



An Exponent of Anarchist-Communism: Holding that Equality of Opportunity alone Constitutes Liberty; that In the Absence of Monopoly Price and Competition Cannot Exist, and that Communism Is an Inevitable Consequence.

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

Propaganda by Deed.

MUCH has been said and written concerning propaganda by deed, and at present the enemies of our propaganda never weary of pointing to certain acts of violence committed by Anarchists, and referring to them as "propaganda by deed," with a sneer. Thus, some have come to fear the idea of propaganda by deed, and protest against it, saying it injures the cause.

Does propaganda by deed injure the cause? Let us see! First let us candidly inquire into what constitutes propaganda by deed. The propaganda consists of calling attention to the conditions as they are, to our ideas and an investigation of our claims. A deed is an act. Any act, then, that calls attention to conditions, and starts investigation of our claims, is a deed of propaganda: is propaganda by deed. While acts of violence are, in some respects, deeds of propaganda, yet they are more emphatically acts of revolt, and methods of revolution. Leaving revolutionary methods out of the question, as no revolution can succeed in its object unless the revolutionists know what they want, let us look at what else may be done in the way of propaganda by deed, and see if such action is desirable. In our last issue we published a letter, written by comrade Leggat to the Inland Revenue officer. The writing of that letter and the defiance of the officers authority were deeds of propaganda. Comrade Albina Washburn, of Loveland, Colo., has for some time past been issuing what she terms "labor tender," which is designed to take the place of "legal tender," as a medium of exchange. This is not only a violation of the United States laws, but also of a state law of Colorado. She held her farm for some time after she had been "legally ejected". She distributes copies of Lucifer and The Firebrand on the streets of Loveland, and constantly urges the refusal to pay interest and taxes. These are deeds of propaganda. In fact, any act of defiance to authority that is calculated to call attention to our ideas, or any ignoring of laws or customs that tends to break down respect for them in the minds of others and yourself is a deed of propaganda. Are they desirable? They are!

It would matter but little how many Anarchists, in theory, there were if they were conformists in practice. Suppose one million Anarchists were living in the United States. Suppose further that all of them could see no good in propaganda by deed, and so went on conforming to the laws and customs of the country. As long as they did so, no matter how many times they might say they were Anarchists, would any alteration take place

in social or economic arrangements? Most assuredly not. They would marry, send their children to the public school, pay their taxes, serve on juries, support the decisions of the courts by a silent consent, and everything would move on as it now does.

On the other hand, suppose a million Anarchists who believe in propaganda by deed. They would cease to marry, establish schools for their children where superstition and false training would be left out, avoid and refuse to pay taxes whenever possible, refuse to do jury duty, and oppose the operations of the courts. Would things move on then as now? Well hardly.

By voluntary co-operation interest can be destroyed. By communal home making women can be relieved of the drudgery that now destroys their health and happiness. By united action taxes can, when we are numerous enough, be avoided. Anarchist schools, where knowledge free from nonsense can be inculcated, can be made of great utility where a number of families live near each other. By these means, and a thousand others propaganda by deed can be carried on and attention constantly directed and attracted to our ideas. Propaganda by deed is of the most vital importance.

It would be amusing, were it not so dismally discouraging, to hear the outcries and protests of some Anarchists against this or that method of propaganda. Some denounce violence, others too great publicity, while others go so far as to discourage free discussion of certain subjects. They would have us let religion alone lest we scare away some christians from investigating, or they would place an embargo on any mention of the sex question because some prudes won't read it, or hear it discussed. My goodness! how are we ever going to live in freedom if we can't even discuss topics of vital importance to its maintenance? Away with such nonsense. Let the right to think, to make public our thoughts, and to act be unquestioned amongst professed Anarchists.

Deeds of propaganda that awaken a world wide discussion and bring the deed doer conspicuously before the public are to be admired, but the quiet, constant ignoring of law and customs may be none the less effective in propagating our ideas and creating a public sentiment in favor of Anarchy. Whenever a couple ignore the county clerk and minister, and follow out their desires by simply living together voluntarily: whenever a number get together for productive or other purposes; deal with each other without notes or legal security; cease to use money where other devices can be made to answer the purpose; refuse to sit on juries or uphold authority by any means, they thereby do much to terminate the evils of which we complain and to begin the construction of a new social order. The one who will do these things alone will at first be derided, perhaps be persecuted, boycotted and avoided; but as sure as that person persists in his course one after another will gather around him or her, and at first sympathize and protest, then gradually emulate until a company of persons instead of a lone individual will be found ignoring

and defying the laws and customs that interfere with personal liberty. Take for instance the breaking down of the blue laws, or the anti-swear laws. It is still a punishable offence to swear in Pennsylvania. The man who first swore and took chances on being fined was a propagandist by deed, and now no one ever thinks of enforcing the law against swearing. So with numerous other laws that were framed to protect the business of the churches. In some states it is "against the law" to play ball on Sunday, but the boys play ball, and as they grow up they have no respect for that law and it is doomed to become a dead letter. I have seen persons sitting on the grass in a public park, leaning against a "keep off the grass" sign. That was a bit of propaganda by deed against that restriction. I could enumerate many other instances of defiance of obnoxious laws, but it is not necessary as we can see it going on all around us every day.

In this issue a comrade pleads for enthusiasm; for a return of the "good old methods" of propaganda; of mass-meetings and emotional excitement. I plead for a return of, and a more vigorous pushing of propaganda by deed than ever before. We have had comrades from cities further east come amongst us, who had confined their propaganda to mere meetings and distribution of literature, and they were astonished at the freedom from custom we enjoyed, and admitted that they learned much by contact with us. They learned to act. Would all who are mentally free act as they think, do as they advocate, it would be a constant propaganda by deed and would do much to encourage the weak-kneed to be more courageous. It will put new ideas into the minds of indifferent. It will set tongues to wagging concerning the free actors, and the theories that are back of their deeds. Then it will be easy to get our literature read, for when anyone asks concerning the propagandists, they will very likely read the literature. Thus we see that propaganda by deed acts as a stimulus to the cause in general, in all directions, and we cannot afford to ignore or deride it. Rather let us encourage it and give it greater publicity.

Some of our readers have blazed us for "loading" ourselves with the care of comrade Wellenbrook, but it was not only a matter of satisfaction to us, but also a matter of propaganda by deed, and has attracted considerable attention. It also gave us the opportunity to say to those who depend on secret orders for assistance that organizations, constitutions, and by-laws are unnecessary to insure against disaster, or provide for mutual helpfulness. The redeeming of the Duggan farm, and its cultivation and improvement by the comrades, communistically, would be an important deed of propaganda, at the same time securing a pleasant home for those who prefer to live away from the city.

HENRY ADDIS.

At all times it is the individual that preaches the truth, not the age. It was the age that gave Socrates' hemlock for his supper; the age that burnt Huse. The age is always the same.—Goethe.

Be Kind to the Tramps.

By LIZZIE M. HOLMES, Denver, Colo.

Our of work—saddest of all words! How many there are today who murmur them hopelessly, looking with a terrible fear in their hearts, at their loved ones and the little home they have slowly and laboriously built up! It means so much that can never be expressed in words, for starving to death is not the worst of poverty. There is so much before one comes to that. The long, long weeks and months of alternating hope and fear, of slow sinking from the plane of respectability, of gradual giving up of what have always been considered necessities, the final breaking up of the home, the tramping of the husband and father, the drudgery and deprivation of wife and children—the utter hopelessness of it all! These things appall even the most stout-hearted. The middle-aged man who has toiled industriously and cherished ambitions of a plentiful, well loved and respected old age, finds that after all, the future promises but a dreary existence, if existence is possible. For the penniless man long out of a job there is so very little chance of being reinstated in the fields of respectable industry. For one thing, he gradually grows listless, loses confidence in himself, feels indisposed to exert his powers, grows to doubt that he has any. His every failure makes more liable to fail again. Even broad-minded and liberal people come almost to look upon the man long out of work as "a poor devil who will never amount to anything anyway" and to cease interesting themselves on his behalf. I am so situated that I see many of these unhappy beings every day. I can almost determine the length of time they have been unemployed, by their manner and appearance. If but recently thrown out of employment they look cheerful, preserve their ordinary dignity, and speak like men possessing a natural claim to the consideration of other people. A close observer can detect a shade of anxiety lurking in the countenance, though it is usually quite well concealed. After a few weeks of idleness, the air of dignity is dropped, a slight seediness appears in the dress, the tokens of anxiety are quite apparent, a sort of conciliatory air is perceptible, as though the man would fain avail himself of every semblance of friendship any one is willing to bestow upon him. Later on all pretensions to being well dressed is dropped. The look is hopeless and forlorn, and the manner of aimlessly hanging about which characterizes the genuine tramps begins to be natural to him. Beyond this stage is settled vagabondage and the various degrees of human degradation. This is the evolution of the tramp, for no man ever leaves a good position, home, friends and respectability deliberately to become a tramp. Tramps are made, not born. I have seen with aching heart the vain endeavors of idle workmen to keep from slipping down this hopeless incline. I cannot bear to hear such a man spoken harshly to. I want every one to shake hands and chat with him as with a friend. I cannot very well walk up to a strange man and open a conversation with him myself, but I am always glad when any one else does. I hope all my readers take especial pains to speak kindly to men hunting work, not patronizingly kind, but in a brotherly fashion, making them feel that they are fellow beings, entitled to respect and confidence. They will the better retain the hope and courage necessary to success, and in humanity's name, if you must refuse him work, do not so gruffly and impatiently—it is hard enough, even if you are cordial and sympathetic, and what added sting and humiliation your manner may give you cannot know, unless you have had the same experience yourself. The old man, the meek, refined little old man, appeals most touchingly to the sympathies, with his well-worn, well-brushed clothes, his home-laundried, frayed-out linen, his made up air of cheerfulness and alertness, as though to impress you with the fact of his strength and perfect ability to do any work you may have for him; an old man with his years of useful labor, of hope, ambitions and little successes behind him; with the struggling young generation jostling him on every side; with the climax of a world's lifetime of bad management surging through the century's closing days, ready to overwhelm him. He does not know how weak and helpless he is against all this! He is tenderly piteous in his sad hopefulness, one turns away tearful to know nothing can be done. No wonder man will dare anything, do anything before they will risk being thrown into this condition. Men will bravely fight, bear persecution and misrepresentation, endure imprisonment, even death itself, for the sake of principle or a cause they love. But when it comes to risking the loss of employment, the oppor-

tunity to earn a living, they are daunted. They submit to a fear that is worse than death.

Much cutting sarcasm and many scathing remarks may be hurled at the heads of the voters who helped to fasten the chains of plutocracy about their own necks and crushed some of their best and truest friends by voting as their employers dictated last year. I never could utter a word of blame against them. I might wish they were stronger to endure, that they could understand one another better, could unite and stand firm in their own cause, but I cannot reproach them. One admires a hero, but one does not condemn all who are not heroic. But I think from now on this being "out of work" will be something different from the conditions of the past few years. The vast number who are entering the army of unemployed, the superior character and education of these new recruits, the scant outlook for reemployment, make the situation a startling fact that society cannot afford to ignore. It is no longer a question of misfortune or providence of a few individuals here and there. Men of the highest ability, scientists, linguists, authors, speakers, journalists and printers better informed than presidents of 50 years ago, are in the ranks. Since the imprisonment and death of so many good and noble reformers in America during the last 40 years it is an honor to have been in jail. Those who have been behind the bars feel deeper and work harder. I know, for I have been there, and I would rather be the prisoner than the turnkey under the circumstances again. In the same manner it is coming to be an honor to be among the unemployed. Some of the noblest men I know are blacklisted here in the west and cannot possibly obtain work. When Eugene Debs leads his army to the fair, sunny heights of the west to build up a new commonwealth, it will not be an ignorant, demoralized mob he heads, but an onward, moving throng of intellectual, high-minded beings, who will, if allowed, redeem this tottering, sinful, unhappy civilization of the new world.—From the Inland Empire, The Dalles, Oregon.

In favor of Enthusiasm.

I am a reader and admirer of your worthy paper. In fact, I have many a time pronounced your paper to be one of the best and most radical Anarchist periodicals ever published in the English language, and I am sure it does a great deal for liberation of mankind. I concluded therefore that there are many among you (or all of you) that understand the Anarchist-Communist principles well, and have sound judgment. This is the reason I apply to you, so be kind enough to answer what I am going to ask you.

I have associated with Anarchists for 8 or 9 years; at first more from instinct of discontent, but I have read a great deal and as I believe myself possessed of a sound thinking power (not that I boast of it, but simply a power of reasoning of which every man is capable should he throw off his religious and superstitious prejudices), and as I have taken great pains to study the sociological question I can say I understand the idea in its entirety, but this is not what I wished to say. I stated this for a reason which I will explain after, but to the point. The first few years I was associated with the holders of the idea, as far as I can remember, there was a propaganda going on which consisted mainly in explaining to the workmen, or any suffering class, their conditions and creating discontent among them, and telling them that they can change their conditions if they want to. This kind of propaganda was done by arranging big massmeetings, demonstrations and publishing writings all of a radically Anarchistic character, etc. This kind of propaganda has (and here is the point) only treated with Anarchy from its common sense point of view, and has, therefore, created "straw Anarchists," (to use the now-scientific—Anarchists expression) that is, Anarchists which were at heart perfect Anarchists and lovers of freedom, but coming in contact with a more or less "scientific man" could not very well defend their ideas, though with any ordinary individual they could, and even convince them as I have seen in many a case. But lately this kind of propaganda has been abandoned, and a new tactic was taken, "it is not the quantity but the quality" say the representatives of the new tactic. It is better to have a few men that understand Anarchy perfectly than to have thousands which have the sentiment but are unable to talk about it from a scientific standpoint. So in order to accomplish this they have given up agitation amongst the working, or poor classes in general, but simply make gatherings in which they hold lectures about physiology, biology,

astronomy, history and about other branches of science, and the very same patronizers (about a hundred in number) gather together every Friday, or any other day, and after the lecture there are debates, which are most of the time, very uninteresting and tiresome, for the following reason: to discuss science itself of course is beyond their power (or rather knowledge) as only the lecturers and a few more who are either professionals at it, or had more opportunity and diligence to study it up, but as for the rest they go on in the same rag-chewing and blunders. They talk for the mere sake of hearing themselves talk, or simply want to "show up," and this is their modern way of creating Anarchy and spreading advanced ideas. There are things happening daily which if big massmeetings were assembled and the attention of the masses called to the evils of it, and to all the evils of private property, religion, and government, and the whole present system in general, would enlighten their minds and would do a great deal more for the nearing of the revolution, which according to Anarchy is the only means for relieving mankind from their yokes. But no! This will only create sentiment and "straw Anarchists."

Demur with it! and how did you ever become a scientific Anarchist if not through being a straw Anarchist first? How would you interest yourself in these lecture-meetings if not through the influence of agitation? The facts talk for themselves.

Years ago when agitation was going on there was some enthusiasm, some life, something was done which was noticed by the capitalistic press as something to be feared, but now, judge for yourselves.

In short, I on my part do not hesitate to admit that these lectures are beneficial for some and that those participating in it will, or may, develop their minds to a high degree and understand Anarchy from its scientific point of view, but to state my opinion, those that devote their time and labor to those lectures by changing and commencing to agitate as before (and they are capable of doing it as they have shown in the past) they would do a great deal more for the cause of Anarchy. Who are the sufferers? Who are betrayed? Seduced? Exploited? Robbed? Murdered and plundered? And, who are and will be the soldiers of the coming revolution? The philosophers? No! It's the people!! Therefore they are the ones to be spoken to. Another thing; I have argued with many of them and they say: well, this is a reaction from those times, but I say: it is true that certain times have produced certain men, but it is also true that certain men have produced certain times. To take their argument we may as well go on about our business and leave Anarchist activity alone altogether, until the time comes for it.

No! my friends! the more discontent we create, the more people we get to understand and be dissatisfied the better it is for our cause. As for knowledge and science (which I love not less than they do) this will come with time. This is the question which I ask you, as well as every other comrade to give their opinions about; as for mine it is given.

LEO RACHLIN.

I have no objection to massmeetings, appeals to sentiment and emotion, and the old style methods of propaganda, but I know that fever-hat enthusiasm cannot last. I favor any and every method of propaganda that can be used to advantage by the comrades, but recognize that in order for our work to be permanent an understanding of Anarchism must go with the sentiment. A well balanced combination of the two seems to me most effective and satisfactory.

H. A.

Paragraphs from London.

It may be interesting to Firebrand readers to learn that Englishmen are showing their loyalty to such an overwhelming extent, as to be selling the same seat, to view the Jubilee process, to several different people and then disappearing with the proceeds.

ANARCHIST propaganda in London is dragging along desultorily with little life and less effect. Two open-air meetings are held Sunday mornings, which means one meeting to three millions of people. Though the orator had the voice of Odin methinks he would find his audience a trifle hard to reach, if he had to address his full proportion. But he doesn't have to—not by quite a little bit. To indulge in something reminiscent of Kipling's "Vampire":

A man gets up and he makes a blare,
(Even as you and I.)
Talks for a while to the empty air
Till a man and dog come round to stare.

Two children then, and a lady fair.
(The world is all awry.)

WHEN energy is flung into the work, however, as occurs when demonstrations are organized, the results are all that could be desired. Take, for instance, the meeting in Trafalgar Square on Sunday, May 30. It was called together to protest against the nameless horrors committed upon helpless innocent men in the fortress of Montjuich, Barcelona, Spain. Quite 3,000 people assembled all of whom by rapt attention and frequent bursts of applause testified their interest and sympathy. The sun was pouring down pitilessly, but the audience didn't budge for two hours and then seemed loth to leave. The speakers were Herbert Burrows (S. D. F.), incisive and determined; J. Perry, earnestly excited; Charles Malato, the French writer, speaking excellent English; Jack Turner, carrying the crowd off its feet; McPherson, who was energetically incited by the French Republic for his work in connection with Tom Mann's visit to Paris; Fernando Tarrida, a man from Montjuich who had seen the horrors committed there and who at times became almost speechless with emotion. There were other speakers who all reached the heart of the great crowd.

The money collected, so far, by the Spanish Atrocities Committee, which is composed of delegates from all sections of advance thought, amounts to ninety dollars, but a lot more is needed.

CLERKENWELL is a London district where the political Socialists have branches and regular meetings for proselytizing purposes. Now local Anarchists have formed a group for scattering the gospel of freedom, and outdoor meetings are being held weekly, addressed by Wm. Banham, myself and others. Clerkenwell hasn't formed a commune yet, but as the Clerkenwellers have refrained from using bricksbats and handfuls of mud on us, we don't think we are doing so badly.

I HAD occasion to attend a meeting of the Legitimation League. The lecture was clever, pungent, ironical, but not connected. There was a splendid contrast between the halting, almost shamefaced, wooing of the present day, and the plain direct avowal of affection of the ancient Egyptian woman who did not scorn to invite her lover to lie with her. He dealt with the evils which had been fastened on sex-union by the law-mongers and moralists; the repression of love under asceticism and its consequent rebound to a state where, in the words of Zola, the "man dines with a brunette and sups with a blonde"; the suppression of spontaneity by calculation; and finally he made out a splendid case for full freedom in love as in all things, concluding with the line of Byron's, "Love is only for the free."

MISS BEST, the chairman, made a plea for the ownership of the children by the mother, advocated complete liberty in sexual relationships and on the question of the support of offspring and mothers, believed that all men should support all the mothers and children, and not any individual man support an individual woman. Henry Symore dealt with the physiology of love and spoke of the absurdity of punishing people for falling in love. He believed in the monogamic ideal but based upon careful, even scientific choice—the two parties should be physically complementary of each other. He thought that the physical requirement of sexual intercourse required study, and that the union of opposite temperaments produced the best offspring. The indebtedness of England to America for her literature of free-love was emphasized by the fact that the three books quoted during the meeting were Rudenbusch's "Old and New Ideal," Sadie Fowlers "Road to Freedom," and Moses Harman's "Creed of a Free-lover."

THERE are in London eight more or less organized English Anarchist groups—"Freedom," Canning Town, Hoxton, Islington, Alarm, "Liberty," Clerkenwell, and Deptford. Then there are the "Revolutionary Propagandists" of Wimbledon, under the regis of Frank Kitz, and, finally, the foreign groups—Germans, French, Italians, Bohemians, Scandinavians, and Jews. Quite a terrifying army to the man who has deprived himself of ideas by reading the plutocratic press and who thus labors under the great "bomb" delusion. Not a hundredth part enough, though, for the work which is to be done. But to utilize the present material to the best advantage a proposal is on foot, Wm. Wess being the initiator, to take some central premises and use them as a common-meeting place for London Anarchists and as an Institute. All the groups would thus be more get-at-able in the event of propaganda on a big scale being mediated, and arrangements might be made for systematic cultivation of the Anarchist idea in the minds of the recently converted.

INDUSTRIAL co-operation, productive and distributive, is a method greatly favored by some English Anarchists for lifting the workers out of the morass of commercialism into the sweet open country of Anarchy, and a number of them are at work inside the co-operative societies. They provoke discussions, oppose the sweating spirit, and endeavor to lead the wildfire dividend-hunter into the paths of human kindness and Anarchist-Communism.

TOM REECE.

Agrees with Borland.

In my debate with Turner I started out with the

object of demonstrating that Individualism was a better and quicker solution of the economic question than Communism. This point Mr. Borland is willing to concede for the sake of argument. Not wishing to be outdone in generosity I will concede, also for the sake of argument, that the abolition of rent and interest will lead to Communism, and invite Mr. Borland to help me push the mutual bank idea as a quick means of establishing his system.

HENRY COHEN.

Note and Comment.

OUR friend J. Hildebrandt, Borden, Texas, would like to correspond with radical women, and the corresponding secretary of Liberty Co-operative Association Hustburg, Tenn., says a few more correspondents of feminine gender are desirable.

Oh! that the workers of the world could throw aside class and national hatred and unite their efforts in the struggles for better conditions. In that event one barrier after another, between them and liberty, will be swept away, and experience will show them what is necessary to secure and maintain liberty.

THE workers of the Middle states have undertaken a big job; that of regulating the market for their products. When they have experimented and suffered awhile maybe they will see that they cannot control the market, and to get better conditions they must get rid of the parasites—all of them from president to dogpelter.

THE last legislature of California passed a law requiring everyone who uses a wagon to have a specified width of tire. It will cost about \$25.00 to retire the narrow tired wagons according to specifications, and anyone not complying with the law is liable to six months imprisonment and to have his wagon confiscated. This is a sample of law for the good of the "people at large," by "the people in their collective capacity" as our statist friends put it, and from what I know of California judges I am inclined to think some of them will try to enforce this law.

A New Departure.

A STRIKE of the iron, steel, tin-plate, coal and coke workers is on, in the middle states, and involves about one half million men. The curious feature of this strike is this: the strikers are not at war with their employers, but with the market at large. They want to "clear the market", hoping thereby to force prices up, and then to be able to demand higher wages. This is a hopeful sign. Always before, when the workers have found themselves in an unbearable condition, they have struck at the nearest object—the boss. It is true, they have ever fought the boss over the shoulders of the scabs, have mobbed, cursed and hated them, but all the time they were trying to force the bosses to accede to their demands. Now they see that the boss is as helpless as they are, and that unless a market at higher prices can be secured for their products, higher wages cannot be expected. Seeing this they attempt to control the market by restricting production, but they fail to see that to restrict production means to reduce consumption, for the purchase of one commodity is paid for, in the end, with another commodity, and restriction of one kind of production reacts on all branches of production. Another thing they fail to see is that as long as our present commercial system lasts, and the system of ownership and industry that are inseparable from it, just so long will prices and wages tend downward, and the workers be crowded down to a constantly lower level of living.

Having come to a realization of the fact that the boss is subject to the conditions, the next step for them to take is to recognize that the destruction of our present commercial and industrial systems is necessary before they can hope for a readjustment of affairs on a satisfactory basis.

Of course the comments of the plutocratic press are mere twaddle. They show clear enough that the hope of the workmen is vain, but utterly fail to show what can be done to relieve this condition; in fact they accept it as natural and unavoidable, and consider that interest, profits and wages must be reduced, and let the world wag on as usual. Blindness has smitten them, but the workers are getting their eyes open, and if plutocracy offers opposition to the industrial and commercial revolution that is rapidly coming we betide them. Another step in reason and the workers will see the cause of their miseries—the present property system—and seeing, destroy it. H. A.

Clippings and Comments.

WHEN men lose faith in the ballot, in what do they place their faith? or, indeed, do they carry around anything that can properly be called faith?—Ex.

In Justice and Freedom. Though it is true these two do not now exist, so perhaps I might better say that they place their faith in the hope these will some day exist. But we know such will not be the case unless we work for the desired result. Why not cease chasing your will-o'-the-wisp and help us in our fight for something decent? and nothing that is decent will ever come from the womb of a feebly diseased ballot box. Quit fooling with the old strumpet, if you are not yourself too debased, and court fair Liberty awhile.

UNCLE SAM has enlisted in the war of the people

against monopolies, trusts, bad government, high taxes, low and unjust assessment of vacant lands held at exorbitant and fancy prices, hiding things under the head of "contingent" fund, etc. Are you willing to help your old uncle?—Uncle Sam.

If you really mean what you say, we are with you. But you don't mean it. Oh no! You retain your own definition of what is a "bad" government. You are not deep-thinking enough to see that there is no "good" government in existence. Some are less bad than others. The government you propose is a government by a majority, or worse yet, by a plurality, and of those who do not consent to such government. And if that be not slavery, please tell me what is.

Z. D.

WE commend the following sentences from the Tulare Register to our Anarchistic contemporary the Portland, Oregon, Firebrand:

"Governments cannot produce things, but can only tax and spend, and spending and taxing is not production." "It is liberty and an unfenced field for opportunity that will find work for the people. Regulation by government can never do it."

The Register man is a good party man, a republican, but the two sentences above quoted could, we believe, be endorsed by an Anarchist. It sounds to us sufficiently condemnatory of governments to suit the professors of that "ism." If our republican contemporary could see as clearly as he ought, and as we should like to see him see, or if he was in a position to be as logical and as truthful as he ought to be, he could say: Capitalists per se "cannot" and do not "produce" things, but can and do "only tax and spend, and taxing and spending is not production."—Exeter Penny Press.

And the power to "tax and spend" is derived wholly from privileges granted and upheld by the government. Is it not? No matter to what party the editor of the Tulare Register belongs, he struck the key-note when he said, "It is liberty and an unfenced field for opportunity that will find work for the people," but I am inclined to think that he still labors under the delusion, just as the editor of the Penny Press, that such liberty can be attained under some kind of a government. All our efforts to get rid of the social ills will be utterly in vain as long as governments and property in land, in the means of production and distribution last.

A. I.

I WAS at one time an ardent Individualist, because it appeared to me that the sole trouble in our economic organization lay not in the principle of property (to each his own product), but in the legal institution which made it possible for some to seize and hold the property of others. The fallacies in the communistic scheme were very apparent to me, that is, I saw that Social Democracy, not Anarchism, was the legitimate political expression of Economic Communism.

While I have somewhat modified my opinion as to the degree of tyranny which would logically grow out of the communistic basis, I am still of the same general opinion, viz: That the amount of administration required by Economic Communism would practically be a meddlesome government, denying equal freedom. But, on the other hand, I am now equally sure that Individualism, or the principle of property itself, is essentially vicious and liberty destroying. It means the co-existence of innumerable squabbling states, presenting the same ridiculous spectacle that the Protestant church does to-day; all founded on the right of private judgment and all existing for the purpose of crushing it.

It remains to inquire what material condition, then would from a secure basis for equal liberty. From my readings in ethnology I have concluded that only a form of production and social life which will abolish the necessity of agriculture and associative industry can permanently secure equal liberty. I shall never be free until I can take my food as I take my air, whenever and wherever I may be, without being dependent upon any one's co-operation. I expect chemical food to wipe out agriculture, the fence and the policeman, at one stroke, likewise the settled life of farms and cities.—[Voltaire de Cleary, in Labor Leader.

From the above it seems that Voltaire has modified her views since reading the writings of woodcutters, painters, etc., in The Firebrand, but like an occult dreamer wants to be independent of all others and live without toil by some strange and unknown process.

I would like to know how Voltaire is going to get her little laboratory if she is to be free from all co-operation? The truth is we are interdependent; exist solely as a result of co-operation, and that is the foundation of Economic Communism, and this finds its natural and legitimate expression only in Social and Political Anarchy. The full expression of either is dependent on the full expression of the other.

H. A.

Propaganda Fund.

Headquarters, San Francisco \$5.00 Emma Goldman, \$2.00. Task, Haiman, Finkelstein, each \$1.00 Garrison, Smith, Davis, Lutz, Carter, Christensen, Barthelot, each .50. Corbin, Barnes, Eastman, Asp, Erickson, each .25c. Emporium, 10c

Wellenbrook's Relief Fund.

Previously acknowledged \$ 17.78.
Schmidt, 50c.; Parsons, 45c.; Barthelot, 25c. 1.20.

Deficit \$13.32.

Be Kind to the Tramps.

By LIZZIE M. HOLMES, Denver, Colo.

Out of work—saddest of all words! How many there are today who murmur them hopelessly, looking, with a terrible fear in their hearts, at their loved ones and the little home they have slowly and laboriously built up! It means so much that can never be expressed in words, for starving to death is not the worst of poverty. There is so much before one comes to that. The long, long weeks and months of alternating hope and fear, of slow sinking from the plane of respectability, of gradual giving up of what have always been considered necessities, the final breaking up of the home, the tramping of the husband and father, the drudgery and deprivation of wife and children—the utter hopelessness of it all! These things appall even the most stout-hearted. The middle-aged man who has toiled industriously and cherished ambitions of a plentiful, well loved and respected old age, finds that after all, the future promises but a dreary existence, if existence is possible. For the penniless man long out of a job there is so very little chance of being reinstated in the fields of respectable industry. For one thing, he gradually grows listless, loses confidence in himself, feels indisposed to exert his powers, grows to doubt that he has any. His every failure makes more liable to fail again. Even broad-minded and liberal people come almost to look upon the man long out of work as "a poor devil who will never amount to anything anyway" and to cease interesting themselves on his behalf. I am so situated that I see many of these unhappy beings every day. I can almost determine the length of time they have been unemployed, by their manner and appearance. If but recently thrown out of employment they look cheerful, preserve their ordinary dignity, and speak like men possessing a natural claim to the consideration of other people. A close observer can detect a shade of anxiety lurking in the countenance, though it is usually quite well concealed. After a few weeks of idleness, the air of dignity is dropped, a slight seediness appears in the dress, the tokens of anxiety are quite apparent, a sort of conciliatory air is perceptible, as though the man would fain avail himself of every semblance of friendship any one is willing to bestow upon him. Later on all pretensions to being well dressed is dropped. The look is hopeless and forlorn, and the manner of aimlessly hanging about which characterizes the genuine tramps begins to be natural to him. Beyond this stage is settled vagabondage and the various degrees of human degradation. This is the evolution of the tramp, for no man ever leaves a good position, home, friends and respectability deliberately to become a tramp. Tramps are made, not born. I have seen with aching heart the vain endeavors of idle workmen to keep from slipping down this hopeless incline. I cannot bear to hear such a man spoken harshly to. I want every one to shake hands and chat with him as with a friend. I cannot very well walk up to a strange man and open a conversation with him myself, but I am always glad when any one else does. I hope all my readers take especial pains to speak kindly to men hunting work, not patronizingly kind, but in a brotherly fashion, making them feel that they are fellow beings, entitled to respect and confidence. They will the better retain the hope and courage necessary to success, and in humanity's name, if you must refuse him work, do not so gruffly and impatiently—it is hard enough, even if you are cordial and sympathetic, and what added sting and humiliation your manner may give you cannot know, unless you have had the same experience yourself. The old man, the meek, refined little old man, appeals most touchingly to the sympathies, with his well-worn, well-brushed clothes, his home-laundried, frayed-out linen, his made up air of cheerfulness and alertness, as though to impress you with the fact of his strength and perfect ability to do any work you may have for him; an old man with his years of useful labor, of hope, ambitions and little successes behind him; with the struggling young generation jostling him on every side; with the climax of a world's lifetime of bad management surging through the century's closing days, ready to overwhelm him. He does not know how weak and helpless he is against all this! He is tenderly piteous in his sad hopefulness, one turns away fearful to know nothing can be done. No wonder man will dare anything, do anything before they will risk being thrown into this condition. Men will bravely fight, bear persecution and misrepresentation, endure imprisonment, even death itself, for the sake of principle or a cause they love. But when it comes to risking the loss of employment, the oppor-

tunity to earn a living, they are daunted. They submit to a fear that is worse than death.

Much cutting sarcasm and many scathing remarks may be hurled at the heads of the voters who helped to fasten the chains of plutocracy about their own necks and crushed some of their best and truest friends by voting as their employers dictated last year. I never could utter a word of blame against them. I might wish they were stronger to endure, that they could understand one another better, could unite and stand firm in their own cause, but I cannot reproach them. One admires a hero, but one does not condemn all who are not heroic. But I think from now on this being "out of work" will be something different from the conditions of the past few years. The vast number who are entering the army of unemployed, the superior character and education of these new recruits, the scant outlook for reemployment, make the situation a startling fact that society cannot afford to ignore. It is no longer a question of misfortune or improvidence of a few individuals here and there. Men of the highest ability, scientists, linguists, authors, speakers, journalists and printers better informed than presidents of 50 years ago, are in the ranks. Since the imprisonment and death of so many good and noble reformers in America during the last 40 years it is an honor to have been in jail. Those who have been behind the bars feel deeper and work harder. I know, for I have been there, and I would rather be the prisoner than the turnkey under the circumstances again. In the same manner it is coming to be an honor to be among the unemployed. Some of the noblest men I know are blacklisted here in the west and cannot possibly obtain work. When Eugene Debs leads his army to the fair, sunny heights of the west to build up a new commonwealth, it will not be an ignorant, demoralized mob he heads, but an onward, moving throng of intellectual, high-minded beings, who will, if allowed, redeem this tottering, sinful, unhappy civilization of the new world.—From the Inland Empire, The Dalles, Oregon.

In favor of Enthusiasm.

I AM a reader and admirer of your worthy paper. In fact, I have many a time pronounced your paper to be one of the best and most radical Anarchist periodicals ever published in the English language, and I am sure it does a great deal for liberation of mankind. I concluded therefore that there are many among you (or all of you) that understand the Anarchist-Communist principles well, and have sound judgment. This is the reason I apply to you, so be kind enough to answer what I am going to ask you.

I have associated with Anarchists for 8 or 9 years; at first more from instinct of discontent, but I have read a great deal and as I believe myself possessed of a sound thinking power (not that I boast of it, but simply a power of reasoning of which every man is capable should he throw off his religious and superstitious prejudices), and as I have taken great pains to study the sociological question I can say I understand the idea in its entirety, but this is not what I wished to say. I stated this for a reason which I will explain after, but to the point. The first few years I was associated with the holders of the idea, as far as I can remember, there was a propaganda going on which consisted mainly in explaining to the workmen, or any suffering class, their conditions and creating discontent among them, and telling them that they can change their conditions if they want to. This kind of propaganda was done by arranging big massmeetings, demonstrations and publishing writings all of a radically Anarchistic character, etc. This kind of propaganda has (and here is the point) only treated with Anarchy from its common sense point of view, and has, therefore, created "straw Anarchists," (to use the now-scientific—Anarchists expression) that is, Anarchists which were at heart perfect Anarchists and lovers of freedom, but coming in contact with a more or less "scientific man" could not very well defend their ideas, though with any ordinary individual they could, and even convince them as I have seen in many a case. But lately this kind of propaganda has been abandoned, and a new tactic was taken, "it is not the quantity but the quality" say the representatives of the new tactic. It is better to have a few men that understand Anarchy perfectly than to have thousands which have the sentiment but are unable to talk about it from a scientific standpoint. So in order to accomplish this they have given up agitation amongst the working, or poor classes in general, but simply make gatherings in which they hold lectures about physiology, biology,

astronomy, history and about other branches of science, and the very same patronizers (about a hundred in number) gather together every Friday, or any other day, and after the lecture there are debates, which are most of the time very uninteresting and tiresome, for the following reason: to discuss science itself of course is beyond their power (or rather knowledge) as only the lecturers and a few more who are either professionals at it, or had more opportunity and diligence to study it up, but as for the rest they go on in the same rag-chewing and blunders. They talk for the mere sake of hearing themselves talk, or simply want to "show up," and this is their modern way of creating Anarchy and spreading advanced ideas. There are things happening daily which if big mass-meetings were assembled and the attention of the masses called to the evils of it, and to all the evils of private property, religion, and government, and the whole present system in general, would enlighten their minds and would do a great deal more for the nearing of the revolution, which according to Anarchy is the only means for relieving mankind from their yokes. But no! This will only create sentiment and "straw Anarchists."

Demur with it! and how did you ever become a scientific Anarchist if not through being a straw Anarchist first? How would you interest yourself in these lecture-meetings if not through the influence of agitation? The facts talk for themselves.

Years ago when agitation was going on there was some enthusiasm, some life, something was done which was noticed by the capitalistic press as something to be feared, but now, judge for yourselves.

In short, I on my part do not hesitate to admit that these lectures are beneficial for some and that those participating in it will, or may, develop their minds to a high degree and understand Anarchy from its scientific point of view, but to state my opinion, those that devote their time and labor to those lectures by changing and commencing to agitate as before (and they are capable of doing it as they have shown in the past) they would do a great deal more for the cause of Anarchy. Who are the sufferers? Who are betrayed? Seduced? Exploited? Robbed? Murdered and plundered? And, who are and will be the soldiers of the coming revolution? The philosophers? No! It's the people!! Therefore they are the ones to be spoken to. Another thing; I have argued with many of them and they say: well, this is a reaction from those times, but I say: it is true that certain times have produced certain men, but it is also true that certain men have produced certain times. To take their argument we may as well go on about our business and leave Anarchist activity alone altogether, until the time comes for it.

No! my friends! the more discontent we create, the more people we get to understand and be dissatisfied the better it is for our cause. As for knowledge and science (which I love not less than they do) this will come with time. This is the question which I ask you, as well as every other comrade to give their opinions about; as for mine it is given.

LEO RACHLIN.

I have no objection to massmeetings, appeals to sentiment and emotion, and the old style methods of propaganda, but I know that fever-heat enthusiasm cannot last. I favor any and every method of propaganda that can be used to advantage by the comrades, but recognize that in order for our work to be permanent an understanding of Anarchism must go with the sentiment. A well balanced combination of the two seems to me most effective and satisfactory.

H. A.

Paragraphs from London.

It may be interesting to Firebrand readers to learn that Englishmen are showing their loyalty to such an overwhelming extent, as to be selling the same seat, to view the Jubilee process, to several different people and then disappearing with the proceeds.

ANARCHIST propaganda in London is dragging along desultorily with little life and less effect. Two open-air meetings are held Sunday mornings, which means one meeting to three millions of people. Though the orator had the voice of Odin methinks he would find his audience a trifle hard to reach, if he had to address his full proportion. But he doesn't have to—not by quite a little bit. To indulge in something reminiscent of Kipling's "Vampire:"

A man gets up and he makes a blare,
(Even as you and I.)
Talks for a while to the empty air
Till a man and dog come round to stare.

The Modern Inquisition of Spain

In the Interest of Truth, of Justice, of Common Humanity, this Leaflet is Published. In that Interest We Beg You to Read.

These are the facts concerning an official crime the like of which has seldom been paralleled and never surpassed in infamy, the so-called trial of the Barcelona Anarchists:

On the 7th of June, 1896, a bomb was thrown into a Corpus Christi procession as it passed the Cambios Nuevos street, in Barcelona, Spain. The perpetrator of the outrage was not discovered, and in default of such discovery the Spanish Government proceeded to arrest three hundred persons, the entire membership of the *Centro de Carreteros* (Car Men's Club), composed of persons of various political faiths, including Republicans, Socialists and Anarchists. The method of the prosecution was to make the whole of the membership and attendance of the Car Men's Club responsible for the act of some unknown person or persons who might or might not have belonged to that society.

For eight months now, one hundred and seventy of these persons have been imprisoned without trial or interrogation; eighty-three have been tried; twelve acquitted, but not set free; nine certainly condemned to death, and the death sentence demanded for twenty-eight; already five have been shot, and the remainder sentenced to imprisonment in terms varying from eight months and one day to twenty years.

Upon what grounds and by what means have these convictions been secured?

Upon the accusations and testimony of three men—Ascheri, Molas and Nogues.

How were the accusations obtained?

The following letters, from a jailer in the fortress and from the imprisoned men,

as well as the proceedings of the court martial, will show. And if any doubt, as a decent humanity may well make them doubt, the truth of such horrors, let them read the following from the *Dominicales*, of Madrid, a bourgeois paper, no Anarchist paper now being permitted to be published in Spain:

"We have received some little time ago not one but a dozen letters from the Montjuich prisoners, one and all arguing: 'We are innocent! We are innocent! Don't believe this on our mere assertion only; we can prove it before witnesses, but for this purpose it becomes necessary that we should be tried in public, and not in the subterranean prisons of Montjuich.'

"Have not these unhappy men proved their innocence by demanding a public trial?

"And yet of these protests, accompanied by convincing proofs, and addressed to all papers like they were to ours, not one paper has mentioned a word, excepting *El Pais* and *La Justicia*. The veil of silence covered these cries of pain.

"Later on, fearful rumors circulated; the declarations were wrung from the prisoners by means of torture! In the Montjuich prison the Inquisition reigned supreme!

"If these rumors were false, why were they not denied by those concerned?

"Was it not incumbent on them to justify themselves in the eyes of Spain and of the whole world?

"In spite of the outburst of indignation, the trial took place with closed doors, and the press, in official reports, had to state: The chief accused declared before the court martial that their confessions were wrung from them by atrocious procedures. Also the indignant protests of counsel for the defense and their taunts against the prosecutors were reported.

"Public opinion has now decided.

"Better the guilty escape punishment than torture one innocent. Since the confessions were obtained by violence, the trial is null and void."

And this from *El Pais*, a Republican paper of Madrid:

"Respectable citizens of Barcelona—doctors, lawyers, civil engineers, merchants—write to us exhorting us to prevent a great iniquity being perpetrated upon the prisoners of the Montjuich fortress.

"These letters all bear the imprint of revolt and terror. If their writers were not worthy of unlimited confidence we should hesitate to believe the enormities they tell us of.

"What the foreign press has published with regard to the Anarchists' trial is but pale, a dim outline, in comparison with what we have heard personally."

And this from the special correspondent of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, of Frankfurt, Germany (the leading provincial paper), sent to investigate the reports. (Article published February 13, 1897.) After reporting that he had spoken with former Anarchist prisoners, lawyers employed in these cases, members of the court martial, friends and relatives of the prisoners, high officials, etc., and that he had received seventy-four letters from the prisoners (which he sent to the *Frankfurter Zeitung*), he says:

"I am sorry to have to confess that I have acquired the strongest conviction that the published details of the Barcelona horrors are quite correctly reported—perhaps, even, they understate what has happened. The seventy-four prisoners say in this letter that since the trial they have, as before, been deprived of all communication with their friends. And why? 'That our appearance may not betray the work of the inquisitors!'"

Men like Friederich Spielhagen, Bruno Wille, August Bebel, M. von Egidy and Judge M. Krecke, in Germany; and Peter Kropotkin, Rev. Stuart Headlam, Edward Carpenter, Walter Crane, Sir Frank Lockwood and Sir Charles Dilke, in England, have expressed their willingness to do all that in them lies to compel the cessation of these iniquities.

If such men utter a protest it is because they are convinced of the truth of the charges.

* * * * *

LETTERS FROM MONTJUICH.

[The following letter from a jailer in the Fortress of Montjuich appeared in the *Henri Rochefort's* paper, *L'Intransigeant* (Paris), no name being signed for obvious reasons.]

BARCELONA, December 16, 1896.

MR. EDITOR:—The sittings of the court martial lasted for five days, and were rigorously kept secret.

On the first day the judge read a record of the events that led to the trial, full of exaggerations and untruths.

On the second day the public prosecutor read the act of accusation, calling them "wild beasts" and "bloodthirsty criminals." After finishing the reading of this act he avowed that he "shut his eyes against justice" and demanded the death sentence on twenty-eight and penal servitude for life for the remainder of the prisoners.

On the third day the presiding judge asked the accusers whether they maintained their accusations against the rest of the prisoners, and they assented, with slight alterations. After this the speeches for the defense were made. All the counsel for the defense were military officers; nearly all demanded the acquittal of their clients.

On the evening of the fifth day all the accused were led before the court, where they maintained their innocence with the utmost energy.

It is not known what will follow, but it is certain that the condemnation of a single one of those unfortunate men would under these circumstances be a monstrous iniquity.

Here are the names of the officers who, under the orders of Lieutenant Narcisso Portas, perpetrated the tortures: Jose Mayans had to put on the *mordaza* (gag) and the instruments for compressing the head, squeezing out the testicles, laboring the flesh on throat and temples; he also commanded the flogging, executed by other warders, to keep the prisoners constantly running along without allowing them sleep, food or drink. Manuel Carreras had to apply red-hot irons to their flesh; Tiburio Estorqui had to mutilate the genital parts by means of reeds and guitar strings. To relieve this gang the fol-

lowing other torturers acted: Felix Corral, Rafael Mayans Botas, Cirilo Ruiz Osma, Leandro López Parralles and Sergeant Botas.

I ask you to publish the names of these wretches, and receive the thanks of all the unhappy prisoners. Yours, etc., *****

A Letter from the Tortured Nogues.

[This is the letter that Nogues has succeeded in transmitting to one of his friends.]

COMRADE :—You know that I am one of three accusers (the other two are Ascheri and Molas) who figure in the trial. I could not bear the atrocious tortures of so many days. On my arrest I spent eight days without food or drink, obliged to walk continually to and fro or be flogged; and, as if that did not suffice, I was made to trot as though I were a horse trained at the riding-school, until, worn out with fatigue, I fell to the ground. Then the hangmen burnt my lips with red-hot irons, and when I declared myself the author of the attempt they replied, "You do not tell the truth. We know that the author is another one, but we want to know your accomplices. Besides, you still retain six bombs, and, along with little Oller, you deposited two bombs in the Rue Fivaller. Who are your accomplices?"

In spite of my desire to make an end of it, I could not answer anything. Who should I accuse, since all are innocent. Finally, six comrades were placed before me whom I had to accuse, and of whom I beg pardon. Thus the declarations and the accusations that I made. . . . (I cannot finish; the hangmen are coming.)

NOGUES.

A Lesson in Spanish at Montjuich.

[One of the tortured at Barcelona has succeeded in passing through the following letter to a comrade.]

MY DEAR FRIEND :—This is what has happened to me on the day of the declarations, after which I was called before the judge whom I had given to understand that I did not know the Castilian language, still less the Catalanian dialect. Therefore I had asked for an interpreter, lest I should mistake one word for another; also for my personal safety and the authentication of the judge.

Thinking the spirit of equity to be one of the foremost duties of the judge, I believed myself confronted with a superior officer worthy of the

instruction which he has received, in consequence of his education and his promise to me, on the word of a *caballero* (gentleman), to pay attention to my demand at the next cross-examination.

I am taken to my habitual *dormitorio*, to remain there scarcely a quarter of an hour. The guard calls me and puts me in the hands (or at the mercy) of private guards, who make me put down my meagre baggage in a corner of the passage leading to the great descent of the staircase to the *zero*. I am left to wait for a little while in the middle of the staircase, near the platform which communicates with the *calabosillos* (small dungeons). Then we resumed the march to the place indicated and known under the name of *zero*. (Note that on the way from the staircase I received a fearful slap in the face!) Imagine the terrible aspect of such a vast place, at midnight, with two civil guards following behind and one going in front of you with a candle in his hand; a staircase that reeks of carbolic!

Arrived at the *ante-zero*, I am bound up like a sausage. One of them opens the door and lets in another unfortunate victim, who did not utter a sound and passed me by like a ghost. The poor wretch, whose features and appearance I had not time to recognize, must have known for what purpose this gloomy retreat served—well fitted for the things that were displayed there.

I am ordered to undress, or rather I am undressed—waistcoat, jacket, trousers and pants. All these were placed in one corner and myself in another, my hands tied by the wrists and the arms taken backwards by a strong cord to the height of the biceps, afterwards bound tightly round so that the cord penetrates the flesh. The civil guard, with a stout whip in his hand, says to me, "You do not want to speak Spanish? I will make you speak before you leave this place!" And, by heaven! he showers a quantity of lashes upon me, on the calves, on the knuckles—everywhere. At the end of five minutes I did not know which part ached most. Again the question was put to me: Was I determined to ask the aid of an interpreter, or would I make my statements in Spanish? I make a sign that I cannot, because I do not understand the language. Then the flogging begins afresh; on both sides, on the legs—each lash producing a fresh smile on the countenance of the official—lasting another five minutes. Seeing that I did not speak, they put a *mordaza* (gag) into my mouth; I was then tied down and the torture recommenced—on one side the whip, the string by which the gag was fastened on the other.

Once more I am told that, if this should not suffice, they have some other means which are infallible; that this is only the beginning; that I did not know as yet what was in prospect for me. After a number of lashes bestowed with the utmost force, I am freed of the gag and I am asked whether I have made up my mind to obey; that if not, there are some other things.

Then I said that I spoke a few words with difficulty, and that I would pronounce them as well as I could. One of them told me that this would do.

Then I was taken to the judge, Marzo, who thus addressed me: "You can speak now?" He put a number of questions to me which I scarcely understood, and to which I replied full of fear lest I had misunderstood them.

Ascheri is brought in, looking like a spectre, and does not even look at me. A presentiment paralyzed my pains when thinking of what those others had to suffer during the two months and more at the hands of the hangmen-inquisitors. Ascheri's new blouse and trousers told a harrowing tale in the light of my experience. It showed that his old clothes must be in rags or stained with blood; and his voice sounded as if it came from the grave.

The question having been put to him in an imperious tone by the judge as to whether he had seen me at the public or secret meetings, he replied in a death-like voice with this single word, "Public." "Several times?" queried the judge. "Once," replies Ascheri. He signed his deposition and went away, in accordance with the orders of the judge. This man seemed like

a hypnotized being. He walked away with a halting step, like a man suffering from a venereal disease.

The judge says to me, "*Seis una banda de pillos!*" (You are a band of good-for-nothing creatures). His secretary burst into a roar of laughter, quite amused by this insult; to which I replied in the following words: "*No solo que entende usted para pillos.*" (I do not know what you mean by the term "pillos.")

Since then, the day when we were photographed, the same civil guard who inflicted the lashes on me said to me, "*Ten rirardaras . . . ya, ya!*" On the day when we were brought up in order to ask for a counsel for defense, this same guard asked me whether I had forgotten to speak! Another day, when I was called before the judge—I do not know why—there were several military physicians there, they told me. I could not see what purpose this formality served. I was with Rogiero, and I thought that it was because we were foreigners. We were asked our profession, why we came here, our age—which these men seemed to verify.

Afterwards, on the day when the charges were read, the judge had the cynicism to ask me—in front of fourteen or fifteen counsel for defense—whether I remembered that they had the means to make anyone speak; that I ought to know it! You want no more cynicism.

This is, as briefly as possible, my sorrowful history of the part played by me in the monstrous trial. Your unfortunate comrade,

JOSEPH THIOULOUSE.

THE REVIVAL OF THE INQUISITION

Report of the Proceedings of the Court Martial Trial Held in Montjuich Fortress on December 15, 1896.

Antonio Nogues declares that everything he has said against himself, as well as against the others accused, is absolutely false; that if he has made any confessions they were extorted from him by tortures.

Callis, Molas and Sunyer also declare that they were subjected to the same tortures as was Nogues.

All the counsellors for the defense are in the audience chamber. The reading of the documents presented by the latter finishes about a quarter past one in the afternoon. At 2 o'clock the sitting of the court is adjourned. At 3 o'clock all the accused are brought in, but they are re-

moved before the sitting has been reopened. The accused remain outside.

Then Ascheri is told to enter. Ascheri admitted his having confessed to be the author of the attempt, adding, however, that he has made that declaration only when *obliged by a superior force*.

It is now Callis's turn. Scarcely had he uttered a few words when a great agitation is produced in court. This was caused by seeing the examining magistrate, Enriqua Marzo, open the door by striking against it with his foot and pushing Callis out of the court. Immediately after this the hangmen get hold of him and take him to

an upper apartment, whence a few moments later one can hear loud screams.

The judge hastens to order another of the accused to be brought into the court, in order that the court may not pay attention to what had just taken place. Several counsel for the defense have remained standing up, and the commotion caused by the treatment of Callis does not pass away for a long time.

Then the lawyer, Pierre Corominas, is ordered to enter. He begins by drawing the attention of the tribunal to certain points that have remained obscure during the trial. He specially points out that in the course of his confrontation with Nogues, who had accused him with having attended secret meetings, he had asked him to name the others who were present. Nogues then mentioned Ascheri, Mas and some others, and all these have formally denied it.

Corominas points out that, having been confronted with Ascheri, the latter declared that he never met Corominas at the secret meetings. This, added the accused, had been stated in the procedure, but the judge suppressed it in his summing up. Mas has also made the same statement, which has not been taken notice of either in the said summary.

Corominas added that he demanded to be confronted with the president and the doorkeeper of the *Centro de Carreteros* (Car Men's Club), in order that they might be asked as to whether they had seen him at the club on any other occasions but the time of the conferences. But he has been refused these confrontations, thus rendering impossible an evidence solicited in conformity with the rules of procedure.

With the accused Molas this scandalous treatment is brought to the highest pitch. As soon as brought into court Molas states that he had been tortured in order to force him to tell lies. The president threatens not to allow him to speak. But Molas expresses himself in such energetic terms that one member of the tribunal, in rising and addressing the president, exclaimed: "Mr. President, he must be allowed to speak—this accused man—for he has a right to do it!"

From all the benches where the counsel for the defense were seated a murmur of approval accompanies these words, which causes Marzo to become confused.

Molas then recounts the story of his *Calvary*. A sepulchral silence prevails in court. The story told by Molas, impressed by an undeniable accent of sincerity, produced a profound emotion. Marzo is terrified. Molas had been threatened to be subjected to fresh torture if he will tell before

the tribunal of all the cruelties he has had to undergo. That meant placing this accused between the death-sentence or martyrdom.

Molas, while leaving the court conducted by his hangman, who takes him back to his dungeon, is placid and calm, and appears to be facing without fear the martyrdom with which he had been threatened.

After Molas, one of the accused who had not been tortured was brought in.

Nogues, while being brought into court, cries, for he has had to suffer martyrdom before. This is what Nogues declared: After having been several times subjected to torture, the pains made him confess to being the author of the attempt. His torturers, however, told him that it was not this that he ought to declare, that he ought to confess some other things, and that he ought to charge his comrades. He also told the tribunal that after four months of imprisonment he still bears the traces of the wounds inflicted upon him by burning. He adds that he has spent eight days without eating or sleeping; that his nails had been torn off; that he has got numberless blows with the rod; that he has had the gag applied to him, and his testicles compressed by means of a guitar string.

When Nogues is leaving the court his face is contracted with the pain, his eyes start out of the socket, but his steady gait and his proud look seem to say: "You can torture me; you can deprive me of nourishment and of sleep. I am satisfied now!"

Mas follows after Nogues. Mas has become insane. He could not stand the sufferings, and the tortures have caused him to lose his senses. The words addressed to him he absolutely fails to understand. His body is covered with such sores and bruises, he is so atrociously mutilated, that they have had to take off his handcuffs for fear of breaking his wrists. During his appearance the physician of the regiment examined him.

Finally Sunyer is heard, who also tells the story of the tortures he has had to undergo. He speaks in the presence of Portas, lieutenant of the gendarmery. His statements produce among the audience a sense of horror, so much so that several gendarmes leave the hall in anger, exclaiming, "Assassins! Assassins!"

A young lawyer (one of the counsel for defense), being overcome with the emotion aroused in him by the awful story of the accused, cannot bear it any longer and leaves the court. Some of the other counsel for the defense utter vehement shouts of protest, and it is reported that Ascheri's counsel has challenged Portas.

Some gendarmes indignantly declare that the gendarmery has been converted into a body of hangmen, and in their anger they take off the prisoners' handcuffs.

The latter are formed into two rows in a room close to that wherein the court martial is seated, and the exasperated gendarmes tell the accused of all that is going on in court.

In consequence of these incidents an energetic protest is drawn up and addressed to the president of the tribunal, in which the release of all the accused is demanded.

This demand is rejected, and people who desired nothing else but to unravel the iniquities of the procedure and to bring to light the innocence of the accused, have to keep quiet.

However, all the accused are led into court. Several among them try to recount some facts already known.

Casanovas and others say that during the examinations they noticed that their accusers showed their blood-stained wrists.

The Frenchman, Joseph Thioulouse, who does not know a word of Spanish, asks for an interpreter. This quite natural demand is met with a refusal. The military judge, Marzo, shrugs his shoulders and makes a sign to his guards. These understand at once, and again remove the unfortunate man to his dungeon. There he is firmly chained to the wall. Then the hangmen (private gendarmes) began kicking him about everywhere, and after this they opened his mouth and put into it a small wooden cylinder, made like the bridle-bit of a horse, from the ends of which two strings are hanging down. These are fastened behind his neck, and Thioulouse is obliged to walk, while numberless welts with the whip are applied to him. All the while the gendarmes insulted him. When he made his declaration before the judge, Marzo, his counsel said with a revolting cynicism: "It

seems as though this blackguard needed another lesson in Spanish!"

Little Oller states that in order to force him to declare himself the bearer of the two bombs found a few days before the attempt in the Rue Fivaller, he had been shockingly tortured. (One will remember that this boy of 20 has succeeded in resisting the tortures and has signed nothing.) Another one shows a letter which the tortured comrades have passed on to him.

All are avowing their innocence most energetically, and, while proclaiming themselves Anarchists, they deny having been implicated in any conspiracy or having participated in the attempt, which was the act of a single man.

Thioulouse, the Frenchman mentioned above, while pointing to the judge who had cowered down on his seat, said: "It was you who ordered me to be horse-whipped, under the pretext that I did not want to speak Spanish, of which I then did not understand even one word!"

All declared that they pardoned their accusers, since the latter were forced by torture to state what was evidently false.

To sum up, there was not a single comrade who did not loudly avow his innocence, and who did not vehemently resent the accusations made against him.

It is stated that the court has ordered an inquiry to be made, and that the physician of the Fortress of Montjuich had been commissioned to examine the tortured Anarchists.

It is known, among other shocking and sickening details, that the *fire torture* had been practiced in a place well known to the inhabitants of the fortress, la Cuadra de Artilleria (the stables of the artillery), where one may still see the stones recently blackened by the fire.

* * * * *

Was this not enough to damn the Spanish Government hell-deep below, even the bomb-thrower of the Corpus Christi procession? But this was not enough! Not yet had the inquisitors filled up the measure of their fathers. The indignation aroused by the publication of the facts regarding these tortures compelled a re-

versal of tactics, as revealed in the following letters, also smuggled through the fortress walls; the first published in the Berlin *Sozialist*, the second in *Les Temps Nouveaux*, Paris.

First, the heartrending appeal of Sebastian Sunyer, an author and translator of Anarchist pamphlets:

"FORTRESS OF MONTJUICH, March 11, 1897.

"TO ALL GOOD AND RIGHT-MINDED PEOPLE:

"From you I hope for a little sympathy and justice.

"*They want to murder us.*

"After having torn the flesh from our bodies and the nails from our fingers; after compressing our heads and mutilating our testicles, they want us to disappear, so that we never might bear witness of these infamous proceedings.

"Good and right-feeling people! Do not let your attention be diverted from this ill-famed Anarchist trial. You who, with honest hearts, took up our defense, shall be told how matters stand. Our torturers want to conceal and frustrate the good work which you did by making our martyrdom known to all the world.

"Listen with your pure souls: In the minutes of the court martial, held in the accursed dungeon, our tortures, though distinctly told to our judges, *are not mentioned by one syllable.*

"Listen, you with your honest hearts: In their zeal and love for justice, our torturers have published a series of lies. By means of these lies the inquisitors want to confuse public opinion and suppress the truth.

"Read this, honest men: They want us to sign a document by which we declare that we have not been tortured; and they have resolved to obtain these signatures from us by *all* means.

"Good people of the world, we are innocent; yes, we are innocent!

"Did ever such a monstrous injustice take place? All good and right-feeling men, in the name of all that you love in this world, save us from the power of our executioners! Aid us in our helplessness! Think of our misery!

SEBASTIAN SUNYER.

"All good people are requested to copy this document and spread it all over the world, that it may penetrate at last also to the Spanish papers."

The second letter says:

"Unfortunately for our enemies, these fiendishly refined tortures gave rise to a scene at the court martial never to be forgotten; for, in spite of the precautions taken—all doors closed, the accused securely handcuffed, forty-eight gendarmes armed to the teeth, each ready with a gag to stifle the truth in the mouths of our comrades—in spite of all this, our friends bravely did their duty. There was continuous exchange of defiance between counsel and judges. Truth and falsehood had a desperate struggle. In spite of the precautions and the apparent superiority of reaction, the battle was half lost for reaction, and it turned back nearly as quick as it had advanced. No more was said about the famous silver inkstand presented to the judge, Marzo, which represented a superior officer

crushing under his feet a dragon holding in its mouth two Orsini bombs.

"This is what is being done: A committee of inquiry was formed to investigate the allegations of the tortured. This committee consists of six members, and is presided over by the chief general of Barcelona. These six individuals went into the dungeons where Ascheri, Molas, Nogues, Luis Mas, Sunyer and Callis are kept, and laid before each of them a declaration, fully written out, in these words:

"*I, the undersigned, formally declare that I have not been tortured or ill-treated by any of my warders; on the contrary, I have only to praise their conduct. For these reasons I declare the statements in the press to be lies.*"

"In exchange for their signature they were promised: (1) Grace of their life; (2) good wine,

good bread and good food until their acquittal, which would soon be ordered from Madrid.

"None accepted save Ascheri, who was feeble enough to sign. In face of the categorical refusal of the other prisoners, the members of the committee changed their tactics, and begged and supplicated with no better result. Then they begged of their victims to pardon their torturers, saying that *it was a misunderstanding*. All replied by a categorical refusal. Ascheri said nothing."

In another letter (to the *Vorwärts*) it is also recorded how Portas, lieutenant of gendarmes and immediate chief of the torturers, went about from cell to cell craving for pardon and shamming remorse. He met only with contempt. Meanwhile he found another victim. Captain Juan Morales, counsel for Nogues, had challenged him to a duel. The government prohibited the duel and relegated him to the reserve. Upon this he shot himself. He had risen from the ranks, and the Republican press honors his memory.

The reprint of further letters would but confirm the facts previously mentioned, and help only to initiate us into the refined details of cruelties. There is a letter from J. Molas telling of nine days and nights of torture, converting them from the innocent, unconcerned persons they were before into men accusing themselves and others of every conceivable crime. A letter from F. Callis states that a military surgeon examined him and saw his many wounds received from tortures before the trial.

Juan B. Oller (sentenced to 19 years, 1 month and 11 days) tells how, barbarously manacled, he had to move about for 39 hours, his only food dry codfish; and after this he was mercilessly flogged until blood came from his mouth and nose. Roused again in the middle of the night, he was beaten with sticks. When he could no longer walk he was placed erect against the wall until he fell down exhausted, when he was kicked frightfully and then left with some food

but no water. After being subjected to another course of this horrible treatment, intensified by excruciating thirst, he had delusions, and in desperation ate mortar from the walls and drank his own urine and the oil from the lamp. All this for not telling what he did not know himself—where one of the Anarchists was hiding! After that they told him they had found he was of no importance, and warned him to be silent about his treatment. "You bought Anarchist papers," Portas said to him; "why not Catholic papers? Why do you not like these?"

[From the Paris *L'Intransigeant*, Henri Rochefort, editor, May 6, 1897.]

"BARCELONA, May 4.—At 5 o'clock this morning the Anarchists, Tomas Ascheri, Luis Mas, Antonio Nogues, Jose Molas and Juan Alsina, were shot at Montjuich.

"The day before the police tore from the walls placards posted in the town referring to this execution.

"The condemned men arrived at the place of execution, their arms tied behind their backs. They turned toward the public and smiled. Mas said to the soldiers, who were ready to fire, 'Come forward!' Nogues cried out at the same time, 'It is the Inquisition!' Then he added, 'I am innocent!' They all cried, 'Vive Anarchy!' and Molas commanded 'Fire!'

"The soldiers fired. Four of the condemned fell dead. Alsina remained on his knees. He had not even been wounded. A second volley overturned him. It took a third to finish him.

"A large crowd witnessed the execution."

(Then follows this comment:)

"The crime is accomplished! The torturer Canovas can be proud; he has had the victims he desired. The others, the 'acquitted,' will be transported to the African galleys.

"Another dispatch from Madrid announces that the execution passed without incident and that the 'most complete calm' obtains in the city.

"The Spanish Government has a method of making 'calm obtain' that is preparing for it a terrible to-morrow."

Good people of the world, of whatever political belief, will you quietly permit acts like these to be done? Will you utter no cry of protest? Will you not do your utmost to circulate these terrible truths, until such a sentiment is aroused as will make infamies like this impossible?

Let such an indignation go forth as shall make itself felt even within the dungeons of the new Bastille, even within the yet more loathsome soul of TORQUEMADA PORTAS, TORTURER.



Two children then, and a lady fair.
(The world is all awry.)

WHEN energy is flung into the work, however, as occurs when demonstrations are organized, the results are all that could be desired. Take, for instance, the meeting in Trafalgar Square on Sunday, May 30. It was called together to protest against the nameless horrors committed upon helpless innocent men in the fortress of Montjuich, Barcelona, Spain. Quite 3,000 people assembled all of whom by rapt attention and frequent bursts of applause testified their interest and sympathy. The sun was pouring down pitilessly, but the audience didn't budge for two hours and then seemed loth to leave. The speakers were Herbert Burrows (S. D. F.), incisive and determined; J. Perry, earnestly excited; Charles Malato, the French writer, speaking excellent English; Jack Turner, carrying the crowd off its feet; McPherson, who was enforcedly imigrated by the French Republic for his work in connection with Tom Mann's visit to Paris; Fernando Tarrida, a man from Montjuich who had seen the horrors committed there and who at times became almost speechless with emotion. There were other speakers who all reached the heart of the great crowd.

THE money collected, so far, by the Spanish Atrocities Committee, which is composed of delegates from all sections of advance thought, amounts to ninety dollars, but a lot more is needed.

CLERKENWELL is a London district where the political Socialists have branches and regular meetings for proselytizing purposes. Now local Anarchists have formed a group for scattering the gospel of freedom, and outdoor meetings are being held weekly, addressed by Wm. Banham, myself and others. Clerkenwell hasn't formed a commune yet, but as the Clerkenwellers have refrained from using bricksbats and handfuls of mud on us, we don't think we are doing so badly.

I HAD occasion to attend a meeting of the Legitimation League. The lecture was clever, pungent, ironical, but not connected. There was a splendid contrast between the halting, almost shamefaced, wooing of the present day, and the plain direct avowal of affection of the ancient Egyptian woman who did not scorn to invite her lover to lie with her. He dealt with the evils which had been fastened on sex-union by the law-mongers and moralists; the repression of love under asceticism and its consequent rebound to a state where, in the words of Zola, the "man dines with a brunette and sups with a blonde;" the suppression of spontaneity by calculation; and finally he made out a splendid case for full freedom in love as in all things, concluding with the line of Byron's, "Love is only for the free."

MISS BENT, the chairman, made a plea for the ownership of the children by the mother, advocated complete liberty in sexual relationships and on the question of the support of offspring and mothers, believed that all men should support all the mothers and children, and not any individual man support an individual woman. Henry Symore dealt with the physiology of love and spoke of the absurdity of punishing people for falling in love. He believed in the monogamic ideal but based upon careful, even scientific choice—the two parties should be physically complementary of each other. He thought that the physical requirement of sexual intercourse required study, and that the union of opposite temperaments produced the best offspring. The indebtedness of England to America for her literature of free-love was emphasized by the fact that the three books quoted during the meeting were Rudenbusch's "Old and New Ideal," Sadie Fowlers "Road to Freedom," and Moses Harman's "Creed of a Free-lover."

THERE are in London eight more or less organized English Anarchist groups—"Freedom," Canning Town, Hoxton, Islington, Alarm, "Liberty," Clerkenwell, and Debtford. Then there are the "Revolutionary Propagandists" of Wimbledon, under the ægis of Frank Kitz, and, finally, the foreign groups—Germans, French, Italians, Bohemians, Scandinavians, and Jews. Quite a terrifying army to the man who has deprived himself of ideas by reading the plutocratic press and who thus labors under the great "bomb" delusion. Not a hundredth part enough, though, for the work which is to be done. But to utilize the present material to the best advantage a proposal is on foot, Wm. Weiss being the initiator, to take some central premises and use them as a common-meeting place for London Anarchists and as an Institute. All the groups would thus be more get-at-able in the event of propaganda on a big scale being mediated, and arrangements might be made for systematic cultivation of the Anarchist idea in the minds of the recently converted.

INDUSTRIAL co-operation, productive and distributive, is a method greatly favored by some English Anarchists for lifting the workers out of the morass of commercialism into the sweet open country of Anarchy, and a number of them are at work inside the co-operative societies. They provoke discussions, oppose the sweating spirit, and endeavor to lead the wildfire dividend-hunter into the paths of human kindness and Anarchist-Communism.

TOM REECE.

Agrees with Borland.

In my debate with Turner I started out with the

object of demonstrating that Individualism was a better and quicker solution of the economic question than Communism. This point Mr. Borland is willing to concede for the sake of argument. Not wishing to be outdone in generosity I will concede, also for the sake of argument, that the abolition of rent and interest will lead to Communism, and invite Mr. Borland to help me push the mutual bank idea as a quick means of establishing his system.

HENRY COHEN.

Note and Comment.

OUR friend J. Hildebrandt, Borden, Texas, would like to correspond with radical women, and the corresponding secretary of Liberty Co-operative Association Hustburg, Tenn., says a few more correspondents of feminine gender are desirable.

Oh! that the workers of the world could throw aside class and national hatred and unite their efforts in the struggles for better conditions. In that event one barrier after another, between them and liberty, will be swept away, and experience will show them what is necessary to secure and maintain liberty.

THE workers of the Middle states have undertaken a big job; that of regulating the market for their products. When they have experimented and suffered awhile maybe they will see that they cannot control the market, and to get better conditions they must get rid of the parasites—all of them from president to dog-pelter.

THE last legislature of California passed a law requiring everyone who uses a wagon to have a specified width of tire. It will cost about \$25.00 to retire the narrow tired wagons according to specifications, and anyone not complying with the law is liable to six months imprisonment and to have his wagon confiscated. This is a sample of law for the good of the "people at large," by "the people in their collective capacity" as our statist friends put it, and from what I know of California judges I am inclined to think some of them will try to enforce this law.

A New Departure.

A STRIKE of the iron, steel, tin-plate, coal and coke workers is on, in the middle states, and involves about one half million men. The curious feature of this strike is this: the strikers are not at war with their employers, but with the market at large. They want to "clear the market," hoping thereby to force prices up, and then to be able to demand higher wages. This is a hopeful sign. Always before, when the workers have found themselves in an unbearable condition, they have struck at the nearest object—the boss. It is true, they have ever fought the boss over the shoulders of the scabs, have mobbed, cursed and hated them, but all the time they were trying to force the bosses to accede to their demands. Now they see that the boss is as helpless as they are, and that unless a market at higher prices can be secured for their products, higher wages cannot be expected. Seeing this they attempt to control the market by restricting production, but they fail to see that to restrict production means to reduce consumption, for the purchase of one commodity is paid for, in the end, with another commodity, and restriction of one kind of production reacts on all branches of production. Another thing they fail to see is that as long as our present commercial system lasts, and the system of ownership and industry that are inseparable from it, just so long will prices and wages tend downward, and the workers be crowded down to a constantly lower level of living.

Having come to a realization of the fact that the boss is subject to the conditions, the next step for them to take is to recognize that the destruction of our present commercial and industrial systems is necessary before they can hope for a readjustment of affairs on a satisfactory basis.

Of course the comments of the plutocratic press are mere twaddle. They show clear enough that the hope of the workmen is vain, but utterly fail to show what can be done to relieve this condition; in fact they accept it as natural and unavoidable, and consider that interest, profits and wages must be reduced, and let the world wag on as usual. Blindness has smitten them, but the workers are getting their eyes open, and if plutocracy offers opposition to the industrial and commercial revolution that is rapidly coming we betide them. Another step in reason and the workers will see the cause of their miseries—the present property system—and seeing, destroy it. H. A.

Clippings and Comments.

WHEN men lose faith in the ballot, in what do they place their faith? or, indeed, do they carry around anything that can properly be called faith?—Ex.

In Justice and Freedom. Though it is true these two do not now exist, so perhaps I might better say that they place their faith in the hope these will some day exist. But we know such will not be the case unless we work for the desired result. Why not cease chasing your will-o'-the-wisp and help us in our fight for something decent? and nothing that is decent will ever come from the womb of a feebly diseased ballot box. Quit fooling with the old stumpet, if you are not yourself too debased, and court fair Liberty awhile.

UNCLE SAM has enlisted in the war of the people

against monopolies, trusts, bad government, high taxes, low and unjust assessment of vacant lands held at exorbitant and fancy prices, hiding things under the head of "contingent" fund, etc. Are you willing to help your old uncle?—Uncle Sam.

If you really mean what you say, we are with you. But you don't mean it. Oh no! You retain your own definition of what is a "bad" government. You are not deep-thinking enough to see that there is no "good" government in existence. Some are less bad than others. The government you propose is a government by a majority, or worse yet, by a plurality, and of those who do not consent to such government. And if that be not slavery, please tell me what is.

Z. D.

WE commend the following sentences from the Tulare Register to our Anarchist contemporary the Portland, Oregon, Firebrand:

"Governments cannot produce things, but can only tax and spend, and spending and taxing is not production." "It is liberty and an unfenced field for opportunity that will find work for the people. Regulation by government can never do it."

The Register man is a good party man, a republican, but the two sentences above quoted could, we believe, be endorsed by an Anarchist. It sounds to us sufficiently condemnatory of governments to suit the professors of that "ism." If our republican contemporary could see as clearly as he ought, and as we should like to see him see, or if he was in a position to be as logical and as truthful as he ought to be, he could say: Capitalists per se "cannot" and do not "produce" things, but can "and do only tax and spend, and taxing and spending is not production."—Exeter Penny Press.

And the power to "tax and spend" is derived wholly from privileges granted and upheld by the government. Is it not? No matter to what party the editor of the Tulare Register belongs, he struck the key-note when he said, "It is liberty and an unfenced field for opportunity that will find work for the people," but I am inclined to think that he still labors under the delusion, just as the editor of the Penny Press, that such liberty can be attained under some kind of a government. All our efforts to get rid of the social ills will be utterly in vain as long as governments and property in land, in the means of production and distribution last.

A. I.

I WAS at one time an ardent Individualist, because it appeared to me that the sole trouble in our economic organization lay not in the principle of property (to each his own product), but in the legal institution which made it possible for some to seize and hold the property of others. The fallacies in the communistic scheme were very apparent to me, that is, I saw that Social Democracy, not Anarchism, was the legitimate political expression of Economic Communism.

While I have somewhat modified my opinion as to the degree of tyranny which would logically grow out of the communistic basis, I am still of the same general opinion, viz: That the amount of administration required by Economic Communism would practically be a meddlesome government, denying equal freedom. But, on the other hand, I am now equally sure that Individualism, or the principle of property itself, is essentially vicious and liberty destroying. It means the co-existence of innumerable squabbling states, presenting the same ridiculous spectacle that the Protestant church does to-day; all founded on the right of private judgment and all existing for the purpose of crushing it.

It remains to inquire what material condition, then would from a secure basis for equal liberty. From my readings in ethnology I have concluded that only a form of production and social life which will abolish the necessity of agriculture and associative industry can permanently secure equal liberty. I shall never be free until I can take my food as I take my air, whenever and wherever I may be, without being dependent upon any one's co-operation. I expect chemical food to wipe out agriculture, the fence and the policeman, at one stroke, likewise the settled life of farms and cities.—Voltaire de Cleary, in Labor Leader.

From the above it seems that Voltaire has modified her views since reading the writings of woodcutters, painters, etc., in The Firebrand, but like an occult dreamer wants to be independent of all others and live without toil by some strange and unknown process.

I would like to know how Voltaire is going to get her little laboratory if she is to be free from all co-operation? The truth is we are interdependent; exist solely as a result of co-operation, and that is the foundation of Economic Communism, and this finds its natural and legitimate expression only in Social and Political Anarchy. The full expression of either is dependent on the full expression of the other.

H. A.

Propaganda Fund.

Headquarters, San Francisco \$5.00. Emma Goldman, \$2.00. J. Task, Haiman, Finkelshten, each \$1.00. Garrison, Smith, Davis, Lutz, Carter, Christensen, Barthelot, each 50c. Corbin, Barnes, Eastman, Asp, Erickson, each 25c. Emporium, 10c.

Wellenbrook's Relief Fund.

Previously acknowledged, \$17.75. Schmidt, 50c.; Parsons, 50c.; Barthelot, 25c. 1.20.

Deficit \$12.25.

127

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

Reasons Why I Would Not Go to War.

1. War implies two armies in deadly combat and if I took sides, I might get hit with a bullet or other deadly missile which is abhorrent to my sensitive nature. I am very much opposed to putting my body up as a target to stop bullets which are likely to be projected toward me from the opposing army.

2. I do not wish to kill anyone, much less a stranger with whom I never had any special nor personal enmity. I never killed any living thing with a gun and am very reluctant to shooting a man.

3. I might be maimed in battle and be unable to produce a living in after life and be a charge on my friends or the state, which would render me miserable so long as I lived—for I think every one should produce as much in this life as he consumes during life.

4. I could not afford to go for nothing and board myself, and I could not conscientiously ask the state to pay me, for it would require a tax of unwilling people who did not employ me to go nor approve of my going. Peace men, who like myself regard war as murder would be required to support me as a state pauper, and I could not impose on others what I abhor myself.

5. War is demoralizing in many ways. (a) It sets a bad example to the young, cultivating savagery in their minds. (b) It unmans those who participate in war by reducing them to automatons. The soldier sinks his individuality and independent personality in the army. (c) The soldier is drilled to obey and acknowledge a superior and knows nothing but a command. The vocation of a soldier elicits no thought nor development of the intellect nor moral faculties and only appeals to the animal propensities, stultifying reason. (d) He ever after loses his individuality as a reasonable thinking person, proportioned to the time he has subordinated his person to a dictating superior officer, by which he acquires the habit of looking to a superior to do his thinking. He is schooled and drilled in despotism, which unfits him for the society of independent, manly citizens. (e) He becomes clannish and an enemy of peace loving citizens. (f) War imposes a debt on innocent men who regard war as I do. It requires a tax on unwilling subjects to pay the expense of war and a pension to survivors.

6. Wars are always in the interest of the state and the state exists for and is entirely in the interest of the rich. I, being a poor man, having no wealth to protect, cannot be so suicidal as to risk my life for the rich. I believe the rich should do their own fighting in defense of their own government.

7. In the prehistoric stage of man's evolution from the anthropoid, when men were good to eat, cannibalism or man killing was excusable. But now, in this (don't mock me by calling it a civilized) age, when men are no longer eaten, I see no excuse for killing them. I can see no possible use a dead man can be put to. It is estimated that every man killed by the Northern army, during the rebellion of the South, cost the people of the U. S. \$45,000. So that as a delicate pabulum, the game was not worth the amputation.

8. I prefer to live rather than to die for my country. I do not know what

good my dead body would be to my countrymen after a war, nor what good my life would be to it if I should survive the war, maimed through the lingering days long drawn out.

9. I am interested in the better evolution of the race, and as only the most perfect physical organizations are accepted as soldiers, if I should "pass muster," I should feel that the salvation of the race from degeneracy is more important than the autonomy of any country, I as a duty to my race and my family stock should remain at home to propagate it and not leave the perpetuity of the race to the blind, the deaf, the halt and deformed.

A greater good can no man do than to drop off like a ripe apple at a ripe old age full of years of usefulness, mourned by a large progeny of sons and daughters, herculean in physique and Baconian in learning and intellect bequeathed by their sire. Since government is postulated on war, so long as we have government, there will be a remnant of undeveloped (morally and intellectually), men who want to die for their country, who would not be so great a loss to the race if they did die, there is no reason for a man that is a man, one of nature's noblemen, to go to war and risk his precious life in a savage, brutal contest.

10. Since I do not desire to be governed at all, and cannot conscientiously impose upon others that which I abhor, and as war is the foundation and capstone of government, I would, by going to war, sanction and support that which I detest as wrong, since I do not desire to be governed, and the distinction between governments is so slight, I cannot risk my life for the dominance of any distinction, and wonder that anyone else will.

Since there are thousands in every so-called civilized country who think as I do, the necessity for my going is nullified. If half of the people of the U. S. could be educated to a moral degree above war, and the same proportion of other countries to the same high degree, neither of said countries would be relatively weakened in military strength and the fittest would survive to evolve the race toward civilization when "swords shall be beaten into plowshares and spears into pruninghooks and nations shall learn war no more."

Why should I risk my life for a country that risks nothing for me? Government drafts or takes by force, to die in the ditch the poor ignorant fool, but never drafts the rich man's money or his mule. Since I have no property, what does government protect me in? Certainly not my life, for having no property nor land, I have no right to life outside a prison or poorhouse. Thousands are starving to death today, or suiciding to escape the pangs of hunger. What does government care for the lives of the poor? The lives of the rich are protected by protecting their property.

There are but three great crimes in the eyes of the State, to which the death penalty is attached—murder, treason and poverty—and the greatest of these is poverty: for the poor die without the benefit of clergy, judge or jury. The poor have no defense to put up in a government—else there could be no government if the poor could be defended. One cannot conceive of government and a defense of the poor at one time.

No, I cannot defend in war, a government, for its mission is to murder as a penalty for poverty. Not all the poor die, but it is by sufficiency they live and not by right as defined by government. Government protects the rich in the



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exclusive ownership of land and property. If I have neither, I have no right to life as defined by government. I, being a land animal, cannot live in the air nor in the ocean but, must live, if at all, on the land. The charity of individuals, not of government suffers some of the poor to survive for their services. The poor have no choice of how much nor how long they may live, for being destitute of both land and property—though possessing the potentiality of property—and denied access to land, they are absolutely at the mercy of those who have land and property. Along with the abolition of war or military power must go *pari passu*, an abolition of government; for government implies obedience to commands—commands imply penalties for disobedience, for behind every command is hid in ambush, "If you don't I'll make you." Coercion implies physical force which implies police or military force. So, as I said, government is based on war or military force and a peace man must logically be an Anarchist, as I am.

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