A Future Thought.

When o'er my cold and lifeless clay
The parting words of love are said,
And friends and kindred meet to pray
Their last fond tribute to the dead.

Let no stern priests with solemn dress
A formal interpolation—
Whose creed is foreign to my own.

Let not a word be whispered there
In pity for my soul;
Or sorrow that I could not share
The views that gave their souls relief.

My faith to me is no more dear
Nor less convincing anywhere
Than theirs, so rigid and austere.

Let no stale words of Church-born song
Pmol out upon the solemn air
To prove by implication wrong
The soul of her then lying there—

Why should such words beجيدly sung
Over one whose lively images
Such empty phrases never hung?
But rather let the faithful few
Whose hearts so close were knit to mine
That they with time the distance grew,
Assemble at the day's decline
And while the golden sunbeams fall
In floods of light upon my pall.

Let them in softened tones recall
Some tender memory of the dead—
Some virtuous act; some word of power
Which I, prehensile, have done or said,
By loved ones treasured to this hour.

Besides the dearest of them all,
The motives which my soul inspired,
The hopes by which my heart was fired.

Author, unknown.

Kate Austin.

On the evening of the 25th of October, in the little city of Kingman, Kansas, there passed to the Great Unknown a woman and comrade whose greatness of mind and heart had already endeared her to thousands of people who had known her through her writings in the radical journals. She lived among strangers, in a strange place, hundreds of miles from the happy home she had left but a few weeks before, attended only by her devoted husband, who accompanied her in her quest of health, and a beloved sister, hastily summoned to her bedside. The dread disease, consumption, had already fastened itself upon her throat, and lungs before she started; but it was hoped and expected that the invigorating climate of southern Colorado would soon restore her to health. It was for this purpose that the overland jour-

ney with team and covered wagon was resolved upon, but alas! I undertook too late to have the desired result. Heavy and incessant rains during the first part of the journey aggravated the sick woman's complaint. The disease spread to the overworked brain, and when the city of Kingman was reached our comrade was taken so seriously ill that it was found she could proceed no further. After lingering several days in a semi-conscious condition she passed away peacefully.

We who anxiously awaited her coming as that of a dear sister feel that the cause of socialism in America has, in the death of Kate Austin, lost one of its brightest, most energetic and devoted champions—a woman fit, like Charlotte Corday, to wear the martyr's crown, or under favorable circumstances to fill the role of a Jean de Jauc, to lead a great army of the discontented into insurrection and victory. There is no doubt that had Kate Austin's life been passed in an environment more suitable for development she would have become a noted character in the history of the nation. Even as it was her bold utterances and seething demurrance of wrong in the radical press devoted ever increasing power, and attracted widespread attention. Her spirit was a heart filled to overflowing with tenderness for the weak and suffering everywhere, with sympathy for the oppressed of all nations, with hatred for tyranny and hypocrisy at home and abroad. The wrongs of the common people, particularly of the very poor, weighed heavily upon her; she made their sufferings her own, and the burden was too great for her. Altho she had enjoyed uniformly good health during her life, and was of a cheerful, hopeful disposition, the strain upon her nervous system occasioned by the injustices and cruelty of men was the main cause of her breaking down. As one who was very near and dear to her writes: "She was a friend to all. No one ever came to her in trouble and went away uncomforted. Especially was she a friend to the friendless. She made their sorrows her own, and it was more than she could bear." Add to this the fact that she was a tremendous worker, for besides the cares and duties attendant upon her own life she contributed many articles to the Free-Elizabethan, Free Society, Dissentocrat, Lucifer, and other radical and labor journals, and was an active member of the American Press Writers Association. She also carried on a voluminous correspondence with other radicals throughout the country, many of whom will agree with me that it was a rare treat to receive one of her philosophical dissertations. No wonder, then, that the overtaxed body and brain finally succumbed, and she was stricken down in the prime of her life.

Our deceased comrade was born in LaSalle county, Illinois, July 25, 1864. She was six years old when her parents moved to Hook's Point, Iowa, where Kate resided until her marriage to John Austin in August, 1888. When Kate was but eleven years old her mother died, and the care of a large family of eight children, the youngest a mere infant, devolved upon our comrade and her father. Living in a region at that time but sparsely inhabited, opportunities for acquiring an education were very meager, and the ordinary pleasures of childhood were sadly wanting in the homes of the motherless little ones. For two years Kate lived with an aunt in Illinois, and during that time she attended the district school; but most of her education, and her wide knowledge of many subjects, was acquired by hard and persistent study at home. Fortunately she was from her childhood a great lover of books, and read everything that came in her way.

About the time of her marriage a copy of Lucifer fell into the hands of her father, and the new and radical ideas taught by Harman found ready lodgment in the minds of different members of the family, resulting in several subscriptions to Lucifer. This was the first radical or really progressive literature that Kate had ever read, and it had for some time been familiar with the writings of Ingersoll, who was greatly admired. Kate readily accepted the economic ideas promulgated by Lucifer, and it was an easy step for her to embrace the doctrine of revolutionary Anarchism which she found in such papers as the Morris, Freedom, the Fallen Man and Pure Society. The event, however, which finally stirred the young woman to the very quick was the Haymarket affair, and the subsequent imprisonment and judicial murder of our comrades in Chicago. About seven years ago she began to write for free thought and radical journals, and her literary productions have been constantly increasing in number and power every year. Her last contribution, so far as known, was the article in No. 385 of Free Society, in commemoration of the anniversary of the death of Cogdell, whose tragic deed and fate made a deep impression upon her.

Our comrade was more or less familiar with every shade of radical thought, but
subjects pertaining to sexual reform and to the economic aspects of the world's work. 

One of her strongest characteristics was her intense hatred of anything like sham and hypocrisy. She refused to compromise on principle, even for a strategic purpose where a political course seemed to promise good results. She was a passionate lover of liberty, claiming perfect freedom of action not merely for herself, but for others. Of generosity more than generous hospitality, and the hearty comradeship evidenced by her and her entire family those comrades who have made the Missouri family as a whole come to a new and fine place can abundantly testify.

She had already planned a delightful trip for all of us to her home in about a year, for she anticipated that before the expiration of a year she would have returned to the foot of the Rockies, breathing the pure air and baskin

in the almost perpetual sunshine of this region, she would be completely restored to health.

On the little farm in Missouri so recently brightened by her presence she leaves a mourning husband and stricken family of five children, three girls and two boys, the eldest a young man in his nineteenth year, the youngest boy of ten. A married sister had been left in charge of the home during the forced absence of Sam and Kate Austin, and several members of Kate's father's household resided near the farm.

The body of our dear comrade was sent back to her family, and was interred in the cemetery at Caplinger Mills on November 8, 3 p.m., in the presence of a large crowd of Herbert's friends, many people of the community, and read an extract from a beautiful address delivered by Voltaireir de Cleyre at the funeral of Katherine Kargn Harker. The poem, "A Future Thought," was also read. A great many people came to the home. She was loved by many.

W.M. HOLLINGS.

"It's a new middle." That is how I feel, thinking of the death of her. Why should she have died, she who was so full of energy and purpose, and so, many to live on who are not now, and never were, and never will be, anything but aimless, listless, useless. I wanted to see her gone to her rest. I was left in charge of the home during the forced absence of Sam and Kate Austin, and several members of Kate's father's household resided near the farm.

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I never knew her. I always dreamed I should know her some day. From the time she wrote to me in much, too much, sorrow for a trifling injustice she had done me—and that only because she was steadfast for the honor of the workers, and jealous of a single contemptuous word against them—until yesterday, I always thought I should one day look into her face and tell her how much I loved her for her fearlessness and her truth. Now I shall never—never, anywhere. And by so much my life is made less.

I did not believe she would die when I saw the word "comprise" in the dictionary. Does it always seem like that? That those we want to live, must live? That it is not possible they should go? Even though we know the disease carries no one whom it seizes.

I wanted to see Caplinger Mills, and the home of Sam and Kate. At Christmas time I was at a party of guests at their house. I never noticed the absence of any sort of government in the house, yet scarcely in all my sixteen years of teaching have I seen such a free family. And never have I lingered with a more thoughtful companion than Caplinger Mills. I have not said very much about her, or the reason why I say so little. Her death, I thought, was a great loss to the world, and her absence was a great loss to me.

I have been in the house, and the regard for Caplinger Mills, and the respect for her, has been a great comfort to me. She was a true reformer, a true abolitionist, a true pacifist, a true Christian, and a true friend.

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and inspiring memory. She had great trust in her comrades. It is for us to see that we prove worthy of her confidence.

James F. Morton, Jr.

The Attempted "Assassination" in Brussels.

Dedicated to the Secretary of State.

Mr. Hay.

A man who calls himself an Anarchist has fired three shots at the king of Belgium without injury. Immediately the international police took the steps necessary for the extermination of Anarchists. Statesmen, among them also our Secretary of State, Mr. Hay, congratulated the king on his deliverance from murderous hands, and declare that international measures against Anarchists must be taken.

The police of Brussels look for accomplices and have the most accurate arrest. This is the second attack in Vienna. The prime minister of Italy, Zanardelli, expresses his deep indignation that a renegade son of the country again tried to stir up the national character.

In order that Mr. Zanardelli may have more opportunity to incite himself about this disgrace, and to be of good service to the police of Brussels, I am prepared to make public the names of the authors of the plot planned against the famous life of the king of Belgium and also those of their accomplices. I hope, however, that Mr. Zanardelli will perform his duty and call to account the plotters in strict accordance with the law.

I accuse the Italian police, Brin, of complicity in the attack on the king.

I accuse the Italian consuls in London, Brin, Giolitti, and two of their associates.

Furthermore, I accuse the minister of the interior, Mr. Giolitti, as one of the accomplices of the conspirators in Brussels.

I am ready to substantiate my claims at any time and to prove each of them. I request that the president of the consular court pay the necessary expenses.

The Italian government in the interest of the nation publishes the following regarding the scandal:

His name is Gennaro Rubini, and he was formerly considered to be a revolutionary socialist. In 1893 he was sentenced to three years in prison for his activities. He was released in 1895.

Rubini's father was a government official of the most loyal character, but Rubini had always been suspected of being a revolutionary socialist. Since then, he has lived in Brussels, London, and Genoa.

That is all the Italian police knows about the man.

Real question is: Why did Mr. Giolitti not apply to his friend, the police commissioner, and warn him about Rubini? How could Giolitti not have been more particular about "the man"? As Mr. Giolitti failed to do so, one must conclude that he is guilty.

The man who fired the shots in Brussels is a certain Gerardo Rubini—just Rubini—and was born in Genoa, Italy. In the beginning of the last decade he was sentenced to long imprisonment, but his sentence was commuted.

According to the dispatches from Brussels, Rubini has declared that he committed the assault in order to overcome the government of the state. The corresponding message of Rubini with Brina is in the hands of the Anarchists. Rubini admits having received money from the Italian government, but denies that he endorsed the latter. The money was given in order to influence the government.

Belgium—Telegraphic reports assert that Rubini was well aware of the fact that King Leopold was not in the carriage at which he fired, and even the detectives intimate that the whole affair was a prearranged plot to discredit the government. There is a story that Brina was about to be hanged, but Rubini was to be sacrificed.
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Anarchist—A social theory which regards the union of order with the absence of all direct government of men by men as the political idea, a absolute individual liberty—Centenary Dictionary.

CHICAGO, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1902.

FREE SOCIETY

Boston—Boston Social Science Club meets every Sunday at 4 p.m. in 2 Boylston Place. Free forum for all sociological subjects. Anarchist literature required. Subject for December 7, "Competition made Cooperative," from "Science of Society."

Brooklyn—The Social Science Club meets every Friday evening at Central Hall, 410 S. Ave. Discussion free to all.

Chicago—All interested in the Philosophical Society are requested to be present at 331 Walnut St. Friday evening, November 28. Future arrangements and meetings will be discussed.


The Progressive Club will hold a meeting every Friday evening at 331 Walnut St. Friendly discussions will take place.

The Tolstoy Club meets every Saturday evening at the home of Dr. Mary K. Carey, 887 W. Adams St. Tolstoy readings and discussions.

Workmen's Educational Club meets every Saturday night at 8 p.m., 278 Blue Island Ave. November 29, Lucy E. Parsons speaks on "The Labor Movement."

Philadelphia—Social Science Club holds weekly meetings in poet's "Bricklayers" Hall, 707 N. Broad St.

An Appeal.

An appeal to the Supreme Court of New Jersey is to be taken in behalf of Comrades Wm. MacQueen and Rudolph Grossmann, who were convicted and sentenced to five years imprisonment in Paterson. The verdict against them is the result of newspaper satire, general prejudice and an itching desire to pocket fees on the part of the prosecuting officers.

Comrade Grossmann has such a well established alibi that it is believed the verdict of a prejudiced jury will be overthrown in the Supreme Court. The verdict against Comrade MacQueen is based largely on testimony of police work and prejudice against Anarchists, and this brings out the fact that it also cannot stand. The prosecutor laid special stress on the fact that these were Anarchists, and it is a case of Anarchism on trial.

These are active, able and energetic comrades, and their imprisonment means a serious impairment to the movement. No stone should be left unturned in their behalf. Let all comrades who are able send in their mites to the defense committees.

Send money to Ferrinno Gallo, 594 straight St., Paterson, N. J.

By the Way.

The governor of New Hampshire earnestly recommends the "good people" of his State to "give thanks to Almighty God for the recent deliverance of the president from sudden death," and the New York Truth Seeker is anxious to know if that was the same "God" who was on "duty" when President McKinley was shot. It would not be amiss to find out whether the widows and orphans in the Philippines have also been asked to give thanks to the "Almighty God" that their husbands and fathers were "benzovolently" despatched to heaven by American bullets.

It is deplorable that the Socialists of this country cannot enjoy reading the discussion on the tariff question in the German Reichstag, for it would surely cure them of the illusion that a public speech or printed propaganda for Socialism. If the denunciation of "Soc. Dem." was not attached to the different names of the Socialist speakers, it would be like a biogeny with a lantern would not be able to direct the Socialists from their illusions.

From time to time the Socialist press is filled with shocking figures, concerning the rapidly increasing Socialist officials in Europe; and it is certainly worth noticing that "out of 122 members of the London county council 91 are Socialists." Yet when we realize that the world is not revolutionized by numbers but by manhood and principles, we are anxious to hear what these "revolutionary" Socialist officials are accomplishing in the line of Socialism. Perhaps some of our readers in London can furnish us with data about the revolutionary measures the Socialist councillors in London have carried out.

The Chicago Chronicle is much pleased and alarmed that "Emma Goldman is permitted to preach her doctrines from a public platform in Chicago," and warns Mayor Harrison that he is inviting "another Haymarket tragedy." The editor astutely and deliberately distorts the facts when he attributes that tragedy to free speech. If the police had not begun to fire a volley into a penned crowd, the bomb would not have been thrown. Freedom of speech was never the cause of violence; on the contrary, police despotism has ever been responsible for such tragedies.

A Chicago police captain informed Comrade Emma Goldman that she could say all she pleased about the Russian government, but she must not abuse Russian officials, criticizing the American government or else he would dissolve the meeting. That this kind of "free speech" can be found even in far-off Russia does not seem to dawn upon the American "sensitives." "The freedom of America is a thing about which you must not talk," says the editor of the Arbeiter Zeitung very acutely.

INTERLOPER

The Government Trust.

The State changes its form as ideas alter, but always has been and is a syndicate for the benefit of those who manage it. It is a Trust as truly as the Standard or Steel Trust. A part of the capital of the Government Trust is the idea of patriotism, the constitution, love of national traditions, etc. Thru these ideas the people are kept loyal to their political managers and taskmasters. But these managers override and spurn constitution and patriotism and allow their clients to use the State's power for their own ends. See how every American puppy was trained down in the Philippines by our rulers—and it was done in the name of American principles!
The inability to see things, to see into them, is the trouble. Futil, poor education, no education at all of many, leaves the mass of the people to know a single gutter. Otherwise they would see that a man cannot be saved from murder by murdering him—which was the Philippine proposition.

The Government Trust is to be misunderstood by teaching. The facts should be presented simply to the people, and the fallacies go on as to children. Government has a hold on the public imagination such that the whole idea has on un instructed monarchists. The latter has been shaken out of the minds of vast numbers in the world, so can the Government Trust idea be explained by the patient repetition of common sense.

Montgomery. U. S.

O B I T U A R Y

(Additional address was delivered by Voltaire de la Chryse at the funeral of Katherine K. Buxton. It was a touching appeal to the love of the world with which she was burdened.

In the presence of these solemnly closed eyes, these pulseless hands, these voiceless lips I come to speak, as some day I wish that one will speak for me, telling the truth of my death.

The trust of the dead is very sacred. There is but one thing equally so—and that is the trust of a little child. The supreme sacredness of both rests in their utter helplessness. Therefore the highest principles of honor demand that in nothing shall we disoblige the wish of her who is powerless now, as all of us will be one day, to say if wrong be done her memory.

It was her wish, then, that as liberty thought was her last watchword in life, no service of creeds or dogmas which bind thought should be held over her when dead. As in life she faced the burdens and responsibilities of life, seeking to throw none of the weight which was hers upon others, so she went out fearlessly into the great darkness of Death, in perfect confidence that whether it were a difficult way or a easy way or a long way beyond, she had done her best here, and needed no one upon whom to cast her future. No atonement as a passport to the future.

She lived in one world at a time and did her duty in this while she was with us. Who does this has taught to fear hereafter. Prayers she needed not living, nor does she need them dead. Her acts, her aspiration towards the uplifting, freedom-loving spirit of the race, were prayer enough; and much more worthy prayer than a form of words read from books, or repeated as a task.

 Tears—Ah, these she needs not, too! Out of the fullness of the mourning heart great tears will fall for the unfinished work, “the broken blossom, the ruined rhyme” of life. And yet as I look upon her, so peaceful, so painless, so utterly beyond all that wounds, and hurts, I think I can almost hear her saying: “This I should, as I do pity you.”

To those who are bound in the old creeds Death is a terrible thing—a moment when the soul, wrung in its from of loved ones, trembles upon an awful threshold of fear and flame. To her, to us, it means a melting out of the individual into the universal All.

But not fear, not torture, not pain. It is the escape from these—it is Rest, after long, long years—after the long, long fever of living, complete, utter inexpressible rest.

She believed in the Universal King of all. The blash of a rose leaf or a human cheek, the light of a star or a human eye, the music of a waterfall or a beloved voice, all these were interwoven, interlocked parts of the great panorama of the universe. One law binds all—we are perpetually allied to the inexpressibly, and when all is said we do not know which is great and which is small. But resting sure upon the truth that beyond the all we cannot drift, we know that Death only returns us to our deathless elements.

And as of the body, so of that other part of us which religion calls the soul—that part which thinks and feels and loves and hopes and suffers. This, too, returns to its elemental sea, never again to reappear among the living, but ever to rest in other forms, in other souls, in all the generations yet to come, in all the unborn ones, wherever plain and simple duty is to be done, wherever truth is to be told where liberty is to be kept, superstition is to be torn away, wherever the race is to be lifted up—there, I say, will the elements of the soul of her who lies here, the elements of her spirit, her intelligence, her strength, her firmness, her purity, her hunger, her desire, her love, be scattered as her being in this life.

These were the real person, and these truths. A gift from the past she was now given to the future. And the future may not know her name, and forget her individuality, as it will that of all of us; some will lose her, some will keep her in it, a glorious part, and go away to the form, Farewell.

Farewell, brave heart which dared to be true to yourself, even unto death. This last trust of yours has helped to break a link in the fetters of the world.

Every vine dead face gives the ever lasting no, every liberty loving creed that seeks to bind the slavery of the minds of men.

MEETINGS

On Friday evening, Emma Goldman delivered her lecture on the Russian movement in the Jewish districts on the west side, at Hubbard Hall, in German. The hall was packed and hundreds of people were turned away, and there was more room. The police, as usual, were there, nosing around, making themselves ridiculous, and filling space. Emma paid her compliments to them; and Mr. Kaplan spoke a few words in English, declaring it was a shame and disgrace that no meetings could be held anywhere without these scenes being repeated, and who on this occasion felt so ashamed that they discarded their uniforms.

The proprietors of Hubbard Hall played the Philosophical Society a dirty trick, taking the and then locking the door in the face of the people because Emma Goldman was to speak. Another hall, much smaller, was hastily procured and the crowd assembled to 55 N. Clark St., where, however, again many hundreds were unable to obtain admission.

The subject was "The Radical and the Child." The speaker stated that all radicals, Freethinkers, Socialists, Anarchists, sex reformers, and others almost invariably made complete failure with their children; they becoming conservative and narrow minded. It was necessary to call attention to these facts, face ourselves and inquire into the causes. The main cause of this phenomenon, she said, was the fact that radicals had remained conservatives in their relations with their children. Parents, she held, were under obligation to their children, and not vice versa, because the children had not asked to be ushered into the world.

Most radical parents treated their children not as friends and their equals, but as their subjects. They claimed freedom for themselves, but resort to violence and brutality and promises to influence the conduct of their children, just as government does with grown folks. A child is not reasoned with, not loving explanations offered, but instead thundered at with a threatening look, and promises, which are seldom kept. They are deceived and lied to as to their origin, and are witnesses to deception in the lives of their parents, and are then punished for it. They lose confidence in their parents, and go to others with their queries and troubles.

Catholics expect their children to become Catholics, not because they are by the teachings of the creed, but because the parents are such. Protestants are the same; and radicals follow the same track. Catholics expect their children to become Anarchists, Socialists, or Freethinkers, and drag them to meetings when they ought to be in bed. Instead of influencing them with their ideals by their own conduct, they are driven into them until they are disgusted.

The boys and girls are taught how to work, but of the most important thing—rational sex relations and the raising of children—they know nothing, and it is no wonder that life to them is in most cases a complete failure.

She favored, of course, a liberal education of children, but they should be allowed to see all the sights and then decide for themselves.

The Anarchists coincided with radicals and had no criticism to offer; but the Socialists claimed that economic conditions were responsible for the failures in the raising of children, and the speaker had given no reasons for prevailing economic conditions.

In conclusion Emma Goldman replied that she had not spoken on economics, and consequently was not supposed to give economic teachings. She might do that in another lecture. But she could not agree with the Socialists to whom "economic conditions" was another duty, to be made responsible for these things. What is this Christian God? Still, she had even in this lecture implied a remedy to raise children who would be conscious of their slavery and stand up for freedom.

RECORPENT.
FRED SOCIETY

(so he says) that. Anthony Comstock is a strictly truthful man.

On Friday last, October 10, I underwent what was supposed to be a fair and impartial trial by jury, in which was really a most unfair trial before a thorny partisan judge, at the close of which he abandoned my right of trial by jury on the main question at issue, namely the alleged obscenity of "The Wedding Night." My counsel was not permitted to present in evidencescular evidence which showed that as far back as 1888 and 1889, I was accustomed to state in print that any applicant for marriage and refused service of them to or to receive even fuller instruction orally; respectable married women have purchased them for their daughters, husbands for their wives, sisters for their beloved lovers. On all sides, these little pamphlets have evoked from their readers commendation for their purity, their spiritual uplifting, their sound common sense and their healthful relations between husbands and wives.

In contrast with this mass of testimony to their purity and usefulness, a paid informer, who is making his living out of court cases against immoral books and pictures, has lodged complaint against one of the books as "obscene, lewd, lascivious," and proposes to impute the other book later on, so as to collect double damages on me twice.

This man, Anthony Comstock, who is anxious with hypocrissy, pretends that I am placing these books in the hands of minors, even little boys and girls, with a view to pervert them to the use of the魔鬼. He has, however, produced any young person who for ten years has been injured them to procure; nor has any parental or guardian come forward who claims the likelihood of any young person being injured by either of these books; nor has he even canvassed the addresses of any of the people from whom she states he has received complaints. In addition, he has deliberately lied about the matter. He stated to Judge Thomas of the United States Circuit Court (secretly, not while in court), that I had even handed one of these books to the little daughter of a judge of the habeas corpus when I had my office. It so happens that there is no jailmistress in this building, nor is there any little girl connected with same. I took a paper around among the tenants to this effect with the help of the judge by my lawyer, also a paper to the same effect, which my landlord stood prepared to attest before a notary, if need be. But even this made no impression upon Judge Thomas; he still is firmly convinced

his victim openly with any such lies. At my age (I was forty-five this last August) convict the rigors of prison life would be quite a different matter. I must not quite know this; and since he is evidently determined to not only suppress my work, but to place me where only death can release me, I consider myself justified in charging this Socrates, the manner of my death. I prefer to die comfortably and peacefully, on my own little bed in my own room, instead of on a prison cot.

I am making this statement to the public because I wish to call attention to some of the salient features of Comstockism, in the hope that the public may be led to put down this growing menace to the liberties of the people.

As I said not long since in the Boston Traveler, if the reading of impure books and the using upon impure pictures does destroy and corrupt the mind (and we know that it does), when we reflect that Anthony Comstock has himself read perhaps more obscene books, and has gazed upon perhaps more lewd pictures, than any other person in United States, what are we to think of the probable state of Mr. Comstock's imagination today upon sexual matters?

The man is a sex pervert; he is what physiologically is termed a Sadist—namely a person in whom the impulses of cruelty arise consequent with the stirring of sex emotion. The Sadist finds keenest delight in inflicting either physical cruelty or mental humiliation upon the source of that emotion. Also he may find pleasure in gloating over the possibilities to others. I believe that Mr. Comstock takes pleasure in gloating in on all occasions a word-pictur (especially to a large audience) of the shocking possibilities of the corruption of the morals of innocent youth.

This man serves two masters: he is employed and paid by the Society for the Suppression of Vice, but he serves from the United States government; an appointment as post-office inspector without pay, so that he is able, if he wishes, to use his official position for the furtherance of his society and, presumably of himself. Ex officio, inquirers, with their attendant spies and decoys, have been thrust among us in no small numbers and have been officially recognized as agents of the Society for the Suppression of Vice.

For over nine years I have been fighting, single-handed and alone, against Comstockism. Time and time again I have been pushed to the wall, my books have been seized and burned, and I myself have been publicly stigmatized in the press by Comstock and Comstockians as a purveyor of indecent literature. Yet this very literature has been all the while growing in favor, especially among men and women of the utmost respectability and purity of life, and I have received numerous letters at testifying its worth.

Furthermore, Comstockism can be used, as was the medieval Inquisition at times, to gratify private malice, as the complainant does not need to appear in court. This was done to me in Philadelphia, while I was a person as unannounced as the Bureaus of Highways, I declined right along to pay political assessments to...
the Quay party. For months they tracked me night and day wherever I went, vainly hoping to learn something detrimental to my standing. To my knowledge they refrained from indictment for mailing immoral literature, as they could find no other means of successfully damaging my reputation.

John Wanamaker once stated in a political speech that the Quay party were relentless in hounding those who refused to pay political assessments. They would follow up such a person even when he went into the service of other employers, and leave no stone unturned to ruin him in after years. This may or not be so in my own case; I do not know. But I do know that when I went to Washington a secret complaint was lodged with the police. My successor faced me openly in court. I pleaded my own case before the police judge, saved one book ("Right Martial Living") and won many sympathies from those present in court because of the colorful character of my plea; nevertheless I wandered from the city.

Each time that I have been arrested, I have enlisted the help of a competent lawyer, and it has come to pass that, though I have been attacked by Comstockism, I would stand my ground and fight to the death. Perhaps it may be that in my death, more than in my life, I can be of service by contributing to the investigation of the dread state of affairs which permits that useless sacrifice of the Quay party. Anthony Comstock, to wrall in evil doers, and to imprison the criminals of the people, in my own case, both my right to freedom of religion and to freedom of the press. There is only one lawful excuse for the community in interfering with any one's religion or publication in America, and that is, the invasion, by means of that religion or those publications, of people's rights to life, liberty, or the pursuit of happiness. No proof of such invasion, no chance to be saved, no evidence in my case; the testimony for the government against me rests entirely upon the mere say-so of this paid informer.

Every one of the paragraphs in this indictment is a catalogue of the outcomes of such trials which I have had with distinguished physicians and also with men and women among my pupils. I have looked into the hearts of hundreds of men and women during the past years in which I have been engaged in sex reform work, and my soul burns within me when I see how husbands and wives are suffering, and how nearly all of this suffering could be done away with. If only Anthony Comstock were not hoodwinking the public into believing that sexual information printed in books must be kept away from them, he might be a benefactor to the community. Surely, Mr. Comstock's idea of the nature of the marriage relation must be singularly impure, when he endeavors to prove that it should not be known of by the young. It is not sufficiently mature to be seeking for enlightenment.

In the courts, however, in obscene literature cases, a precedent has been established by which the defendant is forbidden to produce witnesses in behalf of the accused book, so that I was legally prohibited from summoning physicians to testify on behalf of the book.

Owing to this and to other legal precautions which hamper the defendant in obscenity literature cases as in no other criminal cases anywhere; owing also to the dense ignorance and prejudice which prevail in regard to the scientific, open discussion of sexual matters, and, more particularly to all of these, Mr. Comstock is persistent and lies to his adroitness in depicting the shocking possibilities of corrupting the morals of innocent youth by permitting young people to peruse the little book. He failed to enlighten upon the details of normal, healthy, pure marital relations— matters which have now reached the point where it is only necessary to accuse a person of mailing so-called "obscene" literature in order to convict him. No witnesses are allowed to testify in as to the effect of the book upon themselves or their young daughters or young sons, or, if physicians, upon their patients, neither judge nor jury are in a position to learn the actual facts in the case. And now, in my own case the other day, the legal precedent has been established by the action of Judge Thomas in the United States Circuit Court in New York, that if again attacked by Comstockism, I would stand my ground and fight to the death. Perhaps it may be that in my death, more than in my life, I can be of service by contributing to the investigation of the dread state of affairs which permits that useless sacrifice of the Quay party. Anthony Comstock, to wrall in evil doers, and to imprison the criminals of the people, in my own case, both my right to freedom of religion and to freedom of the press. There is only one lawful excuse for the community in interfering with any one's religion or publication in America, and that is, the invasion, by means of that religion or those publications, of people's rights to life, liberty, or the pursuit of happiness. No proof of such invasion, no chance to be saved, no evidence in my case; the testimony for the government against me rests entirely upon the mere say-so of this paid informer.

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