of Humanity, of Bloomington, Ill. Its objects are given below:

This Church has no creed, and no pew rents. It is the People's Church, and free to all.

It holds absolutely no censorship over the opinions of any of its members, but welcomes all who wish to do good in the world.

Creed divides men, and are superficial. The golden rule unites, and is fundamental and profound.

The aim and object of this church is to work for the good of men and women and children here and now, and to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity.

Our motto is "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity."

IN No. 6 of The Firebrand we published a poem by Walt. Whitman, entitled "A Woman Waits for Me." It is a superb production, but written in such an unusual style that it has been misunderstood by some readers of the paper. It must be admitted that it is audacious; bolder, and more daring in its utterances than is common, even in poetry, but it breathes a sentiment of exaltation and glorification of sex that raises it far above anything of a sordid or lascivious nature. The mind that thinks of sex only in connection with dollars, or with new dresses, oyster suppers

and theatre; can not, it is true, grasp the sublimity of this poem and is apt to look upon it as gross or degrading, but a careful reading of it must dispell this view from all fair minds. Whitman's claim that "sex contains all," is correct, and his demand that by promoting a higher type of humanity be evolved is a just one. Some of our readers thought the poem "indecent" and others that it will hurt the propaganda, but I think that time will prove the contrary. Why should we consider disquisitions on the sex question "immoral?"

The following is taken from a private letter:

"I see no woman as yet has answered Lucy Parsons request for testimonials on the variety question. * I have no experience to offer; only observations, as I have always lived virtuously according to the monogamic code. But that I have done so was caused by early training and environment, that proved more powerful than the natural promptings of the human heart. Then, another reason, I suppose most powerful of all, is that Sam (we both detested the word husband) and I are mighty fond of each other, and take a great deal of comfort together, and I have never felt that I could be the same with another man. But if Sam was attracted to another nice woman, that would cut no figure with me, or dampen my love, or cause me to be jealous. I believe one trouble with those that are congenial is that they are together too much. They soon grow magnetically alike. If they associated more with others of the opposite sex they would love each other better, or at least enjoy each other more. I believe that nine-tenths of the human race are more or less varietists at heart, if not in action, and I deplore the idea that they should be dishonored for obeying natural promptings."

* In last week's issue was a letter on this question, headed "An open letter to Ruedebusch."

The Letter-Box.

P. R., Chicago, Ill.—Certainly we will send you the paper. But if the contributions keep on decreasing as for the last two weeks, we will have to go back to four pages.

E. A. Rippeon, Shelley Oak, Eng.—If you write for complete liberty, we will be glad to receive contributions from your pen, but don't wish peas for palliatives, which we have to combat.

O. P. V., Hillman, Minn.—The Firebrand is sent to the parties of whom you sent the names in, and we hope they will like it as well as you do. Sometimes we would like to be with you for a recreation.

J. C., Spring Valley, Ill.—Yes, the letter was received in due time and you will have found in the meantime the amount credited. We send you five copies regularly and if you don't receive them, you ought to make inquiries at your post office.

Literature.

THE NEW ERA is a small new monthly paper, published by the comrades at Lakebay, Wash. In their announcement they say: "In launching this paper upon the reading public, we have no excuse to offer other than a desire to put our mite into the contribution box for a better and happier condition of things than now exists."

Subscription price 10 cts. per year. Address The New Era, Lake bay, Wash.

For the benefit of our German readers we give the contents of the following monthlies for February, which come regularly to our table:

Die "Sozialistischen Monatshefte" (Berlin C., Schoenhauserstrasse, 17. I.) A. v. Elm, Lehren des Hamburger Streiks.—Hermann Thurow, Benoit Malon.—G. F. Steffen, Marx Einleitung zu seiner Werththeorie. Einige kritischen Bemerkungen.—Sperans, Banquier-Symbolismus (John Gabriel Borkman).—Dr. Johannes Menzinger, Die Gesichtsschreibung der Judenfrage.—Wilhelm Boelsche, Die sozialen Grundlagen der modernen Dichtung.—Max Pfand, Fabrikantensorgen!—Dr. B. Kritschewsky, Aus Auguste Blanqui's Leben.—Rundschau: Wissenschaft—Kunst—Buecher.—Revue.—Das Heft enthaelt ein wohl gelungenes Portraet von Benoit Malon.

Preis pro Heft 50 Pf., pro Quartal Mark 1,50 (inkl. der Beilage: Der sozialistische Student).

"Der sozialistische Student," Schoenhauserstr. 17 I enthaelt in seinem Februar-Heft: Catalina, Corporation und Studentenehre.—Karl Henckel, Der Corpsbursch.—Pietro Mazzantini, Die Studenten-Unruhen

in Italien.—Arthur Jacobi, Aus den Reichslanden.—Rundschau: Von den Hochschulen—Akademische Tagesfragen—Presse—Sprechsaal.

Preis der Einzel-Nummer 10 Pf., pro Quartal 30 Pf. Zu beziehen durch alle Postanstalten und Buchhandlungen, sowie direkt durch die Expedition (per Kreuzband oder in geschlossenem Couvert).

Clippings and Comments

OSCAR WILDE will be released from prison next month. It is said he will go to France and continue literary work under an assumed name.—[Ex.

The Portland, Ore., Firebrand calls attention to the fact of the absolute helplessness of the ruling class. It is amazing, when we stop to think about it. They don't know how to cook, to wash or iron. They can't saw wood or dig coal. What they know about agriculture, any of the arts or mechanical trades, amounts to nothing. And yet the useful mass humbly submits to the dictates of the helpless class.—[Facts from Denver.

The Nebraska populists repeal their sugar-bounty law, and the Washington populists enact one. The name of South Carolina having become a scandal, through its dispensary law, one must be championed by the Washington populists. Just as the abolishment of fish-wheels and traps appears to be unjust and impracticable, the Washington legislature takes it up. This is the sort of "reform" the Evergreen state has taken up.—[Oregonian.

A REPUBLICAN legislature enacted and a republican governor has signed some very valuable labor legislation. Organized labor should remember this fact.—[Union Standard.

This shows that the fools are not all dead yet. The Standard does not state what that valuable legislation is, or in what respect it will be valuable. Or can it be that such squibs are bits for politician's favor?

The Cleveland Citizen, January 30, 1897. That plutocratic body known as the United States Supreme Court, always on the side of capitalists and opposed to labor, has made another Dred Scott decision. Seamen who leave a ship against the will of their masters, if captured anywhere in the United States, can be brought back in irons if necessary and be forced to work. That leaves them in a worse condition than were the negro slaves of the South, and if the seamen do not revolt against such barbarism they deserve to be put on auction-blocks.—[Coast Seaman's Journal.

We have greater Chicago, greater New York, and now we are to have a greater Indianapolis. West Indianapolis with 10,000, Mount Jackson 1,000, Haughville 5,000, Brightwood 3,000 and Tuxedo 1,200 inhabitants will become a part of the largest inland city in the United States. By this acquisition \$7,000,000 will be added to the tax valuation of the city.—[Union Standard.

Anyone can see why the cities try to become greater. It is a matter of revenue. The ringsters get more pie to distribute among themselves, and to their heelers. And a "labor" paper speaks of this as something to be proud of.

The Arkansas Legislature adjourned on the 11th inst., without having passed any of the appropriation bills for the Executive and Judicial Departments of the State Government and the various charitable and educational institutions. The Governor has decided to issue a call for an extra session of the Legislature. He said the appropriation bills had not been passed, and there were no funds with which to run the State Government for the next two years.—[Coast Seaman's Journal.

Funny is it not? Two States that have failed to appropriate any money to keep the State machinery running. One the land of the "mossbacks and web-feet," the other the land of "mossback cane biters," but they lead the van in rational action of their legislative bodies, whether that action be conscientiously rational or not.

At the meeting of the unemployed, reported in another column, we find the following among the resolutions passed:

RESOLVED, that we recognize in organized labor our only natural friends and allies, in our fearful conflict with adversity, therefore be it,

RESOLVED: that sufficient committees be

appointed by the chair to wait upon the central bodies of organized labor in this city and ask for their co-operation in the enforcement of the policy of this meeting.

I most seriously object to the word only. Labor organizations are not, and never have been, the only friends of the unemployed. I hope the labor organizations will tender their hearty co-operation in response to the appeal of the committees, but I also hope the unemployed will not commit this same error again.

The utterly barbaric character of the regime of State Socialism that threatens us is foreshadowed in the legislative programs of those State Socialists who call themselves Populists, as announced in the legislative halls of those States where they are in control or hold a large share of power. Take, for instance, the bill now before the Kansas legislature making emasculation the penalty for rape. It is announced in the news despatches that this bill stands a very good chance of passage, that the governor of the State has promised to sign it, and that, when it has become a law, ten other States among those that are striving to outdo the savagery of the Fiji islanders will follow in the wake of Kansas. The event will prove this fiendish policy to lack even the excuse of effectiveness. While one class of brutes in Texas are so under the control of their passions as to seek their satisfaction regardless of the risk they run of being burned at the stake by another and larger and more dangerous and more detestable class of brutes equally the slaves of their passions, it is not likely that the class of brutes—still more detestable than either of the other classes—constituting a majority of the Kansas legislature will be able, even with the aid of the vilely passionate women who carry on Social Purity societies, to terrify the ordinary brutes by threats of emasculation. If, by some accident, there is in the Kansas legislature a member whom evolution has lifted sufficiently above the brute to enable him to appreciate the force of satire, he ought to introduce into that body a bill providing that any woman who shall falsely accuse a man of attempting an assault upon her shall have her tongue cut out.—[Liberty.

Notice.

COMRADE NED RHODES, 2, Mapledon Place, Euston Road, London, W. C. England, has a complete volume (54 numbers) of Pere Peinard, for the year 1891. It is nicely bound and in good order. He is badly in need of money and will sell this volume to the highest bidder. Let all comrades who are interested make him an offer for the volume. Exchanges please copy.

Correspondence.

ADVOCATES THE LABOR EXCHANGE.

If business stagnates, comrades, and you should wish, like Toddie to "she de wheels go round" just get some Co-operative Exchange money printed, based on "labor and its products," raise the scale of prices and set them humming again. Good among the people as a medium of exchange, better than private notes because it is uniform, better than any other money cheap, plentiful and non-taxable. Good with anybody who consents to use it—yesterday, today and forever.

A. L. W.

Lowland, Colo.

No doubt, the advice is well meant, and we would be more than glad if we could improve our situation through such palliatives, but so far it has been very difficult for us to redeem the Labor-Exchange money. We have still about seven dollars of that "cheap" money in our purse and cannot realize anything for it. All Labor-Exchange organizations have some excuse for refusing their own means of exchange.

A. I.

VERY EXACTING.

Referring to your paragraph relating to myself, in your issue of March 14, I would simply say that when Lucifer can no longer afford space in which to quote the exact language of a man to whose utterances we take exception, Lucifer will probably go out of business. If you had let your readers see what I did say—not what you left them to infer that I said, I should have been quite willing to let the matter drop. As it

is you have simply added injury to injury, injustice to injustice. Your charge that I "insinuated", etc.,—was a far-fetched inference—not justified by my words,—not true as to fact—and if such methods are characteristic of "Anarchist-Communism" then the less of that particular "ism" I encounter in life the better I shall be pleased. With malice toward none but fairness and truth for all.

M. HARMAN.

It is too bad that comrade Harman should be so extremely sensitive, and unable to see justice anywhere but in his own writings. The mention of The Firebrand was so intimately connected with mention of Loveridge—an adjoining paragraph in the same article—that I could come to no other conclusion than I did. There was no mention of any other paper, and as Loveridge's name was mentioned in connection with The Firebrand, and "his favorite journal" accused of unfairness how could I think differently from what I did? The Firebrand has ever and always shown Lucifer and its editor every possible favor, but its freedom has allowed just two uncomplimentary remarks concerning Lucifer, sent in by correspondents, to appear in its columns. If that is just cause for a threat of boycott such as appears in the above, then "free press" is a meaningless expression.

H. A.

AGITATION IN CHICAGO.

The fires of agitation are again blazing in this city: Under the auspices of "Economic Educational Club," and a few groups, a well attended meeting of the unemployed was held at Zeff's Hall, on West Lake St., Sunday last. The speakers were all native Americans and unhesitatingly gave their support to the following resolution, which will be the ground work of the coming agitation, arrangements are being perfected for a complete organization of enforced idlers. Monopolistic Newspapers have honored us with column editorials on the danger of those resolutions and gratuitous advice.

WHEREAS, it is now, at least, a recognized axiom with political economists, that "labor creates all wealth" and,

WHEREAS, it is equally self-evident that wealth belongs, of right, to those who create it, and, WHEREAS, the artificial curtailment of production, by legalized trusts and combinations is proof positive that under half natural conditions, the producing power of society is far in excess of its consuming power, and,

WHEREAS, notwithstanding these facts the wealth producers are shut off from access to the resources of nature, and forced by law to become tramps and criminals, or starve like rats in the public highways, and tenement holes, and

WHEREAS, the army of the unemployed is continually on the increase, and as a consequence the burden is becoming greater for those engaged in productive industry, and,

WHEREAS, the authors of every crime against men suggested as the only remedies for these unnatural and inhuman conditions—free soap kitchens, potato and bean patches, ten cent per hour employment, free coinage of silver, a change in political masters without a change in industrial conditions etc.;

THEREFORE, be it

RESOLVED: that we repudiate each and all of these panaceas as being unworthy of American freemen, and an insult to the civilization of the nineteenth century.

RESOLVED: that we call upon the unemployed of this country to organize for such a change as will completely overturn, the political and industrial conditions that have fostered and made possible millionaires and paupers, palaces and prisons, churches and poor-houses.

RESOLVED: that pending the final overthrow of our inequitable system of production and distribution, we demand as the only possible temporary relief, the repeal of all laws for the collection of debts of any kind, as this alone can save the mortgaged victim from the rapacious clutch of the usurer, the manufacturer from his moneyed master, the tradesman from his commercial owner, and the tenant from his landlord, and will be the most telling blow that can be struck at the money power at present.

RESOLVED: that we recognize in organized labor our only natural friends and allies, in our fear-

113.

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ful conflict with adversity, therefore be it, RESOLVED: that sufficient committees be appointed by the chair to wait upon the central bodies of organized labor in this city and ask for their co-operation in the enforcement of the policy of this meeting. "GAVROCHE." Chicago, Ill.

Propaganda Fund.

Bergman, Walker, Parker, Pulpit, each \$1.00. Bruehlheide, Stiff, Rotzell, Goldberg, Morwitz, Dvorak, Group Proprietariat, Hill, each 50c. Peterson, 60c. Schmeidler, 53c. Unknown, 30c. Stockham, 25c. Levinson, 20c. Tannen, 15c. Cooper, 8c. Sorge, Barnes, each 10c.

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