

MOTHER EARTH

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Vol. X

FEBRUARY, 1916

No. 12

LEX TALIONIS

(Ask any missionary to the Congo what he understands by the term "Belgian atrocities.")

I was a black man, a native of the Congo, and the chief
of the village;
All my life, (it was not a long one) I gathered rubber
for the Belgians.

One day there was no more rubber,
So I was butchered together with my people,
All of us having first been tortured.
This happened to many thousands of villagers throughout the Congo.
In our death-agony we cried to the compassionate nations,
But the ocean is very wide
And the compassionate nations were busy and did not
hear us.

Lately there came to this place of departed spirits
One who said that the country of the Belgians is now laid
waste
By an enemy
Who slays and spares not, and takes from them, the oppressors,
All the wealth that they gained by our long crucifixion.
Then the millions of us whose bodies have rotted away in
the jungle

*Answered in chorus: "It is just; let them pay.
Let them pay up to the full measure of our torment!"
But he who brought the news spoke further, saying
That the compassionate nations are aroused;
They send food and clothing and medicine to the Belgians,
And great armies to fight in their battles.*

*This is a strange thing.
We cried to the nations, but they did not hear us;
Why then, when God has heard,
Do they protest indignantly and stand in the way of his
judgments? —MAKUBA, for his people.*



OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

SOMETIMES even wise old Homer sleeps, and sometimes even an editor of the New York Times is awake. Many will doubt this and accuse us of fibbing, but here is the proof. In a leading article of "The Times" entitled "Two Kinds of Anarchists" and written against a certain Mr. Kirby from Texas, who is afraid that the country will soon become an easy prey for the inflammatory writer, speaker and Anarchist, the Times' writer explains Anarchism to the gentleman from Texas in the following sentences:

"The faction of anarchists who believe in 'propaganda by deed' is no more representative of anarchists than murderers and lynchers are representative of Texas. Anarchists are not characteristically assassins any more than assassins are anarchists. The greatest of all anarchists is, or was, Tolstoy, and his strongest maxim is 'Resist not evil.'

"Anarchism properly understood is a protest against the rule of might, and an assertion of the rule of right. Anarchists believe in the rule of morality rather than in the rule of the policeman. Each man should do right, and multitudes have no right to impose their rule on the individual. Anarchists believe in the association of voluntary groups of humans, united by co-operation for the promotion of common interests. They draw a distinction between society and the State, with its agencies for compulsion of individuals to conform to rules of

action, regardless of the excellence of the rules. Anarchists believe in the compulsion of the individual by the individual alone."

Later the writer goes on to say that the other kind of anarchists are those who want to use the state for their own class and business interest, those who would live on the state rather than support the state.

"The men who pay less than the moral wage, the men who extort more than the economic wage by duress, the multitudes who fail to take a position on such issues, are more dangerous than anarchists, and have much to learn from them regarding the duty of citizenship. The anarchist would resist the tyranny of conspiracy in restraint of common right, whether by rich or poor, and regardless of cant about class restraints or class rights or wrongs. Democracy substituted its rule for that of dynasties only by bloody struggles which seem to mean nothing to some of those who inherited the blessings thus secured. There was a later struggle against the rule of plutocracy. There lies ahead a struggle against another sort of secession—the secession of classes from the common good in a search for mercenary profits at the expense of others."

In spots the vindication of Anarchism smacks of a Sunday School lesson. But on the whole we suspect that the article was written far away from the Times Building. That edifice and its atmosphere can hardly be responsible for such a digression from the narrow path of virtue. As to Tolstoy and his maxim: "Resist not evil," it is worth while to mention that in one of the Tolstoy Biographies the story is told how he grew furious one day when he came home and found that his house and effects had been searched by government officials. He swore that if he had been at home he would have received the bailiffs of the Czar with a rifle.

* * *

IN another article the New York Times atones for that daring editorial on Anarchists with sound capitalist morality. The writer rejoices over conscription and how it will conquer in England. We read "The right of the State to compel its citizens of military age to defend it, is elementary and unquestionable." If the right of the

State to compel is unquestionable for England, why not equally unquestionable for the United States? One proof more, that behind all the talk about preparedness, lurks conscription. Only Gompers and other labor leaders of his brand pretend not to smell the rat; and keep on prating that they will go in for military defense if the great army to be established will only be impregnated with the spirit of democracy.

Fools or knaves? There never has and there never will be an army that can be called truthfully the people's army. All armies defend the privileges of the exploiters. Switzerland has a so called people's army, but go there as a workingman, participate in a strike and you will soon learn that the soldier in Switzerland is just the same tool and executioner in the hands of the privileged as he is in Germany, Russia, France, or in the United States.

* * *

THE official finding so far as the consequence of the strike in East Youngstown, Ohio, is this:

The Mahoning County Grand Jury that has been investigating the recent riots at East Youngstown, today returned indictments charging twenty-six persons with rioting, carrying concealed weapons, destruction of property, and burglary. All those indicted are foreign born workmen living in East Youngstown. The usual way to Americanize the foreign born workers when they begin to pull too energetically at their chains. This strike was one of the spontaneous rebellions of labor. Thousands of workers endure their yoke patiently for years. Suddenly they begin to gain an inkling of the sordidness of their existence. If we add to that the fact that the guards and cut-throats of Mammon invariably start the shooting, the turmoil, the riot and conflagration of East Youngstown is easily explained.

The fault however lies with society, with exploitation and the government which protects the legal loot. The workers pay the penalty in their wounded and murdered comrades and the trials and convictions which follow. Yet how is it possible to be a thinking worker and not be a rebel?

UNFORTUNATE Mexico is held up as a bad example to the good of our Bourgeois Republic. Look what revolution does! And compare it, please, with our peace and property, our profits from the export of munitions. Have we not all reasons to be snugly satisfied?

The United States government has duly recognized Carranza and still the revolution does not stop! Such courage, such audacity! A decrease in the usurers dividend, extracted from Mexican soil by Hearst, Potter Palmer and others must go unchecked. Hence, the government rushes soldiers to the borderline to harrass, provoke and occasionally to shoot at the Mexicans, but that is just what the great scheming patriots of this country desire. As a result some Americans have been killed. Good! What a wonderful excuse for an invasion!

The Mexicans must be taught a lesson with rifle, shot and shell that here in the United States we consider human life the most sacred thing—but of course there are exceptions.

In our own country in case of strikes for instance, human life is not always sacred. Any hired cut-throat, disguised as a deputy sheriff, may snuff out the life of a human being as evidenced a short time ago at Youngstown, Ohio. It is not sacred in the steel trust plants of Bethlehem, Pittsburgh or Gary. It is not sacred on the coffin steamers like the Eastland or the death trap factories like the Triangle shop where thousands of young girls work behind locked doors as in prisons.

Plainly speaking, the great scheming patriots do not give a damn for the lives of slaughtered Americans whose bodies are used only for the purpose of boosting the ammunition trust and the war-obsessed.

* * *

WE are informed that the number of cases of contempt of court are on the increase throughout the country. How terrible! The dignity of the courts uphold civilization! Don't laugh, suppress your emotions, for to express them means to be guilty of contempt.

"I am Sir Oracle and when I open my mouth let no dog bark."

Dignitaries of the law paid to put on a rich varnish of legality over corruption, barren of feelings, with their

brain concentrated upon making capital out of pettyfogging; these dignitaries prate of the sanctity of the judicial ermine.

On a very rare occasion, there is an awakening, even in that dull sanctum, to the real force of legality. Such an awakening has taken form in the resignation of Judge John Stevenson of Portland, Oregon. These are his reasons for his disgust with his position as Judge:

"I'm sick and tired of the whole farcical procedure; the farce of administering so-called justice has become so distasteful to me that I can continue it no longer.

"When I send a man to jail for drunkenness, what have I accomplished? While he's in jail his wife and children are deprived of any part of his earnings, and he gets drunk again as soon as he gets out.

"When I send a thief to jail, do I help either the thief or society? I do not.

"When he gets out he's still a thief, and a jailbird besides.

"When I send a woman to jail for immorality, do I halt or hinder the manufacture of fallen women because of social conditions with which the courts do not concern themselves?

"The work—the farce of administering so-called justice—has become so distasteful to me that I can continue it no longer."

* * *

IT is easy to get convicted in a law court if you happen to be an "agitator" who addresses meetings of workmen and explains to them the revolutionary doctrine that to oppose servitude and starvation wages is an inalienable right. But there are still better cases of judicial efficiency. It has happened in New Jersey that a man has been sentenced to a long prison term for inciting to riot, who did not speak, nor did he even attend the meeting in question.

That was the case of the anarchist Rudolph Grossman, years ago, when the silk weavers of Paterson went on strike. He and McQuinn had helped the weavers to organize, they were invited to address a meeting of the strikers. McQuinn went over from New York, Grossmann could not go but was promptly indicted. Nevertheless, policemen testified under oath that he had in-

cited the crowd by using incendiary language. They knew, of course, the very words that he had said. New Jersey justice simply wanted to "get" Grossman and McQuinn, because they helped the strikers, and besides, New Jersey had to be protected from invaders who came from a foreign country, New York, to disturb the silk manufacturers.

Since then New Jersey Justice has by no means given up the practice of establishing its own Monroe doctrine. One of the victims is Patrick Quinlan, now in jail at Trenton where he is supposed to stay, by the grace of the court, from two to seven years.

His crime consists in having disturbed the wonderful harmony between the silk weavers and the silk manufacturers. Any perjury to send such a dangerous man to prison for a long term seems permissible to the "authorities."

But now that all the indictments which had grown out of the Paterson strike excitement have been squashed and dismissed, the case of Quinlan seems doubly outrageous. Quinlan is not more nor less a "criminal" than his co-agitators. A little decency would demand that he too should be set free, but as decency is a very rare article in the courts, it will be necessary to bring strong outside pressure into action and to demand, whenever the occasion arises, the immediate release of Pat Quinlan.

* * *

FROM a newspaper correspondent, writing from Berlin, we learn that there is still enough food in Germany, especially since 400,000 hogs were taken from Serbia to be sent to the markets of the empire. The correspondent calls this wholesale hog stealing from a starving population "the first practical fruits of Mackensen's offensive" This lesson the people at least should learn from the war, that the laws for the protection of property are only meant for the poor fools, who, by their slavish work create immense wealth of which they may not take as much as a pretzel when out of work and hungry.

Karl Liebknecht, socialist member of the German Reichstag, who voted against war credits, is as good as expelled from the Socialist Party. With him twenty-one other Socialist members of the Reichstag have been censured by the Executive Committee because they too "at-

tempted to thwart the party's policy by declining to vote in favor of the war credits." The opposition to the war is undoubtedly growing in Germany. We would certainly hear more from it were it at all possible to hold public meetings in Berlin and other big cities. As it is, the opposition can make itself felt in a feeble way only in the Reichstag, which has more than ever before become a mere national debating club and a parliamentary machine for voting credits to the government. That the Katzenjammer is very acute amongst the Socialists of Germany is shown by an article in the "Vorwärts." One significant part reads thus:

"It is a fact, that during the war German Social Democracy has developed on lines which calls in question its intellectual and political independence. It remains a fact that the greatest party in the world, with the greatest independent political power, has done nothing to bring its power into action or to use its gathered moral and material resources. On the contrary, those powers, when used at all, have been fused in subordination to the war policy of the Government. Their power and their height have been without influence on political happenings, and, what is worse, no will has been displayed to give effect to their own principles."

If old Liebknecht the father of the present Socialist insurgency in Germany were still alive, he would certainly not be much elated over the confusion in the ranks of his cherished "scientific Socialism." He was himself always ready to have the radicals in the party expelled. He was very energetically engaged in the expulsion of John Most and later contributed his share to kick the so called young socialists out of the party. In fact, this business of "purifying" the party ranks was kept up until only political climbers and opportunists became the leaders of the movement.

* * *

THE miners and the railway workers of Great Britain have decided to take a stand against conscription. The Miner's Federation has called for a referendum on the general strike to be used as a weapon against conscription. The government may have the "right" to compel its subjects to defend the spoils of their exploiters, but labor, coming to a clear understanding of the situa-

tion, will have not only the right but also the might to make the governmental 'right' appear as a mere scrap of paper.

* * *

IN all the sickeningly patriotic slush spilt over the American people and participated in by so many so-called liberals, the message of Frank P. Walsh to the Americanization League is the only refreshing draught. MOTHER EARTH is unfortunately limited in space else we should bring the full text of the letter. As it is, the following will suffice to demonstrate that Frank P. Walsh is among the few liberal Americans who sees clearly and feels deeply:

"Among the active members of your committee are many large employers who are relentlessly resisting any movement that threatens to free their employes from industrial tyranny and gross economic exploitation, and by thus freeing them to Americanize them in the only true sense in which that word can be used.

"The problem of the immigrant is the problem of the wage earner.

"Yet I have studied your literature carefully without finding therein the merest suggestion of a plan that offers relief to the wage earner from the unspeakably wretched conditions that prevail among the underpaid workers on the New York subway, financed largely by the firm of which Mr. Stotesbury is a member; among the employes of the Pennsylvania railroad, who are deprived of their freedom by an elaborate system of spies, armed guards, bribery of labor leaders, intimidation of public officials and the maintenance of private arsenals, all directed and authorized by the corporation, of which your Mr. Samuel Rea is president; among the admittedly underpaid employes of the Western Union Telegraph Company, of which your Mr. Jacob N. Schiff is a director, and the employes of the Postal Telegraph Companies, of which your Mr. Clarence H. Mackay is president, both of whom are denied the right to organize and are kept subservient through the operation of an elaborate spy system; among the construction gangs of the great railroads, such as those directed by your Mr. Howard Elliot, president of the New Haven; your Mr. Frank Trumbull, executive head of the Chesapeake & Ohio, and your Mr. C. H. Markham, president of the Illinois Central, which recently won its relentless fight to crush out effective organization in the shops, or among the steel workers, who labor twelve hours a day in the mills of the United States Steel Corporation, headed by your Mr. Elbert H. Gary, which denies its men the right to organize.

"Nor can I find any slightest indication on your part that you intend to Americanize the immigrant by striking at the system which permits the idle few to amass huge fortunes through their control of natural resources by which they are

enabled to exact a heavy toll in rents and other unearned revenues from the foreign born workers who inhabit the tenements of our cities and who are dependent for food, clothing and shelter on the natural resources thus controlled and plundered by men who perform no service.

"You cite with approval the policy of employers who have used compulsion to force workmen into night schools where they may learn English. You would have employers extend their arbitrary control over the lives of the workers to the workers leisure hours, dictating to them what they shall do in the evening and threatening them with the loss of their opportunity to earn a living—that is, with starvation for themselves and their families—if they do not obey.

"And it is admitted by you that this hateful use of arbitrary power by the employer is for the purpose of defeating the efforts of strike agitators, preventing strikes and increasing the economic value of the worker to his employer.

"You admit frankly that your problem is 'the economic problem of giving the immigrant a chance as a piece of benevolent paternalism,' and it does not seem to occur to you that the arbitrary control over the lives of others which permits this paternalism is with the economic exploitation and injustice which accompany it, the greatest foe of those things which our forefathers loved and for which America stands.

"I do not doubt that your committee will be friendly to slight wage increases in industries where exploitation has gone to a limit that threatens to drive its victims to desperation.

"I should rejoice to believe that I am mistaken in my judgment of your activities. The need of Americanizing this nation, of conquering it for its own people and making our American ideals effective, never was greater. It can be done only by freeing the workers from industrial oppression, and that can be done only by the collective action of the workers themselves."



THE FALLACY OF DEMOCRACY

BY W. S. VAN VALKENBURGH

THE annual celebration of selecting political lords has again passed over and the American people may complacently resume the reading of headlines and attending the movies.

The myth of democracy has again been flaunted in the face of the people; dummies have been set up for the superior citizenship to contemplate their merits or demerits, and they could either vote for them, vote against them, or vote not at all; for whatever was done, the rulers won and the ruled ones lost.

The direct primaries are advertised as the last word in popular government. Yet with or without direct pri-

maries the machine carries the day. A man in New York had the audacity to vote for G. Bernard Shaw for district attorney last election. He was exercising a perfect legal right under the direct primary law; but he was roundly scored for his action and at least one daily asserted that he should not again be permitted to vote—he took the ballot too lightly. What irony! When everybody knows that money is the greatest and the final consideration in every campaign.

The underlying delusion of it all is that such a thing as popular government can exist. It is a contradiction of terms. If governments rule, they cannot be popular; and, just in proportion as they lessen in power do they decrease in functioning as governments. Whether it be a Kingdom, a Monarchy or a Republican form, the question of tyranny is one of degree only. The fundamental principle still remains and always must remain, that majorities never rule and never can.

Many people have experienced the proof and reason for this. Take as an illustration a camping party. Let us say that it is composed of six people. To be sure they all start out with unity of purpose—to have a good time. But inevitably some little matter will come up to cause dissention. Among average persons schooled under the existing scheme of things, neither is willing to give in to the other. They cannot agree nor reason out the pros and cons of the question without an arbiter. The result is that either they disband or they decide on one or two among them to settle the dispute. They establish a miniature power over themselves. They are so accustomed to be ruled that they cannot dispel the idea even in their daily domestic affairs.

Any man can agree with himself. Any man can, with careful selection, find another who agrees with him. In a given community these two, three or four men whose ideas are in accord become a power over their fellows. This is the essence of government from time immemorial. It is the essence of government to-day. That there occur disruptions among the governing classes does not alter the case in the least. They are mere clique differences and they effect the subjects only to the extent of exposing the corruption of the whole governing body as a class. In the final question of dominance the politicians are ever in accord.

When Webster wrote that democracies were not democratic enough, he may have had in mind this same idea. However, the fact remains that there never has been and there never can be a real democracy, while the presence of power obtains. Government of the people, by the people and for the people is no government at all; hence it cannot be democracy. Who rules himself and rules no other man is not a democrat, but an anarchist. The moment he seeks to dominate another he passes back into the realms of the governmentalists.

Why all this bosh about popular despotism? It is because government is necessary to protect private property. Laws are made and courts are maintained to protect the vandals of the minorities and settle disputes respectively. For every law for the protection of persons there are approximately nine for the protection of property. A judge is comparable to an executive of whom a witty writer once said: "makes quick decisions and is sometimes right." To settle difficulties is the first and intended purpose of a court; justice is a secondary consideration, and more often it is never considered at all.

All of which the politician well knows, and to cover up these actual functions of government the democratic bugaboo is foisted on the people..

Some day they will begin to think; and when the people do that and decide to act upon their thoughts, something usually happens.

When the workers cause the thrones of the quacks who rule them to totter; when they drive the pirate priests who fool them into the sea; and learn to withhold from the soldiers the arms with which they fight their masters' quarrels and murder their fellowmen, government will suddenly cease, democracy will vanish into thin air, and for the first time in the memory of man justice will be a fact and not a fable.



DIRECT ACTION—Conscious individual or collective effort to protest against, or remedy, social conditions through the systematic assertion of the economic power of the workers.

The farce and mockery of American justice are best demonstrated in the usage of permitting the defendant to speak in his own behalf, only when it can have no effect upon those who are to decide his fate. Such are the boastful advantages of democracy.

EDITOR.

ADDRESS OF MATHEW A. SCHMIDT before his Executioner in the court of Los Angeles, Cal., January 12th, 1916:

If the Court please, I will avail myself of this opportunity to say a few words—not that anything that I can say will affect this Court, but for the reason that, if this verdict stands, this will in all probability be the last opportunity I ever will have to say anything in public.

"If I shall perchance for a moment travel afield, or in any way diverge from the path, I hope I may be accorded the same courtesy which I have given throughout this trial when matters foreign to the question of my guilt or innocence of this charge were brought into Court; matters which were brought in here to overcloud the issue and to overwhelm the none too well developed minds of the jurors.

"I have very carefully listened here to a recital of detailed violence and dynamiting done throughout the East, and asked myself what could have been the cause for all this trouble.

"I remember that for every effect there is a cause, and I know that very frequently we mistake the harvest for the seed. About one year ago, J. P. Morgan, in testifying before the United States Commission on Industrial Relations, was asked if he considered \$10 per week enough for a longshoreman's wage. He replied that he did not know, but he presumed it was if that was all a longshoreman could get and took it.

"If in connection with that we remember that Mr. Morgan is the chairman of the finance committee of the Steel Trust, and if we keep in mind a statement of young McClintock that they would like to run 'closed shop,' but if they were to do that they could not get steel, in my opinion, we find the key to the whole difficulty. That was the condition which confronted the Ironworkers at every turn; that was and still is the motive back of the 'open shop' policy; that is the spirit which is the origin of the Labor wars; and it is these forces which insist that they must deal with the workers individually, and not collectively. They demand that the workers enter the industrial arena unprotected and disarmed and there meet the trained forces of greed and gold.

"In the industries of this country, more than 35,000 workers are killed and 700,000 injured each year—and all in the name of BUSINESS. Who ever heard of a district attorney attempting to protect these victims or to obtain for them redress, unless perchance the employer happened to be a political enemy?

"If we for the moment grant that all of the explosions recited here were caused by the Ironworkers, what do we find? For every ounce of steel and iron destroyed, I can show you a score of crippled and maimed toilers, and for each broken

bolt or rivet, I can show you a dozen lives snuffed out, that dividends and profits might not be disturbed.

"And to whom, pray, could the workers go for redress—to a Woolwine, or to a Noel, or to a Judge Anderson? Not likely. Their sympathy for the sweat that drops from the brows of the toilers is only shown during political campaigns. After election, neither the sweat nor the blood of the toilers can command their attention or assistance.

"Labor has often made the charge that it did not get a square deal in the Courts. The Zeehandelaar letter to the special prosecutor regarding the drawing of the grand jury which indicted me seems to prove this charge.

"Your Honor ruled that such a letter was not material in the case; nor could you well do otherwise. The forces back of my prosecution would have pulled you from this bench and besmirched your name, even as they secured my conviction. Your Honor has before you the example of Altgeld, Tanner, Darrow, Lindsay, and various other men who have had the temerity to insist that Labor get a square deal.

"And this movement toward right and justice has been aided during the last fifty years chiefly by the forces of Organized Labor. Every measure for the welfare of the great majority has had the backing of the Labor movement. I need only call your attention to the fight for the abolition of child labor; better working conditions for women workers; workmen's compensation for the victims of industry; safety appliance laws, and public ownership of public utilities.

"I want to call your attention to a curious coincidence. The same forces back of the prosecution of my case have opposed at each and every turn each and every measure for the relief of the toilers. They have always been able to buy thir Woolwines, Noels and kindred self-made creatures who for a mess of pottage would not only sell their own birthright but the birthright of all the citizens of their country.

"The Mulhall letters which were published recently in the New York World prove my contention.

"I have said that my case was not a case of murder. No one really believes that it is. I want to give you some facts not brought out in the evidence. A few days after I arrived here from New York, Guy Biddinger, formerly a Burns man, came to me and asked me why I did not get in and get some of the reward money. He said: 'They don't want you, nor do they want Caplan; they want to hang Tveitmoe and Johannsen, and you can help them, and then you will be free.' That, in connection with the report that Otis has promised to finance Woolwine's political campaign provided he secured a conviction, will give you the key to the activities of Woolwine and Noel. That also gives you the reason for all the evidence from across the plains. That also explains the testimony of Phillips, who has always been a scab and union hater ever since he was a boy employed in the foundry of Fox & Jones at Troy, N. Y.—more than forty years ago. That also explains why Donald Vose says, I made a confession of guilt to him. Let

me ask you—do you believe Donald Vose? You would not whip your dog on the testimony of a creature like Vose. No honest man would. Any man who would believe Vose would not deserve to have a dog.

"I do not know what happened to the Times building, but I do know that blowing up the Times is not going to help people acquire an ideal. And it is only when the great mass of people realize that life and light and service to our fellow men are the only things that are worth while that such creatures as Otis, Woolwine and Noel will cease to exist.

"And if it should finally come to pass that I must live the remainder of my life behind prison walls, then I shall say with Lovelace:

"Stone walls do not a prison make—
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That as a heritage."

"I understand the despair and horror that haunt the poor victims of the rotten industrial centers of the East, and I know the sacrifice made by their families and friends that they may bring their shattered lungs and wasted bodies to this land of BALM and BLOSSOM, only to find that they must pay tribute to men who have capitalized their misfortune, and it was almost wholly from this class of vultures that I was compelled to select a jury.

"I feel very deeply the suffering of those who lost their relatives and friends in the Times disaster, and I feel this more keenly than do any of the men back of my prosecution, for I cannot rid my memory of such cases as Ludlow, Colorado, Lawrence, Bayonne, Cour de Alene, and hundreds of other places where the workers have been slaughtered by the vassals of capital.

"If all of this misery and suffering shall hasten the lifting of the curtain of darkness and superstition, so that men and women may be free and that children may not be robbed of their childhood, so that 'Peace on Earth and Good Will to Men' may be something more than an empty phrase; then who shall say that the victims of the Times disaster died, or that the men who are colloquially spoken of as the 'DYNAMITERS' shall have lived in vain?"



THE BLAST

The first and second numbers of *The Blast* have arrived. Hail to *The Blast*! The second number was especially fine, the most telling article being by our Friend C. E. Wood.

Single copies and yearly subscriptions to *The Blast* to be had through MOTHER EARTH. Send your order.

GAG RULE AT THE HEBREW INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO

BY EMMA GOLDMAN.

JULY, last, Alexander Berkman, en tour in behalf of David Caplan and Matthew A. Schmidt, came to Chicago to interest the workers. He was admitted to numerous labor organizations and educational clubs; the one exception being the Hebrew Institute. It happened thus:

A group of radicals rented the Hebrew Institute for a Caplan-Schmidt meeting with Alexander Berkman and other well known radicals as speakers. The meeting was widely advertised which brought out a large crowd. But the gag rule of Jacob H. Loch and other trustees of the Hebrew Institute barred the doors.

The upshot of it was a huge meeting at the West Side Auditorium and a boycott against the Hebrew Institute. The boycott was declared by the students themselves who left in a large number and who organized the Workmen's Institute which has been running with marvelous success ever since. But that is not all. Learning of the denial of free speech, especially for such a purpose as the defense of two soldiers of the labor war as Caplan and Schmidt, every lecturer of character who has since come to Chicago has refused to speak at the Hebrew Institute. Among the latest is John Cowper Powys who is unquestionably the foremost English interpreter of literature. The following is an account of the incident sent to us by Comrade Ben Capes.

"Again the radical and intellectual center of Chicago has been stirred out of its tranquility, and again the Chicago Hebrew Institute is the topic of the day. While at this time it is being punished for their past outrage on free speech, we hope the future will deal with it most justly for its present slander.

"On January 5th, it was announced from the platform, by J. B. Lipson to an audience of 350, that Mr. John Cowper Powys, scheduled to deliver a series of Wednesday night lectures, would be conspicuous by his absence. Mr. Powys' reason for not fulfilling his engagement was that as a believer in free speech he could not lecture in a place where gag rule prevailed.

"The panic-stricken directors were very anxious to justify their side to a disappointed audience, and so chose Mr. J. B. Lipson to rescue them from the muddle. Being a lawyer, the gentleman naturally began to explain by first employing the political trick of poisoning the mind of the audience. I am very anxious to give an accurate account of his speech, for it characterizes the mean spirit of the head of that institution and of the public stupifiers that so often parade under the cloak of educationalists. After denouncing and ridiculing Mr. Powys very unfairly, he began the following words:

"There are certain things which this institution stands for and certain things which it does not stand for. For instance, in his hall you are not permitted to insult a woman; in this hall you are not permitted to be disorderly; in this hall you are not permitted to advocate violence, these are the very things to which we are absolutely opposed.

"A short time ago this hall was rented for a mass-meeting with a certain Alexander Berkman as one of the speakers. He was the same man who attempted to assassinate a gentleman. He is still suffering from the wounds inflicted upon him. Through the humanity of the New York State, the would-be assassin was given twenty years of imprisonment only. But he served only fourteen years and upon gaining liberty he went throughout the country advocating the murdering of policemen and advising violence. It was this kind of man to whom we had refused our hall that time. Yet a few boys and girls, who did not even know how to read and write, left the institution on that account, and started a school of their own.'

"He then proceeded to illustrate how difficult it was to reconcile all the different religious and political groups in society which were opposing one another and how the Hebrew Institute was not at all interested in the industrial struggle. He finally wound up his speech by declaring that the institute was purely educational, and stood for free speech. Of course this was quite agreeable to the board of directors of the institute. This is easily proved by the fact that a young man who could no longer endure the insidious lies and wilful misrepresentation, started to protest loudly and publicly, but was

forcibly ousted from the hall. Not wishing to submit to the same fate, I waited for Mr. Lipson's conclusion, and then I told Mr. Lipson my opinion of his insidious lies."

The reason for these lies and this gag rule has best been explained by one of the patronesses:

"You see the young Jews are so easily inflamed towards discontent. It will never do to let a violent man like Alexander Berkman speak to them."

Thank the stars that the young Jews are easily discontented and inflamed. It is that which makes of them the mainstay of every revolutionary endeavor. It is that which has given them their enthusiasm to organize and maintain the Workmen's Institute. All hail to the young inflammable, discontented Jews of Chicago. Let us hope every radical will stay away from the gag rule of the Hebrew Institute.



STOP IT!

Over two years have elapsed since fourteen Mexican workmen were arrested in the neighborhood of Carrizo Springs, Texas,—September 13th, 1913. They were attempting to gain their way to Mexico to fight for the economic, political and social freedom of the Mexican proletariat. Since then these comrades, they are Anarchists of the purest type, have been subjected to the meanest treatment at the hands of the Texas authorities. All of them, except Charles Cline,—the only American by birth in that band of revolutionists—is waiting at the San Antonio jail for a revision of his case—have been sentenced on the charge of constructive murder to terms of five to ninety-nine years.

From there the victims have been transferred to various camps at Perry Landing, Texas, except comrade Jose Angel Sorrato, who was more fortunate. He managed to escape from the penitentiary and to reach Mexico, where he is fighting in Zapata's ranks for Land and Liberty and the ideals of Anarchist communism.

The comrades sent to the Penal Camp are, to Camp No. 1: Luz Mendoza, Pedro Perales, Miguel P. Martinez; and to Camp No. 3: J. M. Rangel, J. A. Cisneros, D. R. Rosas, B. Mendoza, E. Alzalde, Jesus Gonzalez, Lino Gonzalez, and L. Vasquez.

Since their arrival they have become marked men. They are being punished on the slightest pretext. Thus, we learn that comrade Lucio R. Ortiz was shot in cold blood by one of the guards because he broke some stupid rule and would not cringe before the prison authorities.

The brutal murder of our comrade was only the last step

in the harrowing treatment given Ortiz. Flogging on a number of occasions had taken place before.

Evidently Ortiz retained his dignity and selfrespect which no prison can tolerate, least of all the savage prison camps in the state of Texas. And so, Ortiz is dead and his murderer is at large boasting of his heroic act, having killed his helpless victim.

Ortiz is dead. The new victim to take his place has been chosen. Comrade Pedro Perales has now aroused the wrath of the savage guards. And after Perales, one by one, the other comrades at the mercy of the inhuman guards will no doubt pay with their lives. None of them can escape the fate of Ortiz unless you American workingmen, you fairminded newspaper men, you liberal American citizens will take some interest in the hopeless lot of these victims. Unless a campaign of publicity is organized at once. These men deserve to be saved; they have committed no crime. They did march on Mexico to help in the struggle for Land and Liberty, but even that would not have netted them such sentences, such cruelty, but for perjured testimony and the fact that they themselves were workingmen.

If our comrades did not appeal their cases it was because they knew the futility of it, especially in Texas, the state so steeped in barbarity that lynching Mexicans is considered an appetizer for breakfast. Then too, they did not want their friends to sacrifice their hard earned pennies on appeals. Our comrades went before their executioner with head erect and though they knew the gravity of their position, yet they used the precious moments in court to espouse their cause. They even read our manifesto of September, 1911, in court, having had it translated into English so that the World may learn that one group of people at least in Mexico fight for true freedom and not for mere political changes.

These men have devoted their lives to the proletariat class and to this devotion they owe their present position. Does it not appeal to you? Does it not touch your heart and your brains and make you feel and make you think that you ought to help them? Does not their martyrdom impel you to raise your voice in behalf of these brave faithful comrades? Organize, speak, write about the awful fate of our comrades. That may open their doors and give them back to the World.

ENRIQUE FLORES MAGON.



TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS

WE are closing our first decade very much encouraged because MOTHER EARTH has more subscribers than at any other time in her career. We would have more if only all of those in arrears would renew. Five hundred outstanding subscribers are entirely too much for a magazine like MOTHER EARTH. Please renew at once and those of you who have paid

can assist us greatly by sending a new subscription. Surely you have friends who might be interested.

As our readers know, we have no sustaining fund, yet MOTHER EARTH is the depot for Anarchist literature in America. Every month we receive numerous requests of the following nature: "Will you kindly place the Young People's Socialist League on your free mailing list and send us a few books for our library?" "I picked up one of your cards on the street. Send me a few pamphlets explaining Anarchism." "I am an inmate of the Penitentiary, would you please send me some literature on Anarchism as I would like to read up on the subject." "I want to be kept on MOTHER EARTH's list and am too old and too poor to pay." Added to this is our exchange and free list, which is very large. We give away a great deal of free literature. At the University, Miss Goldman was invited to talk to the law students, an opportune moment to distribute free a lot of Kropotkin's "Law and Authority." In another town a group of students had a mass meeting to ask for military training. This was the place to distribute anti-military literature. In fact, we never allow an occasion to pass by without distributing literature free.

For all of these things there is no fund, so we are going to ask our friends to contribute toward an Anarchist Literature propaganda fund. All money which will come will be used exclusively for the circulation of Anarchist literature. Now is the time! People are tiring of the reformers and politicians; they are earnestly inquiring what has Anarchism to offer in their place. We feel, if the world knows the philosophy of Anarchism there will be many to unite with us in the great work of reconstruction. You might also subscribe to MOTHER EARTH and literature for the Library or Labor Union in your town. Let us hear from you at once.

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BOUND VOLUMES OF MOTHER EARTH

We have a few complete sets of bound volumes of MOTHER EARTH for ten years. We will sell a complete set for \$25 or the first five years for \$5.00 a volume and the last five years for \$2.00 each. Some day these volumes will be valuable and they are an addition to anybody's library.

TO MY FRIENDS :

At the request of the United States attorney, my trial for advocating Birth Control and protesting against the existing federal statutes which would make such advocacy criminal has been postponed until February 14th, in the Federal District Court in New York City.

Such invaluable aid has been rendered me in answer to my first letter that I am now making this further appeal to you to keep a live interest in this vital question.

I am being prosecuted not because the federal authorities consider Birth Control anti-social and anti-American, but *because they consider the advocacy of Birth Control LEWD, LASCIVIOUS, AND PORNOGRAPHIC!*

You may disagree with me concerning the value of this propaganda for voluntary or prudential parenthood. But do you not believe with me that such an idea of doctrine can in no sense be considered pornographic? Is it not the very opposite?

If it is right and moral to advise: "Be fruitful and multiply!" is it any more lewd or lascivious to teach men and women that the strength of civilization lies in *well-born* children alone?

Does not Birth Control call for the most serious and open discussion, instead of immediate suppression by the Courts?

PLEASE answer these questions.

Let Judge Clayton of the Federal District Court know YOUR opinion.

Let President Wilson know. Let the newspapers know. Let me know.

I take this opportunity to thank you for the encouragement and help you have extended.

Sincerely,

(Signed) MARGARET SANGER.
Twenty-six Post Avenue, New York City.
January 26, 1916.



JOE O'BRIEN

JOE O'BRIEN loved life. He had no grouch—never carried either a grouch or a chip on his shoulder. He was hard to himself and tender to others—tender to all who need. Everybody who knew him loved him—or else they were unworthy of love. Whenever I felt Joe did not love me, and I had such moments, I was ashamed of myself. I knew that if he could not love me, I was not right. He has made me doubt myself, not by talking, for he seldom talked, and never talked about his real feelings, more than any one else has made me doubt myself. I therefore feel pride in the fact that I

loved him and love him now. All real things that we have ever known are always with us, even when they pass away.

Joe was a sincere, intense, courageous radical, and here is where he ought especially to interest the readers of MOTHER EARTH. He did not call himself an Anarchist, perhaps he was too much of an Anarchist to think of himself as such. He had no prejudices and in one sense he had no definite convictions. His was an Anarchism of the heart. He knew that Nature was infinite and varied and might change its forms at any time. But there was nothing in himself that was obstructive to the finest things possible for human society. He had nothing in himself to overcome that stood in the way of human justice and freedom. He could and did give himself whole-heartedly to the Cause. He doubted only some of the intellectualism, some of the dogmas of it, some of the stereotyped things that are about, some of the empty words and phrases, uttered without enough knowledge, without enough self-criticism.

He kept open house to all who struggled for a better Society, or who felt the need of a better Society. Not only was his house and his material hospitality open to all such, but equally open was his soul and temperament. His hospitality was sincere, fine and inexpressive—inexpressive of those who do not grasp subtle things, subtle ways of conveying feelings without words, or the minimum of words.

He was absolutely without sentimentality, but full of sentiment, full of true, unsuperfluous steady feeling. He was indeed as true and fine as steel. He was keen to all "bunk" and half-insincere over-expressiveness. He could love persons who were half-baked, but he could not ignore the fact of that imperfection.

Between Joe and the wandering I. W. W. boys there was a peculiar bond. Since his death, Mary, his wife, has received letters from all over the country, written on the backs of envelopes, on any old piece of paper that was available—often from men and boys who never saw Joe, but to whom the traditions and personality of Joe had been conveyed. The lives of these I. W. W. boys enable them to appreciate the "real thing" to its full value irrespective of how the real thing expresses itself, whether it calls itself an Anarchist or something else. These

wandering boys have evolved from a combination of occasional reading and an unusual experience a peculiar psychology, and this psychology met with something congenial in the personality of Joe. Joe was not an "intellectual" in the usual sense, but from his own definite experience and feeling he understood more than the "intellectuals" understood, though he could not state it, except to those who knew that he knew it, because they knew it.

He was perhaps the best and truest and simplest of those labor sympathizers who are not directly from the ranks of labor. His sympathy was so straight and true that it was disturbing and baffling to all who were less sincere.

Although he was so tender and sympathetic, he readily detected gush. I remember one time how at a meeting a man spoke of the need of love in our general social movement. Joe sprang to his feet and made a fiery speech in favor of hate, pointing out the penetrating need of hatred, too, in the great struggle.

He was cheerful and buoyant, gay and witty, even in the last days of his illness and suffering. He loved life and made others love it more. That is the best that I can say of him.

HUTCHINS HAPGOOD.

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GERHART HAUPTMANN—THE WEAVERS

By M. B.

WITH the production of "The Weavers," by Gerhart Hauptmann, Emanuel Reicher rendered the people of New York a great service. Mr. Reicher gave the public thereby both the most powerful drama of social misery of our time and an artistic treat.

If we are to believe the daily report about Germany, the German spirit is quite exhausted with such figures as Hindenberg and Mackensen. True, Gerhart Hauptmann, too, worships at and sacrifices upon the altar of nationalism and militarism. In a recent picture, Gerhart Hauptmann, surrounded by his three sons, all in military uniforms, looks proudly and fondly at his soldier sons.

Surely that is very unlike the author of "The

Weavers" and many other great stirring plays. The Hauptmann who has Alfred Loth in "Before Dawn," say:

"It is wrong to punish murder in times of peace and reward it in times of war. It is wrong to despise the hangman and yet, as soldiers do, to bear proudly at one side a murderous weapon, whether it be a rapier or a sabre. If the hangman displayed his axe thus he would doubtless be stoned. It is wrong finally to support as a state religion the faith of Christ which teaches long-suffering, forgiveness and love, and on the other hand, to train whole nations to be destroyers of their own kind."

This is the Hauptmann we love! As to the other who now defends conquest and war—well, let us say with him we have not yet become thoroughly acquainted.

The staging of "The Weavers" in New York was quite a marked exception from the theatrical routine which always keeps carefully aloof from anything sincere and genuine. We in America are confronted with the sad fact that the theatre has not yet recognized its mission to give, through the mirror of art and truth, the tragedies and comedies of mankind. To be able to do that, the stage must become as broad in its scope and productions as life itself. The stage must really be universal, international.

The happy ending being the dominating factor in American dramatic art, the theatre so far has nothing of the noble ambition as represented in the works of Tolstoy, Ibsen, Strindberg, Hauptmann, Galsworthy and others. Hence, we are being fed on "shows" so that the ideal of its true mission is so far lost sight of.

In "The Weavers" the characters are certainly not amusing. These men, women and children, in their rags and tatters, living in cold, tumbled-down shacks, under worse conditions than the prisoner in his cell, are real in body and soul; heart-stirringly real. One would like to believe that old Baumert, Ansorge, the women and children were merely fantastic figures of a ghostly dream, spectres that frightened the author of the play during a nightmare. But, no! One is deeply convinced that these wretched brothers and sisters are embodying the truth, the truth about our society which is based upon criminal injustice and oppression.

The time of the play is the year 1844 when the historical uprising of the weavers, scattered through the mountains of the Silesian Eulengsbirge, took place. No "outside agitators" inflamed their minds. The revolutionary propaganda was the result of mute despair of the pangs of hunger and cold. It did not end then and there. When in 1891 the writer of these lines lived in the district in which the action of "The Weavers" takes place, he found there the very same gruesome conditions and the same starving people as are depicted in the play with such masterful art in the characters of Baumert, Ansorge, Reimann, Hilse, Louise and the others. Nor is there a possible pretext for consolation that these conditions have ceased to exist altogether. There has been gradually a change. The work formerly done in the "homes" of the weavers has been transferred to the big factories in which the working conditions are little better. They resemble those that drove the weavers in the factories at Lawrence, Mass., and Paterson, N. J., to that despair which culminated in the big strike.

The performance which Reicher gives of "The Weavers" at the Garden Theatre is distinguished by some very excellent acting. Adolph Link, in the role of old Baumert, is superb. Reicher, as Ansorge; Robert H. Barrat, as Becker; Rupert Harvey, as Jaeger, and Maurice Cass, as Hornig, could teach many a famous American star some good lessons. The acting of the women in this play is not quite up to the standard set by the men. But the whole production is marvelous. It is a tribute to Emanuel Reicher that he succeeded in bringing together and organizing such a competent and harmonious assembly of actors in this, our star-ridden world.

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BEN L. REITMAN, M.D., Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 19th day of October, 1915.

GEORGE W. BURNHAM,

Commissioner of Deeds, City of New York,
(My commission expires February 16, 1917.)

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ATHEISM

BY EMMA GOLDMAN.

TO give an adequate exposition of the Philosophy of Atheism, it would be necessary to go into the historical changes of the belief in a Deity, from its earliest beginning to the present day. But that is not within the scope of the present paper. However, it is not out of place to mention, in passing, that the concept God, Supernatural Power, Spirit, Deity, or in whatever other term the essence of Theism may have found expression, has become more indefinite and obscure in the course of time and progress. In other words, the God idea is growing more impersonal and nebulous in proportion as the human mind is learning to understand natural phenomena and in the degree that science progressively correlates human and social events.

God, today, no longer represents the same forces as in the beginning of His existence; neither does He direct human destiny with the same iron hand as of yore. Rather does the God idea express a sort of spiritualistic stimulus to satisfy the fads and fancies of every shade of human weakness. In the course of human development the God idea has been forced to adapt itself to every phase of human affairs, which is perfectly consistent with the origin of the idea itself.

The conception of gods originated in fear and curiosity. Primitive man, unable to understand the phenomena of nature and harassed by them, saw in every terrifying manifestation some sinister force expressly directed against him; and as ignorance and fear are the parents of all superstition, the troubled fancy of primitive man wove the God idea.

Very aptly, the world-renowned atheist and anarchist, Michael Bakunin, says in his great work "God and the State": "All religions, with their gods, their demi-gods, and their prophets, their messiahs and their saints, were created by the prejudiced fancy of men who had not attained the full development and full possession of their faculties. Consequently, the religious heaven is nothing but the mirage in which man, exalted by ignorance and faith, discovered his own image, but enlarged and reversed—that is divinised. The history of religions, of

the birth, grandeur, and the decline of the gods who had succeeded one another in human belief, is nothing, therefore, but the development of the collective intelligence and conscience of mankind. As fast as they discovered, in the course of their historically-progressive advance, either in themselves or in external nature, a quality, or even any great defect whatever, they attributed them to their gods, after having exaggerated and enlarged them beyond measure, after the manner of children, by an act of their religious fancy. * * * With all due respect, then, to the metaphysicians and religious idealists, philosophers, politicians or poets: the idea of God implies the abdication of human reason and justice; it is the most decisive negation of human liberty, and necessarily ends in the enslavement of mankind, both in theory and practice."

Thus the God idea revived, readjusted, and enlarged or narrowed, according to the necessity of the time, has dominated humanity and will continue to do so until man will raise his head to the sunlit day, unafraid and with an awakened will to himself. In proportion as man learns to realize himself and mold his own destiny theism becomes superfluous. How far man will be able to find his relation to his fellows will depend entirely upon how much he can outgrow his dependence upon God.

Already there are indications that theism, which is the theory of speculation, is being replaced by Atheism, the science of demonstration; the one hangs in the metaphysical clouds of the Beyond, while the other has its roots firmly in the soil. It is the earth, not heaven, which man must rescue if he is truly to be saved.

The decline of theism is a most interesting spectacle, especially as manifested in the anxiety of the theists, whatever their particular brand. They realize, much to their distress, that the masses are growing daily more atheistic, more anti-religious; that they are quite willing to leave the Great Beyond and its heavenly domain to the angels and sparrows; because more and more the masses are becoming engrossed in the problems of their immediate existence.

How to bring the masses back to the God idea, the spirit, the First Cause, etc.—that is the most pressing question to all theists. Metaphysical as all these questions seem to be, they yet have a very marked physical

background. Inasmuch as religion, "Divine Truth," rewards and punishments are the trade-marks of the largest, the most corrupt and pernicious, the most powerful and lucrative industry in the world, not excepting the industry of manufacturing guns and munitions. It is the industry of befogging the human mind and stifling the human heart. Necessity knows no law; hence the majority of theists are compelled to take up every subject, even if it has no bearing upon a deity or revelation or the Great Beyond. Perhaps they sense the fact that humanity is growing weary of the hundred and one brands of God.

How to raise this dead level of theistic belief is really a matter of life and death for all denominations. Therefore their tolerance; but it is a tolerance not of understanding, but of weakness. Perhaps that explains the efforts fostered in all religious publications to combine variegated religious philosophies and conflicting theistic theories into one denominational trust. More and more, the various concepts "of the only true God, the only pure spirit, the only true religion" are tolerantly glossed over in the frantic effort to establish a common ground to rescue the modern mass from the "pernicious" influence of atheistic ideas.

It is characteristic of theistic "tolerance" that no one really cares what the people believe in, just so they believe or pretend to believe. To accomplish this end, the crudest and vulgarest methods are being used. Religious endeavor meetings and revivals with Billy Sunday as their champion—methods which must outrage every refined sense, and which in their effect upon the ignorant and curious often tend to create a mild state of insanity not infrequently coupled with eroto-mania. All these frantic efforts find approval and support from the earthly powers; from the Russian despot to the American President; from Rockefeller and Wanamaker down to the pettiest business man. They know that capital invested in Billy Sunday, the Y. M. C. A., Christian Science, and various other religious institutions will return enormous profits from the subdued, tamed, and dull masses.

Consciously or unconsciously, most theists see in gods and devils, heaven and hell, reward and punishment, a whip to lash the people into obedience, meekness and contentment. The truth is that theism would have lost

its footing long before this but for the combined support of Mammon and power. How thoroughly bankrupt it really is, is being demonstrated in the trenches and battlefields of Europe today.

Have not all theists painted their Deity as the god of love and goodness? Yet after thousands of years of such preachments the gods remain deaf to the agony of the human race. Confucius cares not for the poverty, squalor and misery of the people of China. Buddha remains undisturbed in his philosophical indifference to the famine and starvation of the outraged Hindoos; Jahve continues deaf to the bitter cry of Israel; while Jesus refuses to rise from the dead against his Christians who are butchering each other.

The burden of all song and praise, "unto the Highest" has been that God stands for justice and mercy. Yet injustice among men is ever on the increase; the outrages committed against the masses in this country alone would seem enough to overflow the very heavens. But where are the gods to make an end to all these horrors, these wrongs, this inhumanity to man? No, not the gods, but MAN must rise in his mighty wrath. He, deceived by all the deities, betrayed by their emissaries, he, himself, must undertake to usher in justice upon the earth.

The philosophy of Atheism expresses the expansion and growth of the human mind. The philosophy of theism, if we can call it philosophy, is static and fixed. Even the mere attempt to pierce these mysteries represents, from the theistic point of view, non-belief in the all embracing omnipotence, and even a denial of the wisdom of the divine powers outside of man. Fortunately, however, the human mind never was, and never can be, bound by fixities. Hence it is forging ahead in its restless march towards knowledge and life. The human mind is realizing "that the universe is not the result of a creative fiat by some divine intelligence, out of nothing, producing a masterpiece chaotic in perfect operation," but that it is the product of chaotic forces operating through aeons of time, of clashes and cataclysms, of repulsion and attraction crystalizing through the principle of selection into what the theists call, "the universe guided into order and beauty." As Joseph McCabe well

points out in his "Existence of God": "a law of nature is not a formula drawn up by a legislator, but a mere summary of the observed facts—a 'bundle of facts.' Things do not act in a particular way because there is a law, but we state the 'law' because they act in that way."

The philosophy of Atheism represents a concept of life without any metaphysical Beyond or Divine Regulator. It is the concept of an actual, real world with its liberating, expanding and beautifying possibilities, as against an unreal world, which, with its spirits, oracles, and mean contentment has kept humanity in helpless degradation.

It may seem a wild paradox, and yet it is pathetically true, that this real, visible world and our life should have been so long under the influence of metaphysical speculation, rather than of physical demonstrable forces. Under the lash of the theistic idea, this earth has served no other purpose than as a temporary station to test man's capacity for immolation to the will of God. But the moment man attempted to ascertain the nature of that will, he was told that it was utterly futile for "finite human intelligence" to get beyond the all-powerful infinite will. Under the terrific weight of this omnipotence, man has been bowed into the dust,—a will-less creature, broken and swarting in the dark. The triumph of the philosophy of Atheism is to free man from the nightmare of gods; it means the dissolution of the phantoms of the beyond. Again and again the light of reason has dispelled the theistic nightmare, but poverty, misery and fear have recreated the phantoms—though whether old or new, whatever their external form, they differed little in their essence. Atheism, on the other hand, in its philosophic aspect refuses allegiance not merely to a definite concept of God, but it refuses all servitude to the God idea, and opposes the theistic principle as such. Gods in their individual function are not half as pernicious as the principle of theism which represents the belief in a supernatural, or even omnipotent, power to rule the earth and man upon it. It is the absolutism of theism, its pernicious influence upon humanity, its paralyzing effect upon thought and action, which Atheism is fighting with all its power.

The philosophy of Atheism has its root in the earth,

in this life; its aim is the emancipation of the human race from all God-heads, be they Judaic, Christian, Mohammedan, Budhistic, Brahministic, or what not. Mankind has been punished long and heavily for having created its gods; nothing but pain and persecution have been man's lot since gods began. There is but one way out of this blunder: Man must break his fetters which have chained him to the gates of heaven and hell, so that he can begin to fashion out of his reawakened and illumined consciousness a new world upon earth.

Only after the triumph of the Atheistic philosophy in the minds and hearts of man will freedom and beauty be realized. Beauty as a gift from heaven has proved useless. It will, however, become the essence and impetus of life when man learns to see in the earth the only heaven fit for man. Atheism is already helping to free man from his dependence upon punishment and reward as the heavenly bargain-counter for the poor in spirit.

Do not all theists insist that there can be no morality, no justice, honesty or fidelity without the belief in a Divine Power? Based upon fear and hope, such morality has always been a vile product, imbued partly with self-righteousness, partly with hypocrisy. As to truth, justice, and fidelity, who have been their brave exponents and daring proclaimers? Nearly always the godless ones: the Atheists; they lived, fought, and died for them. They knew that justice, truth, and fidelity are not conditioned in heaven, but that they are related to and interwoven with the tremendous changes going on in the social and material life of the human race; not fixed and eternal, but fluctuating, even as life itself. To what heights the philosophy of Atheism may yet attain, no one can prophesy. But this much can already be predicted: only by its regenerating fire will human relations be purged from the horrors of the past.

Thoughtful people are beginning to realize that moral precepts, imposed upon humanity through religious terror, have become stereotyped and have therefore lost all vitality. A glance at life today, at its disintegrating character, its conflicting interests with their hatreds, crimes, and greed, suffices to prove the sterility of theistic morality.

Man must get back to himself before he can learn

his relation to his fellows. Prometheus chained to the Rock of Ages is doomed to remain the prey of the vultures of darkness. Unbind Prometheus, and you dispel the night and its horrors.

Atheism in its negation of gods is at the same time the strongest affirmation of man, and through man, the eternal yea to life, purpose, and beauty.

* * *

BOOKS RECEIVED

"The New Citizenship," Percy Mackaye; "The Family As A Social and Educational Institution," W. Goodsell, Ph. D.; MacMillan publishers. "The Nameless One," A Play, Anne C. Cheney; F. A. Stokes Co. publishers. "The Russian Problem," Paul Vinogradoff, F. B. A.; "Ideals and Realities in Russian Literature," P. Kropotkin; "Russia's Gift to the World," J. W. Mackail; Four plays translated from the French of Emile Augier by Barret H. Clark with a Preface by Brieux; "Taras Bulba," N. V. Gogol; A. A. Knopf publishers. "Socialism in America," John Macy; Doubleday Page & Co. publishers. "Socialism and War," Louis B. Boudin; New Review Pub. Ass'n. "The Criminals," George Middleton; B. W. Huebsch publisher.

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