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# MOTHER EARTH

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## FREEDOM IN AMERICA

By WALTER CRANE.

*WHERE is thy home, O Freedom? Have they set  
Thine image up upon a rock to greet  
All comers shaking from their wandering feet  
The dust of the Old World bondage, to forget  
The tyrannies of fraud and force, nor fret,  
Where men are equal, slavish chain unmeet;  
Nor bitter bread of discontent to eat,  
Here, where all races of the earth are met?  
America! beneath thy banded flag  
Of old it was thy boast that men were free,  
To think, to speak, to meet, to come, to go.  
What meaneth, then, the gibbet and the gag  
Held up to Labor's sons who would not see  
Fair Freedom but a mask—a hollow show?*



## OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

IT is a callous heart, indeed, that can remain unmoved at the thought of our country's glory. America, the freest land on earth! How well it deserves the sweet-sounding name, inspiring the lowliest citizen with his happiest dreams. Liberty is our eternal watchword. No sacrifice is too great for us to preserve the rich patrimony of freedom left us by our heroic fathers. We would sacrifice everything, even the best and noblest in our midst, to guard our dearly-bought freedom. Happily, there is no need for sacrifice. Our rights and liberties are quite safe in the hands of the good men to whose keeping we have entrusted them. Night and day they guard our noble heritage. Nor hand, nor eye may desecrate, even by a flitting glance, the dear old relic. 'Tis too sacred for daily use, too ancient for common wear. We count no effort too great in guarding Liberty. Life itself is no consideration where Freedom is at stake. 'Twere false economy to spare lead in quieting the cries of the people disturbing the calm repose of our Goddess. Aye, there be those even that dare demand the sight of the sacred relic, to possess themselves of Liberty. Such traitors to the memory of our noble past must be silenced by club and cannon, quickly and effectively. For the holy grave of Liberty must suffer no disturbance, though the people perish.

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THE soil of this nation has been soaked with its best blood, a million lives sacrificed, and eight billions of property destroyed to emancipate the negro, to make him the equal, "before the law," of his white brother.

That was fifty years ago. Since then we have not stood still in this great Republic. No, indeed; we have gone far—backward. To-day it is judicially established that the colored man is *not*, legally,—not even legally—the equal of the Caucasian.

A jury having awarded to a negro porter damages for false arrest and imprisonment, the learned judge set the verdict aside on the ground that the prisoner could not have suffered as much as claimed because he is a—negro. The Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of New York has sustained the judge.

None but the naïve will be surprised at the decision. The latter merely strengthens the observation of all intelligent people that justice and equality are a miserable myth. The judge set aside the verdict awarded to the colored porter because the latter was *colored and a porter*. Not only is the color of a man's skin apparent to blind Dame Justice, but that prostitute is constitutionally prejudiced in favor of the fat purse. A man's occupation is considered an unfailing badge of innate quality. No wonder we have a caste system enforced by law.

It is difficult to reconcile this decision—the intellectual owls say—with the spirit and purpose of the law. None so blind as those that will not see. There is no greater superstition than the notion that law is synonymous with justice and equality. Whatever the theoretical delusions about the law, in reality its sole mission is to create inequality—social, political, economic—with all its brood of attendant evils, and to uphold and perpetuate an iniquitous system, the very foundation of which is inequality of opportunity.

The Civil War, though it abolished black chattel slavery, completely failed to emancipate the negro. He was “freed” to be turned into a wage slave, far more profitable to his masters than in his former condition.

The history of the American negro well illustrates the utter worthlessness of political “rights and liberties” when not founded on material independence. To-day we realize the crying need of a new proclamation of independence, of economic emancipation. Nor can any Lincolns accomplish the true manumission. The modern wage slave himself, be he black, red, or white, making common cause, can alone successfully break the fetters of his capitalist bondage.

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**T**O give men the benefit of the doubt is both wise and charitable; we should be the last to discourage such a policy. It frequently happens, however, that what appears on the surface as a change of heart, and frank admission of it, is merely Philistine flub-dub.

After having robbed, murdered, and debauched the Indian, “Buffalo” Bill, a member of the Wanamaker Clan, Generals Miles, Porter, Wood, and other distin-

guished citizens now propose a society to extol his virtues and perpetuate his memory. To this end these gentlemen recently feasted at Sherry's, and discussed—between the courses, we presume—the subject.

That idol of our childhood—alas, those idols!—Col. Cody, who fought many a gallant fight and rescued stage coaches galore from the “painted devils” armed with repeating rifles and blank cartridges, was out with a suggestion to erect a statue in New York Harbor, larger and better than our immortal “Goddess of Liberty.” It may have been that “Bill” had looked upon the wine when it was red, or he might have felt it was the least he could do to repay the noble red man for enabling him to accumulate several million dollars by fighting sham battle these twenty-five years in Wild-West shows. Whatever the reason, *we* are grateful. Gen. Miles, Ex-Commander of the U. S. Army and an Indian hunter himself, when called upon to speak, said:

“I share in Col. Cody's admiration for the Indian and in his hope for such a monument as he suggests,” said Gen. Miles. “The Indians always kept treaties, and we always broke them. The early explorers kidnapped them, they were sold into slavery in New England, they were hunted like dogs in Connecticut. Acts of atrocity marked white treatment of them wherever the whites went in every territorial extension. New York Harbor is the fitting place to display to the world the quality of the welcome extended by the natives to those who came here to build for the Republic we all enjoy.”

Gen. Porter approved the idea as coming from a man who knew the Indians better probably than any one else.

It is possible Gen. Miles treated the Indians he captured in a humane manner; but we have never heard that he refused to hunt them down and, if necessary, kill them when they revolted against our tyranny and infamy. He was a soldier and did his “duty,” which consisted in killing Indians, and now that they are but a remnant, and but a debauched remnant of their former glory, he indulges in flowery rhetoric as to their virtues and our infamy. That our conduct to the Indian has been infamous there is no question, but Gen. Miles can't escape his share of the odium by such death-bed repentances.

THE plastic arts have not yet been touched by the muse of Reality, else the antiquated notion of Justice holding a balance were discarded for the more modern conception of a policeman wielding the whip over the tender body of a child.

The infamous distinction of introducing this barbarity into the New York courts fell to Justice Olmsted. Four very young boys, charged with a crime too heinous to be included in the statute books—disorderly conduct—were ordered flogged by the good Christian judge.

It was *poverty* that was thus punished. Knowing that the parents of the arrested boys were abjectly poor, the judge gave them the "choice" of consenting to the whipping of their children or paying the, to them, impossible fine of twenty-five dollars.

The parent of one of the young victims, unable to pay the exorbitant sum, presented to the court a certificate of a physician testifying to the child's physical condition, prohibiting bodily punishment. Thereupon the just *cadi* shouted at the parent: "Consent to the flogging of your boy, or pay a fine of twenty-five dollars."

The father was shocked and almost dropped in front of the bench. He asked for a little time to consider the matter, and presently returned and said he "chose" to whip the boy.

"Then do so, and when the police lieutenant under whose surveillance the job must be done, reports to me that the boy has been punished properly, I will remit the fine."

The most unpardonable sin of Christian civilization is poverty. The sight of their victims shocks the sensibilities of the pious. Well-fed respectability has no mercy for the children of the manger. For out of the latter there may step forth again, as did two thousand years ago, the spirit of social unrest, pointing the accusing finger at sleek hypocrisy and driving the money changers out of the temple.

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THE N. Y. *Times*, which no one can accuse of undue sympathy with the cause of labor, occasionally per-

mits itself the luxury of letting the cat out of the bag. A recent editorial on the Philadelphia car strike bears evidence of a clear appreciation, on the part of the *Times* writer, of direct-action methods.

The editorial reads:

“From the very beginning of the street car strike in Philadelphia it has been obvious that the one hope of success for the men lay in the amount of loss they could safely inflict on the company and of inconvenience on the public. As always when strikers are unskilled, or so little skilled that almost anybody can with a little instruction fill their places fairly well, and with a little experience satisfactorily, a mere abandonment of work would have been nothing more than an invitation for the unemployed to come in and take it up. That there was immediate resort to violence, the destruction of property, and the mobbing of strikebreakers, need cause no surprise, since in the situation any other course would have been hopeless.”

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THE good old burg of East Orange, N. J., may always be depended on to live up to the highest American ideals. That aristocratic little town boasts a number of direct Mayflower descendants. Sons and Daughters of the Revolution live there, too; surely nobody will expect *these* to suffer revolutionary talk. Goodness, 'twere intolerable, disgraceful.

Such a dire possibility was to be averted at all cost. A secret conclave of the Mayor and Chief of Police resulted in the decision that the good people of Orange were not fit to hear a lecture on the drama. The entire police force of the loyal suburb was on hand to convince the local citizens that great danger threatened them. And indeed it did, since clubs were trump.

In undisputed possession of the situation, authority—personified in the venerable Chief—proudly felt itself lord of all it surveyed. All was well with the Oranges; already their faithful guardians saw the welcome vision of home and wife, and were beginning to stretch their weary limbs in sweet anticipation, when suddenly there

woke a thousand dead echoes. Authority stood aghast. "What, ho!" cried the wary Chief, sternly suppressing a struggling yawn. "Do they dare?"

Then it was that Paul Revere's intrepid ride was repeated—this time on foot. Bravely the uniformed heroes beat it to Heretic Freeman's camp. The good burg was to be saved, for the enemy was abroad. In truth, there she was, in a barn, defying the King's edict and shocking all loyal Tories by calmly addressing an unsuspecting audience.

Fearlessly the town's noble guardians marched to the barn, up to the very gates of the enemy, and there—halted. "Too late," cried the Chief, hot tears of despair grooving their path on the weather and whiskey-beaten face. "Too late; the town is doomed."

Happily, the Chief was mistaken. Incredible as it may sound, good old Orange still remains on the map. But the barn incident will immortalize the city, and history will witness the Descendants of the Mayflower doing honor, in time to come, to the Sons and Daughters of the Orange Barn Party. And their coat of arms will represent the Christ Child in the Manger.



## THE MOVEMENT FOR FREE SPEECH

THE recent suppression of the Emma Goldman meetings on eleven different occasions has given rise to various protests, despite the general lukewarm acceptance of persecution which so often characterizes the American public. The realization that free speech is the most vital object to be cherished has found expression even through the columns of such newspapers as the *New York Sun*. After quoting the State and National provisions in regard to free speech, the editor declares:

It is noticeable that the Fathers did not make any exception in laying down the rule. . . . Now the question arises: "If the Congress may not make laws limiting freedom of speech, do the police as such, and in the ordinary course of their business, possess any such summary jurisdiction as was exercised by one Detective Rafsky when he broke up a meeting held in a hall recently? . . . Let it be admitted that it was dangerous to the community to have such a subject discussed as "The Modern Drama, the Strongest Disseminator of Radical Thought." There

was a simple and legal way to deal with the particular enemy of society who was supporting this thesis. The police might have taken notes of what was said, and reported to the proper authorities. Thus, supplied with a warrant, they might have taken her into custody. The courts would have done the rest.

One thing is plain, the police themselves were in doubt as to what section of the Penal Code they were proceeding under. And besides, whatever notions they had on the subject, even the most earnest opponents of Anarchists and Anarchism must admit that they exceeded their powers in a way perilous to all of us. We are living under the Constitution of the United States and under the Constitution of the State, not under the imaginary summary jurisdiction of ignorant, illiterate, and ridiculous policemen.

The editor of the *New Haven Union*, in an article no less forceful, expresses his contempt for the outrageous conduct of Cowles, Chief of Police of New Haven:

The Chief did not attempt to prevent Emma Goldman from speaking, as he said he would. Somebody told him he had no right to do that. He let Miss Goldman and her escort into Colonial Hall and then he lined the doors with police and refused to let anybody in the hall. . . . We hope Dr. Reitman and Miss Goldman will make a test case of this matter. We urge this not because we abhor Anarchy less, but because we value the doctrines of free speech and the right peaceably to assemble more. . . . When Chief Cowles prevented law-abiding citizens from going into Colonial Hall last night, he indirectly denied Miss Goldman the right of free speech, because if "the gift without the giver is bare," so the speaker without the audience is useless. Not only that, but Chief Cowles, not because he had the moral, perhaps even the legal right, but because he had the might of the thug and bully, prevented hundreds of law-abiding citizens from peaceably assembling to hear Miss Goldman.

It may be urged that Emma Goldman is not a citizen of this country and cannot demand the protection of laws to which she has not subscribed or sworn allegiance. This is a very narrow jurisdiction within which to limit the operation of our free institutions. But it cannot be denied that, alien or citizen, Emma Goldman has a lawful right to freedom of speech anywhere in this country. It cannot be denied that law-abiding citizens have a right peaceably to assemble to hear her if they so desire. It cannot be denied that Chief Cowles, by an abuse of his power, can stop citizens doing so, because he did it last night. But it must be said that in doing this Chief Cowles is violating the most sacred rights of men, that he is the real and only law violator, that he is the one who is engendering hatred born of police persecution in the public mind, that he is teaching the people that might makes right, that he is advertising Miss Goldman and gaining for her public sympathy, that he is doing in short, all that a chief of police with a spark of common sense would not do.



From such a known lover of liberty and fair play as William Marion Reedy, the following sentiments from his organ, *The Mirror*, are not surprising:

New York's police have broken up a meeting at which Emma Goldman was to deliver an address upon "The Revolutionary Spirit in the Modern Drama." People who entered the hall to listen to her were hustled and shoved out of the place. This in the face of the constitutional guarantees of free press, free speech and free assemblage. It is not Emma Goldman who suffers most from such atrocities. It is the principle of liberty. The little woman is not one hundredth or one thousandth part as dangerous to American principles as the police who suppress her meetings. This cannot be too strongly impressed upon the popular mind. An impression prevails that Emma Goldman proposes the violent overthrow of government. She does not. All she is guilty of is insistence upon unqualified liberty for a people so educated that they will need no government to restrain the liberties of one another.

Louis Post, editor of *The Public*, gave vent to his indignation over the suppressing of free speech and free assemblage in an article from which we quote the following:

We are constrained again to ask the motive for the persecution by the police in so many places of Emma Goldman.

Not only is she persecuted to the extent of deprivation of unquestionable rights under American law, but peaceable and law-abiding persons who wish to hear her speak and have the right under American law to hear her speak, are treated as rioters and dispersed without a shadow of necessity or right.

When a hall is engaged for her to speak in, the owner is threatened, lawlessly threatened, until he breaks his contract. Should he withstand this pressure, his hall is invaded by policemen who disperse the peaceable audience with threats of violence.

That is what happened in Lexington Hall, New York, a few days ago. The facts reported at the time have since been more definitely presented in a letter to Mayor McClellan from Alden Freeman, a well-known and respected man both in New York and the New Jersey suburb of East Orange.

Mr. Freeman, who had twice before heard Miss Goldman in New York, and hadn't, as he explains, the slightest premonition or thought of the experience before him, went to hear her Lexington Hall lecture on the Modern Drama on Sunday morning two weeks ago. He describes himself as "a law-abiding citizen who has always believed that police officers were maintained by the whole body of citizens to uphold our rights and add to our comfort and to promote the peace." With recollections of previous lectures by Miss Goldman, he "was anticipating an intellectual treat," for he is interested in dramatic literature; but after what happened he felt as if he "had made a journey to Russia." Here is his experience:

"Miss Goldman had rented the hall and had a contract for it. Just as she was about to begin to speak, four police officers

came in and notified the hall-keeper that if Miss Goldman was allowed to speak he and his wife and children would be arrested. The hallkeeper replied that Miss Goldman had a contract for the hall, and therefore he was powerless to do anything. Thereupon the police said to the frightened hallkeeper that he and his family must come to the station. Then the hallkeeper notified Miss Goldman that she must not speak. A detective and three uniformed policemen walked up to the platform, telling Miss Goldman that the hallkeeper didn't want her to lecture. Miss Goldman quietly replied that as the hall was hers she would speak, especially since the audience insisted on her speaking by remaining in the hall. The detective and policemen left the place, and all was quiet for a few minutes. Suddenly a squad of a dozen policemen rushed into the hall and turned the audience out into the street. Most of the people present were Americans in whose blood the love of freedom of speech and assembly had been bred. It was probably their first experience, and much indignation and protest were aroused. They could not help but feel that free speech is a farce, and that the American police can exercise more arbitrary authority than is conceivable in monarchical countries."

Numerous individual protests found a hearing in the New York *World*, *Herald*, *Sun*, *Times*, etc. Space permits us to quote but a few of them:

*To the Editor of the Evening Sun.*

Sir:—J. Osborne Lunt's letter in to-night's issue of your paper interested me. In confirmation of his statement that Miss Emma Goldman said nothing objectionable last Sunday morning in her lecture, "The Drama, the Strongest Disseminator of Radical Ideas," I can procure the affidavits of six persons who were present—five ladies and one gentleman, residents of the upper West Side, and none of them Anarchists.

My friends were entirely unprejudiced, except that they had paid the entrance fee and desired to hear Miss Goldman lecture. They were unanimous in the opinion that both Miss Goldman and her audience had been unfairly treated by the police when they broke up the meeting.

It is this stupidity on the part of the police which goes far toward the making of Anarchists. Is a lecture dangerous because it is labelled "Emma Goldman"? And what has become of our much-praised "freedom of speech"?

New York, May 25.

CHARLES S. RATHBUN.

*To the Editor of The World:*

Allow me to enter a protest through the columns of your paper against police interference with the Emma Goldman lecture in Lexington Hall last Sunday morning. Such conduct on the part of detectives and police every liberty-loving American should deem subversive of that spirit of freedom for which our forefathers fought.

To endow detectives and police with the power of suppressing a lecture on the drama, to credit them with the intelligence of literary critics and the responsibility of censors, is a satire on

democracy. These censorships we expect from an autocratic government like Russia, but we, who call ourselves freeborn Americans, retain an abiding faith in our heritage of freedom. Is this faith to be utterly stifled by autocratic methods in America, by the arbitrary force of a policeman's stick?

New York, May 24.

LILLIAN BROWNE.

*To the Editor of The Herald:*

Will you kindly state the law or ordinance under which the police acted yesterday in forcing an audience from a hall where Emma Goldman was giving a lecture on the modern drama?

She did not make a statement which might not have been made in the most orthodox pulpit in Christendom. This makes it quite clear that she was not compelled to cease talking because of the objectionable character of anything she said.

Furthermore, the policemen were sent there for the express purpose of closing the meeting without any reference to anything which the speaker said. Now, does not this action constitute a violation both of the State and Federal constitution concerning liberty of speech?

Let it be understood that the political theories or doctrines of Miss Goldman are not being discussed. They have no bearing whatever upon the question. Miss Goldman is not in prison, and the fact that she is not held in restraint affords common sense and legal presumption that the State does not consider her a menace to society. If such is the case she certainly has the same right that anyone else has to rent a hall and speak to as many people as desire to hear her.

New York, May 24, 1909.

ALICE DAVIS.

The protests have resulted in the following Manifesto which was framed for the purpose of awakening the general public to a realization of the actual danger threatening that spirit of freedom, without which life is unendurable.



### A DEMAND FOR FREE SPEECH\*

THE Constitution of the United States declares that "Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech." The Constitution of the State of New York declares that "No law shall be passed to restrain, or restrict, the liberty of speech."

An issue that confronts us is this: Shall the police be allowed to usurp powers denied to Congress and the Legislature?

It is a well-known fact that for years, and especially within the last six weeks, the police have denied the

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\* All progressive publications are requested to copy this manifesto.

right of free speech. Their lawless methods have become a matter of daily newspaper comment. The right of free expression has been denied to many, but to none so persistently as to Emma Goldman.

Miss Goldman has been arrested many times. In most cases she has been suppressed even before she opened her mouth. She has been subjected to indignities and abuse. Only twice has she been held for trial. Only once has she been convicted. This was in 1893, for "exciting to riot," though no riot occurred.

Within the last month the police of New York City, Brooklyn, and Yonkers have systematically interfered with and broken up meetings to be addressed by Emma Goldman. This has been done, not openly, but by intimidating and threatening the hall keepers. The owners of halls have been terrorized. They have been told that arrest and imprisonment awaited them and their families if Miss Goldman were allowed to speak in their halls.

These tyrannical methods were used to break up a meeting Sunday, May 23rd. Miss Goldman was announced to lecture on the drama. Members of the police force were present and had threatened the hall keeper and his family with arrest should the lecture take place. Miss Goldman had spoken only a few words in regard to the drama as a disseminator of radical thought, when a detective stepped to the platform and said, "Miss Goldman, the owner does not want you to speak." He then turned to the three uniformed officers, ordering them to clear the hall. The audience, however, remained seated. Miss Goldman then quietly announced that she had contracted the hall and therefore had a right to proceed with her lecture. The detective left, presently returning with twelve additional police.

It is not necessary to approve or share Miss Goldman's ideas to recognize the importance of the issue raised by this kind of tyranny. Such methods may logically result in the suppression of any one disagreeing with the dominant political rule.

It cannot be said that Emma Goldman should be denied the right of free speech because she is an Anarchist. The Constitution provides that no exception be made. It guarantees free speech *to all*. A right established at such cost as was paid by the framers of the Constitution

is not to be surrendered now at the behest of ignorant police.

We believe that Emma Goldman has a right to be heard.

It is our purpose to establish this right.

We appeal to the public through this Manifesto to support us in our effort to re-instate the right of free speech. We shall support Miss Goldman in a public meeting soon to be held, to test that right. If need be we shall fight this matter in the courts.

(Signed) *Free Speech Committee:*

BOLTON HALL,

LEONARD D. ABBOTT,

ALEXANDER IRVINE,

MEYER LONDON,

GRACE POTTER, *Secretary,*

Box 47, Station D,

New York City.

Up to the time of going to press the following signatures have been received:

J. G. PHELPS STOKES, New York.

ROSE PASTOR STOKES, New York.

WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor *St. Louis Mirror*.

DANIEL KIEFER, Cincinnati, O.

C. E. S. WOOD, Portland, Ore.

KELLOGG DURLAND, (Journalist) New York.

BENJAMIN DE CASSERES, (Author) New York.

MARIUS DE ZAYAS, (Artist) New York.

CARL DE FORNARO, (Artist) New York.

ALDEN FREEMAN, East Orange, N. J.

RYAN WALKER, (Artist) New York.

MAUD WALKER, New York.

DR. M. R. LEVERSON, New York.

FERDINAND PINNEY EARLE, (Artist) Monroe, N. Y.

WILLIAM ENGLISH WALLING, (Author) New York.

ANNA STRUNSKY WALLING, New York.

CARL HAAG, (Sculptor) Norwalk, Conn.

SOFIA HAAG, (Sculptor) Norwalk, Conn.

ALLAN L. BENSON, (Journalist) Yonkers, N. Y.

ELLIS O. JONES, (Journalist) New York.



**OUR FRIENDS, THE ENEMY**

By EMMA GOLDMAN.

**S**UPPRESSION of Anarchist meetings and clubbing of their audiences have become such an ordinary affair, one hates to waste space in writing about it.

After all, what are the police for, if not to suppress the Anarchists? No one attacks the machinery of government, the corruption of politics, the brutality of the police, the sham of our existing society, so persistently as do the Anarchists. Therefore they must be silenced. Therefore they must be suppressed.

Realizing this, I should have not the least objection to the attitude of those in power towards myself and my comrades. What I do object to is the contemptible, cowardly, sneaking methods they employ.

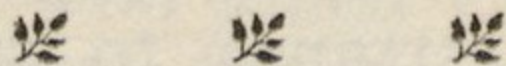
Within the last month, the police of New Haven, Brooklyn, Yonkers, East Orange, and New York have suppressed eleven meetings that I was to address. Was it done openly? No. Detectives sneaked behind the hall owners, bullying and threatening them with arrest and ruin, until they had to yield. That is the curse of this country. Everyone imagines himself free and independent, and yet nearly everyone is mortally afraid of the police. It is because they know that the average officer on his beat is omnipotent. No matter in what trade, business, or profession one is engaged, the success or failure thereof will depend on the grace of the police. Therein lies the secret of the absolute indifference on the part of the general public to the daily and hourly criminality of those who are here to "protect the lives and the liberties of the people."

But, "the Constitution of the United States declares that Congress shall make no laws abridging the freedom of speech." That is all well and good for Congress, but what has that to do with the police of the United States? They have "evolved" their own laws, laws to suit their own purposes, and the most interesting thing about their laws is that they are almost always sustained in the courts, by the press, and public opinion; else how is it possible that the Chief of New Haven, assisted by a few officers, can prevent five thousand people from entering a hall? Is it that these people do not know their rights

as guaranteed by the Constitution, or is it because they have been police-ridden so long that they have lost the manhood to sustain their rights? Or how are we to explain the 275 American citizens dining at the Sunrise Club in New York City under police surveillance, without the slightest protest? Did they, too, not know their rights?

I am being assured that most people approve of the suppression of Anarchists, or of myself, because their minds have been poisoned by gross misrepresentation of Anarchy. Possibly; but in that case there is even less excuse for their slavish submission, since the interference with the right of expression means also the interference with the right of hearing or listening to anything that might dispel misrepresentation. In short, it is impossible to get away from the fact that the authorities of this country are so arbitrary, so outrageously brutal because they rely on the ignorance and cowardice of the people.

Fortunately, I have learned long ago that the ultimate success of a truth depends not on the many, but on the perseverance and earnestness of the few. Too bad that the police never learn anything; else they would know that their action during the last month tends only to strengthen the zeal, devotion, and faith in a great cause. This, too, they would know: that while they have suppressed eleven meetings, thereby causing MOTHER EARTH a great material loss, they have planted the seed of discontent and hatred in many hearts. Already there exists great bitterness among those who feel, and great opposition among those who think. As to myself, I hate to hurt the sensibilities of my friends, the police; but they might as well attempt to direct the course of the stars as to direct the course of my life's work. They can not do it; at least not while I live.



## A VISIT TO YONKERS

By H. KELLY.

**A**S the immortal bard said, "Circumstances make compromizers of us all." Such were the thoughts that circulated through my brain as I wended my way to the village—nay, town, of Yonkers a few days ago. My good friend Emma Goldman felt the divine call to

hie there and acquaint the good citizens of that burg with the doctrines of Anarchism, and a meeting was arranged for that purpose on May twenty-third. Strange to say, although Anarchist doctrines have been taught in this city for twenty-five years—and Yonkers is but seventeen miles as the crow flies from City Hall—an Anarchist has never spoken there.

Having in mind many and recent experiences of police interference after meetings have been arranged, it was thought best to interview Yonkers' Chief of Police as to his attitude in this particular affair, and to this end a committee of two waited on me with an invitation to take on the task. I consented, of course, not because the task was pleasant, but rather the reverse. Next day I sallied forth to kill the dragon, and if I failed to return with his head, kindly credit me with "extenuating circumstances."

Arriving at Yonkers just before noon I fortified myself with a glass of buttermilk and a doughnut and set out for police headquarters, which I found without difficulty. After waiting a short while I saw the Chief, who took me for a book agent and seemed quite relieved to learn such was not the case. After acquainting him briefly with the object of my visit, he pleaded an appointment with his dentist and asked me to return at 1:30. Returning at the appointed time to find him engaged questioning a boy, I was compelled to wait an hour before seeing him. At last I was admitted to the presence of Authority in the shape of the Chief and of a third man, who, judging by his proportions, was there as a protector rather than as a witness. His part in the comedy was a silent one, however; so he is dismissed from further consideration. Authority opened the proceedings by asking once more the object of my visit, after which the conversation waxed fast and sometimes furious during the hour, the Anarchist, strange to say, doing most of the talking. To appreciate this fully the conversation should be given in dialogue form, but as that is impossible here we must give the best impression we can.

The Chief informed us that the meeting could not take place, because he supposed red flags were to be displayed. The people of Yonkers were happy and contented, and they didn't want any outside agitators coming there to stir up discontent. Hadn't Emma Goldman been mixed



up in the Haymarket affair? Didn't we believe in killing kings and rulers, etc.? Our answers were as follows: "I might answer your question as to the flags by remarking that surely you are not afraid of flags, even if they are red; as a matter of fact, there are to be no flags at all; it will be a lecture wherein Miss Goldman will explain her theories and appeal to the intelligence of her hearers; no fireworks, no flights of oratory; just a sober appeal to the minds of her audience. As to the Haymarket affair, I have no apologies to make for it. I would say, if you wish to know the truth of it, read Governor Altgeld's reasons for pardoning three of the condemned men; it's interesting. The affair was before Miss Goldman's or my time. Stirring up discontent? Yes, we plead guilty to that. With 21.5 per cent. of the working class of New York State—one man out of five, according to the State Labor Bureau at Albany—out of work; nearly 200,000 deaths from tuberculosis during 1908, and over 200,000 men, women and children killed or maimed last year by preventable accidents, it is time to stir up discontent. As to the people of Yonkers being contented, you will pardon me, Chief, but it is not up to you to decide that question. We have the right of free speech, to appeal to the people, and if they will have none of us that is their business. We even have the Constitution on our side." To which he replied he hadn't read the Constitution for some time, but he was sure we were acting illegally. "Yes, it is true that Anarchists have committed acts of violence, have even killed rulers; but may I remind you that Republicans killed the King and Crown Prince of Portugal, Royalists killed the King and Queen of Servia, and, according to my recollection, the man who killed the Mayor of Chicago in 1893 called himself a Single Taxer. Booth, who killed Lincoln, was a believer in State rights and slavery; Guiteau, who killed Garfield, was a disappointed office seeker. Why, may I ask, have none of those theories been condemned? I am not apologizing; merely seeking information." My figures on tuberculosis and accidents dazed authority a trifle, but she responded gamely on the unemployed by saying there were no such number out of work in Yonkers; that every honest man who wanted work could get it; why, men had come in that office and on their knees begged for work,

and when it was provided for them they didn't keep it. There was the wood yards where deserving men could earn their bed and food and so on. Having earned (?) my bed and breakfast at one of these places some years ago, I spoke as an expert and answered the Chief briefly on that point. After discussing bread lines and unemployed, the Chief delivered himself as follows: "What are you going to do with these fellows who won't work, if there is no government? Is it right they should have things the same as we who do?" (Pardon me, gentle reader, I am a mere chronicler. "We" were sitting there with heels up, while other men were working.) "And besides," continued the Chief, "the trouble is the poor have too many children; that's the trouble; too many children." With suavest manner I turned inquisitor and asked: "Well, what is your remedy?" The Chief's answer literally is "unfit to print," delivered as it was with a laugh and a leer at the silent man, who grinned back. Translated, it was to the effect that the poor should restrain their sexual desires. My answer was that, it being a physical appetite, it is no more elevating than eating; but it is one of their few pleasures, and there is no more reason why they should be deprived of it than rich people; and besides, I had a better remedy than his. Science had discovered a method whereby sex desire could be gratified without procreation—I tried my best to talk down to the guardian of Yonkers' morals—and there were many well-meaning people who would like to convey that message to the poor. He seemed genuinely interested and asked, "Why not?" To which I answered: "Do you know what would happen if I announced a lecture on this subject in Yonkers next Sunday?" "No." "Well, let me tell you. Some one of those good respectable citizens you spoke of, men who unbeknown to their wives have mistresses, would be outraged and write to a certain pure (?) man, Anthony Comstock, that we were wallowing in a sea of filth out here. Mr. Comstock, anxious to save Yonkers, would rush out here, show you his authority, and you, as Chief of Police, would be forced to close the meeting and take me into custody for trying to remedy what you consider a great evil. That is *one* of the things we Anarchists protest against. I take it you are not aware that some of the greatest men of the day were Anarchists.

There was Ibsen, the master dramatist. You've heard of Ibsen?—he discreetly avoided answering the question—Elizée Reclus, whose geographies are standard works in our schools; Kropotkin—” “Pardon me,” says the Chief, “ain't these men you are mentioning all foreigners?” “I might answer you by asking what that has to do with the question? Reclus' geographies are not rejected because he was a foreigner, and you surely don't refuse to accept a truth because the man who uttered it wasn't born in America. For your information, I might say that the first man who ever called himself Anarchist, Josiah Warren, was an American, and Emerson, Thoreau, Whitman, and even Jefferson were nine points with us. You know Emerson, Thoreau, and Whitman?” The silence was oppressive once more.

We had wandered far afield and Authority had admitted that my ideas were not objectionable, and with all the finesse of a policeman had paid me the compliment of saying that I was different, meaning that my hair was the usual length and I didn't look hungry. The compliment was accepted with due humility, but the meeting, the meeting, that's the thing.

“You evidently knew or thought there was something exceptional about this meeting; otherwise why should you ask my permission for it to take place? If a social club wanted to have a ball they wouldn't come to me.” “Pardon me, I am not asking your permission; but if you wish to know why I came here, I'll tell you. I take it you are just an ordinary Chief of Police?” “Yes, oh, yes; just an ordinary Chief of Police; just the same old Chief.” “That's what I thought. Have you ever read any books on Anarchism?” “No.” “Any papers or pamphlets?” “No.” “Ever hear any lectures?” “No.” “Then, I take it, I am the first Anarchist you ever met; in fact, by your own admission, you know nothing of Anarchism or Anarchists.” “Well, I've read the newspapers.” “Oh!” “Well, we must go by the newspapers.” “I fail to see the necessity. If they call a man, you, Chief, for instance, a horse thief, there is no reason we should believe it without investigation. We have had some experience with the police in other cities; have had our meetings interfered with by men like yourself who, on their own admission, know nothing of us or our subject. If we had announced

our meeting without notifying you, when you learned of it, as you surely would, you would have considered it your duty to save the people of Yonkers from these dreadful Anarchists. In short, you would have prevented a lecture on a subject you know nothing about. Therefore, I came to see you and tell you the facts, so you can not say you didn't know what was to take place. Now, about the meeting." "Well, I don't see anything objectionable in what you say, and I want you to understand there is nothing personal in this. I don't know Miss Goldman, but—" "Well?" "I'm afraid the meeting can't be held."

To those who ask, Was it worth while? my answer is: It isn't every day an Anarchist has a chance to put a Chief of Police through the third degree.



## THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

By HIPPOLYTE HAVEL.

**T**HE French Revolution forms the most momentous turning point in the newer history of civilization. No event has had greater influence upon the social, economic, religious, scientific, and artistic life of France and other European countries than this tremendous upheaval. It is indeed the source of all modern social ideas, the fountain-head of all the problems we are striving to solve.

One would suppose that an event of such epoch-making import, transvaluing—as it did—all social values, would have been investigated by the social historian along all its phases, and all mooted points cleared, to help us form an adequate picture of those remarkable days. Yet that is not the case. True, we have brilliant portrayals of the heroic side of that Revolution and its leading personalities; nor are splendid descriptions of its ideal phases wanting; but so far we entirely lacked a competent exposition of the economic side of the Revolution, its most important moment, and consequently the most difficult to analyze and describe. The bourgeois historians, whether of the progressive or reactionary camp, entirely ignore this phase of the Revolution. They generally content themselves with picturing the heroic attitude, the differences and contro-

versies of leaders and parties, the political importance of the Revolution. Few, however, attempt to treat its socio-economic significance. Only recently have certain investigators begun to turn their attention to this important phase.

Among the social thinkers of our day probably none has realized this gap as clearly as Peter Kropotkin. But few contemporaries have felt themselves drawn with such strong bonds of sympathy toward the French people as did our comrade. To fill this gap he passed many years in the study of the French Revolution. The result of his prolonged investigations is now before the world in two large volumes.\*

The work will fill a niche of honor in the literature of the French Revolution. No former work on the subject can compare with Kropotkin's in the lucidity of treatment of this great popular drama, its economic causes and effects. The people, defamed alike by friend and foe, the hated revolutionists of that magnificent period, have at last found in Peter Kropotkin an eloquent advocate. He has thoroughly swept away the accumulated cobwebs of myth, presenting to our view an almost entirely new picture of the great upheaval. It would require more than our limited space to do justice to this remarkable work. Suffice here merely to indicate the importance of the same.

The author elucidates the two great currents which have prepared, brought about, and carried through the Revolution. The one current, the *idealistic*—the wave of new political ideas submerging old State forms—originated with the bourgeoisie. The other, that of *action*, issued from the masses—the peasant and urban proletariat, seeking the immediate and radical improvement of their daily economic life. The juncture of these two powerful currents in a common aim, their temporary mutual aid, *was* the Revolution.

Without the previous hunger uprisings of the proletariat of the cities and fields, the Revolution would have been impossible. All the idealism and radicalism of the

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\* The French Revolution, 1789-1793. By Peter Kropotkin. German Edition of Gustav Landauer. Published by Theo. Thomas, Leipzig.

Third Estate would have failed to achieve a similar result. The masses, driven to desperation, sounded the key of the great drama; and when the Revolution was triumphantly marching through the land it was they, the French proletariat, who forced the bourgeois radicals onward, thus repeatedly saving the oft endangered situation. No sooner, however, were the aspirations of the bourgeoisie achieved than the inherent antagonism between them and the people became apparent.

Kropotkin annihilates the legend of the bourgeois historians concerning the alleged voluntary abdication of the feudal nobility. He convincingly proves that the National Convention but sanctioned in principle that which the people had already themselves put into action. The Convention had no choice but to recognize the established fact. And, indeed, it never went further than that. It even attempted, later on, to put reactionary limits on the conquered rights.

One of the most interesting chapters of the work is the one describing the contrast between the Girondists and the by them so bitterly antagonized "Anarchists." The renegade Brissot was the spokesman of the Girondists. He who in his younger days proclaimed "Property is robbery," suddenly became so inspired by reverence for private possession that he even censured the Convention—the day following the historic Fourth of August—for "the inconsiderate rashness" of its decrees against the feudal system. He published a number of brochures venomously attacking the "Anarchists." Louis Blanc appropriately characterized Brissot as one of those who to-day are premature Republicans, to-morrow lagging revolutionists,—men lacking the strength to keep step with the century, having exhausted themselves in marching in its advance guard.

Not only Hébert, Marat, Roux, Varlet, Chaumette, L'Ange, and other members of the Montagne, but even Danton and Robespierre were labeled Anarchists by the respectable Girondists.

The communistic movements reared in the lap of the Revolution are described by Kropotkin with interesting detail, forming a valuable contribution to a better understanding of these currents during the Revolution. He

clearly points out the origin of modern Communist Anarchist and Socialist views in the great French Revolution.

Similarly to the previous works of Peter Kropotkin, "The French Revolution" is characterized by the creative power of the scientific investigator and independent thinker, coupled with the idealism of the social agitator. Our beloved comrade has placed in our hands a new intellectual weapon of great effect.



## A SCIENTIST ON A SCIENTIST?

By D. M. KIDER.

**T**O be scientific at least three things are supposed to be necessary: to be dispassionate, analytic, and intelligent. The last being the least important, we lay no special claim to that attribute, but insist on the other two. We are so dispassionate we have no positive opinions; our blood has become thin, living so long under the shadow of the statue of Liberty; and as for the power of analysis, we can split a hair equally with those theologians who discuss the number of angels that could dance on a needle's point.

So much by the way of our qualifications to discuss with Prof. Edward C. Spitzka. We are informed by no less an authority than the *New York Times* that Prof. Spitzka is "a noted New York alienist." In other words, he has a reputation that extends to Yonkers on the north, the Battery on the south, Jersey meadows on the west, and Blackwells Island on the east, as a specialist in nervous diseases. With such qualifications and such reputation, the *Times* publishes interviews with this gentleman on "Is the Death Penalty an Actual Check to Crime?" and "The Workings of Anarchists," in its issues of May 16th and June 6th. With no less than twenty-five cases of attempted assassination in countries without capital punishment, and seven cases in countries with capital punishment, this noted specialist (in nervous diseases) proves conclusively (?) that punishment prevents crime, or as he puts it: "Had the twenty-five of the first group selected the same weapons—steel and revolver, and used them with the same determination as the seven of the other, the presumable (scientific word that) result would have been not five but twenty attacks; not stereotyped

failure, but six or seven regicidal tragedies. That, instead of throwing nations into mourning,—the Greek prime minister Delyannas, killed by a wife murderer and gambler—the editor of an Italian newspaper,—and the King of Belgium, beloved by everyone of the inhabitants of the Congo Free State, still alive and spreading the gospel of Christ—the twenty-five attempts excited their derision, was due to the selection of a weapon which, as a critical analysis of the entire field—of thirty-two cases—shows, is proof presumptive of pusillanimous self-solicitude.”

In the face of such an extended field of inquiry and such stupendous scientific achievement, *we* must perforce remain silent.

In the “Workings of Anarchists,” the great specialist (in nervous diseases) discourses learnedly on a dreadful organization, designated by him as an “international society of murder.” No, he does not refer to the German army, although at first sight one would naturally think so. He means the Anarchists, who are, says this worthy alienist (in nervous diseases), “an international army organized to war upon society, directed by skilful generals who carefully observe that first law of generalship—to inflict the utmost possible damage upon the enemy, with the least possible injury to one’s own forces.”

With remarkable keenness of intellect he elucidates his points until they are as clear as the Missouri River. He says that \$2,600 was collected to send a party, of which Bresci was one, to kill King Humbert, but “why so large a party went has never been disclosed, but my own theory has always been \* \* \*”

“Enough has been discovered to show that the first instigation of these assassinations proceeded from a man in London”—Dr. Spitzka mentioned the name—“who was well known to the police and whose connection with the crimes was morally certain. Yet, owing to the cleverness of this international system of conspiracy, the only thing that could be fastened on him in the way of legal proof was the writing of a newspaper article, and for that he could be sentenced only to three months’ imprisonment ‘in contumaciam’—in his absence.”

His field of inquiry is both large and comprehensive, going back as far as the Reinsdorff affair in Germany, in 1883, and includes the killing of Alexander II. and



Grand Duke Sergius, and the attack on General Melikoff by Russian Nihilists, and Guiteau, the murderer of President Garfield, whom by the way the worthy doctor thinks to have been insane. If all this evidence (?) selected with the most scrupulous care and set forth with the same absence of passion—as a vegetarian discusses lamb chops for breakfast—fails to convince, the mind is indeed hopelessly imbecile. The one quarrel—pardon, please—the one *difference* we have with this great man is his lack of appreciation of material things that makes the heart grow glad. With all the evidence he has against this “international society of murder” and the “man in London,” whose name he mentions several times in the reporter’s ear, he has refrained from parting with this evidence, saving society and incidentally being rewarded with a knighthood and diamond star by a grateful people and several appreciative monarchs. Perhaps it is because he is a noted New York alienist—of nervous diseases.



## WHAT WE DID TO BERNARD CARLIN

By GRACE POTTER.

**B**ERNARD CARLIN is dead. We killed him at six o'clock Monday morning, April 12, in Sing Sing prison, you and I, who are Society.

It was an exquisite spring morning. Perhaps you remember that Monday. Up in the country the bluebirds and robins were singing. The wild flowers were just beginning to come up. How those whose minds could plan Sing Sing prison ever came to put it on the beautiful, calm Hudson seems a deeper mystery every time a prisoner is executed there.

Barney Carlin, twenty-two years old, looking about fourteen, was led to the electric chair, while the sun, rising in red splendor, sent its cheerful rays in at the death-room windows with an impartial, negligent generosity.

“Jesus have mercy. Jesus have mercy,” reiterated the boy. A priest had told him to say the words. It would help him to forget that he had never known mercy yet. It would help him to be quiet and make it easy for those

whose task it was to kill him. It would help him not to make a scene. Does the church ever refuse to help the State at trying moments?

"Jesus have mercy," he whispered while the warden adjusted the electrodes and then with a quick snap turned the switch which sent a current of electricity through the frail little body. If he went where the priest promised he should go, while the doctors were feeling his pulse to know if surely the killing was over, Barney Carlin was in a place where that wonderful thing, mercy, which he had besought all he knew to give him here, would at last be meted out to him.

All his life he had wanted health; to be well and strong and cured of his half-blindness seemed to him the most desirable of anything in the world. And the next most to be wished for was friends. He wanted sympathy and he wanted affection. They say he was half-witted. I do not know whether that is supposed to excuse the State for killing him or him for killing his mother. Though he wasn't so witless but that he craved health and happy human relationships, he was so witless that he could not understand any reason why they should be denied him. Last April, when he was released from a protectory where his mother had had him sent, he went straight to her house in Brooklyn and shot her dead.

Most of his life had been spent in asylums, reformatories, and like institutions. When he was a year and a half old his father died, and he was put in an infant asylum. At four he was taken out, to be at once committed to a children's home. He was free again at eight, but he had contracted a disease of the eyes, common to institutional inmates, and he was a great trouble around home. His mother had him sent away again. His eyes kept getting worse. He began to realize what a dreadful thing blindness would be. He wrote passionate boyish appeals to his mother to have her bring a doctor to see him or else take him out to see a doctor. When she did nothing about it, Barney thought she didn't care what happened to him. When this institution released him, his mother sent him to school for the first time in his life. He couldn't study because his eyes were so bad. The

teachers scolded him for being so stupid. He didn't think to tell them of his half-blindness. The children made fun of him for a dunce. When they found he had been in institutions they called him names.

Then he made a discovery. There were other boys, down in the heart of the city, who didn't go to school at all and who didn't know any terrible truths about him. He ran away from school as often as he dared to be with these boys. He didn't care that they won his marbles away. He knew how to get more marbles from the pockets of the boys at school. Was it marbles they wanted? O, he brought them by the dozen! Tops as well, and knives and many boy-treasures. And in exchange Barney got what his soul was sick for—sympathy and human companionship. O, that such precious values could be gained in exchange for simple things one could steal!

A few happy months passed. He was often hungry, often cold, he was knocked about when home, in anger and dislike. "You are no use," they told the boy. But joy of joys, Barney knew that wasn't so. He was of use. He could steal for those beloved friends of his who talked to him and played with him and took him to their hearts.

One day when his mother thought him in school she was notified that the police had arrested him for stealing. The family knew it would happen, of course. That Barney never was any good. The black sheep of the family! He was convicted of the theft and sent to a protectory.

Months passed. Barney was lonely. So lonely. Lonelier than he had even been in all his life before. For he knew now what friendship meant. When the other prisoners got letters from their families they used to read them to Barney. He would rather hear letters from friends, he used to say, than relatives. Once in a while one from some prisoner's friend was read to him. For a long time after hearing such a letter he wouldn't speak to any one. He would sit silent and alone. Sometimes an attendant would see him put his hand in his pocket and draw out an imaginary handful of marbles. Then with glad boyish little cries he would bend on one knee and knuckle up his fist as if to shoot. And then—he would remember. And standing slowly erect he would

look mutely at his empty hand. He was only half-witted, you know.

One day a priest at the Protectory talked to the boys. "Your mother," he declared, "is your best friend." Barney didn't often listen to a priest. But he heard about his mother being his friend. He had never known that before. He thought of it during many, many sleepless nights. He thought of it as he went about his work in the day. Finally he wrote a letter to his mother. She didn't answer. But something had happened in Barney's heart. If his mother was his friend he loved her. He forgave her for not sending a doctor to see about his eyes. He even forgave her his weakness and sickness. He forgave her helping to keep him in institutions all his life. He had discovered she was his friend. So he wrote again and again. Would she only let him know in some way that she cared for him, he begged. She was in the same city he was. But she never came to see him. She never even wrote.

The weary years of Barney's youth went by. Something else happened in the prisoner's heart. . . . It was a lie, he knew now, about his mother being a boy's friend. When he could he would kill her. He would go to her Brooklyn home and shoot her, he planned, as soon as ever he was out. Last April when he was twenty-one they let him out.

In the court he said this when the judge asked him why he murdered his mother:

"I was alone in the world and everyone was against me, so I swore to kill my mother, who was the cause of all my troubles. She wasn't human. On April 7 I got out of 'quod' with \$10 in my pocket. I bought a revolver and five cartridges, went to my mother's home and rang the bell. She came to the door and said, sneeringly: 'Why, look at Barney coming here.' She turned her face toward the kitchen, where my sister was. Then I killed her. I fired five shots."

The judge said he was a monster unfit to live, and sentenced him to be electrocuted.

A woman who had had a son die a while ago heard about Bernard Carlin and sent a lawyer to try and get a new trial for him. She wrote to the boy and told him to call her mother, and said she wanted to help him for

her own boy's sake. But Barney wrote back he couldn't call her mother.

This woman's letters were the second happiness that had ever come to the boy. A new trial was denied him. The last thing he did before he prepared for the electric chair was to write her a letter of thanks for all she had done for him. He hoped, said this half-witted boy, she would have a long and happy life. And the last sentence was a wish that in the end she "would have a happy death."

With the cry on his lips, "Jesus have mercy," Bernard Carlin was electrocuted April 12, some thirty miles up the beautiful blue Hudson River, at Sing Sing prison.

Every prison that men build  
Is built with bricks of shame  
And bound with bars lest Christ should see  
How men their brothers maim.

(*Oscar Wilde.*)



## THE RELEASE OF MICHAEL COSTELLO

ON the 12th of May Michael Costello was released from Moyamensing prison. A few days later I had a talk with him, and for the first time heard the facts concerning his arrest and imprisonment in connection with the "Broad Street riot," February 20, 1908.

I had never seen him before, nor he me, for not until the night of our conversation did he even know where the meeting was held, nor anything concerning it. He is a very simple, honest, straightforward workingman, and the story told in his poor, broken English was infinitely more moving than as I shall write it; but the substance of it was this:

He had been out of work for some time, then had gotten work for a few weeks when the snow stopped operations; he is a stone mason. On the day in question, having been out looking for work, and not finding any he returned home. His wife had ten cents in the house; he had one cent in his pocket. He went into a friend's house, and to pass the time began playing cards. Hearing a noise in the street, he with his friends went out and saw the procession of the unemployed moving up Christian

Street. They followed it, not in the street, but on the sidewalk, to the corner of Juniper and Locust. There, as he was standing looking at the police clubbing, a sergeant grabbed him by the throat, asking what he was doing there. His answer was: "Me look." The sergeant struck him on the head with his club—he bears a great scar at the corner of his forehead in memory—and marching him between two police with drawn revolvers at his ears, they took him to the station. There they searched him and found nothing. The next day, at the first hearing in court, the policeman swore Costello had a knife a foot long and was using it; but at the trial some days later the same policeman took out a revolver and swore, not that he had a knife, but "this revolver." And for this Michael Costello was sentenced to eighteen months in prison. The worthless lawyer who represented him did not even point out the discrepancy in the policeman's accusations!

Well, he is free—and no one wants to give him work because he has been in prison! He said to me very simply: "Me not Anarchist, not Socialist; me workman; me not understand. Not learned; only three class school;" and pointing to his forehead, with his expressive eyes struggling to *look* his meaning into mine, he added: "Me can't understand that things." He expressed his gratitude for what the comrades have done for him. He wishes to return to Italy, where his oldest child is roaming about uncared for, since its grandmother died while Costello was imprisoned. It is impossible for us to furnish him all the means to go, out of our present fund, which must be reserved for the family of Comrade Donelli, whose case is much worse than that of Costello, and also for some little assistance to the prisoner Troy, who will be released at the end of September. The latter is a nervous wreck, and has been four times in the hospital. Still, we must try to help as much as possible this honest and straightforward workingman, to whom the "land of the free" has been a land of unjust accusation, imprisonment, persecution even in the prison (he was ironed and starved for two days because he resented a brutal insinuation against his wife by another prisoner), and finally now a land where work is refused *because he has been in prison.*

Below I give the financial statement of the Committee. Please send all contributions to me, at 531 N. Marshall St., Philadelphia, Pa.

## VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE.

## EXPENSES.

Acknowledged in January MOTHER EARTH.....	\$361.00
To Mrs. Donelli, 20 weeks @ \$3.00.....	60.00
To Mrs. Costello, 20 weeks @ \$3.00.....	60.00
To Michael Costello.....	15.00
	<hr/>
	\$496.00

## RECEIPTS.

Acknowledged in January MOTHER EARTH.....	\$382.14
Radical Library Lectures, Phila.....	42.51
Weekly Contributions, Phila., per J. Cohen..	31.90
French comrades, N. Y., per G. Weiss.....	10.00
Freethought Ass'n., Phila., per V. de Cleyre.....	10.66
Group Kämpfer für Freiheit, N. Y., per A. Kazen.....	15.00
Chicago Social, per R. Schwartz.....	10.00
Harlem Liberal Alliance, N. Y., per V. de Cleyre.....	13.13
Free Speech Def. Com., Boston, per L. Goldberg.....	14.00
Montreal comrades, per O. Kritzer.....	8.85
Home Beneficial Ass'n., Phila., per M. Rosen.....	3.00
Arbeiter Ring, Branch 12, Phila., per J. Cohen.....	5.00
Shirt Waist Makers' Union, per V. de Cleyre.....	5.00
Chicago raffle, per R. Schwartz.....	16.00
A. J. Margolin, Phila.....	5.00
Two Catholic priests, Phila.....	40.00
F. M. L. Radich, N. Y.....	1.00
D. Glick, Phila.....	2.00
Wm. Silverman, N. Y.....	1.00
Perle McLeod, N. Y.....	1.00
Bowman, Cleveland.....	1.00
Bessie Gerstine, Phila.....	.55
Jas. Roman, Ladd, Ill.....	.45
Collected by Feinstein and Weinberg, Phila.....	2.10
	<hr/>
Total Receipts.....	\$621.69
Expenses .....	496.00
	<hr/>
Ballance on May 15.....	\$125.69

Owing to lack of space, the continuation of "Anarchism and Malthus" had to be postponed till our next issue.

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<b>Conquest of Bread.</b> By Peter Kropotkin.....	<b>\$1.00</b>
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