

MOTHER EARTH

Vol. VII.

AUGUST, 1912

No. 6

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MOTHER EARTH

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Vol. VII

AUGUST, 1912

No. 6

THE ANARCHIST

By VERNE DEWITT ROWELL.

*World with your palace and prison,
Your prattle of Justice and Right,
Your war and your envy and bloodshed,
Your gloom and your infinite night;*

*World with your strife and your hatred,
Tyranny, passion and flame,
Your children who hunger for bread,
And outcasts who shrink from their shame;*

*World with your wisdom of madness,
Your folly of system and creed,
World with your gold and dishonor,
Heartache and misery and greed;*

*This is the word I would give you,
I never can acquiesce
In your systems of infinite folly,
And hatred, and woe and distress.*

OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

A CERTAIN magazine recently expressed the opinion that the Anarchists had but one aim, to destroy. Indeed, it is sufficient but to mention three especially evil-breeding institutions that we want to destroy; three nightmares that permit man neither to lead a healthy life nor give him a chance to breathe.

We wage war against private ownership, the State, and the Church. We strive toward a communist Anarchist society; that is, a social condition that will afford every individual free scope to develop. Therefore, we proclaim the right of every one to the enjoyment of life, according to individual inclination and requirement, made possible by the free participation of each in the various activities of life, for the benefit of all.

The means to this end are propaganda, direct action, the general strike, and, finally, the mental and material social revolution—a general uprising of labor, of the real wealth producers of the world.

We encourage every popular movement that tends to advance the decisive struggle and bring about the final culmination.

We welcome and aid every direct struggle of labor against the ruling classes and corrupt institutions. On the other hand, we condemn all palliatives and shams, like the participation in parliamentarism, the belief in the possibility of harmony and fair play between the exploiters and their victims, the hope in protective labor legislation, and similar superstitions. Our efforts aim to awaken the proletariat to an understanding of its true interests and to inspire the masses with those purposes and ideals which will enable them to secure their own emancipation and to enjoy the fruits of their victory.

There is, no doubt, much destruction in these principles, but it is destruction that is necessary to rear a healthy, sound society in place of our Augean stables.

MY COUNTRY 'tis of thee."

What is my country? Is it the bit of soil that my fathers had cultivated and that afterwards fell into the hands of speculators, when the price of land rose? Is it the vast areas that have been stolen by the railroads and other monopolies? Is it the city park, where the homeless and jobless man hopes to pass the night and whence he is brutally driven out by the policeman?

Is my country there where free speech is suppressed, where police, detectives, and prosperous automobilists conspire to beat and torture men and women who demand their elemental rights?

Or is my country in the factories, where privileged robbers bag the lion's share of the product of my toil? Or in the barracks, where young men are trained for the business of murder? Or in the churches, those banking houses of priestcraft, where bogus checks are issued on the hereafter?

No, these legal hells and dives can never be "my country." My country is where men, united in solidarity, reach out hands across all artificial barriers, in the common work for liberty and equality for all.

* * *

COMPULSORY sex sterilization is one of the latest hobbies of hare-brained reformers. They wax eloquent regarding the wonderful moral improvement of society that would result if it was made impossible for the little poverty-stricken crooks to transmit their "bad traits" to posterity. Never for a moment do these pious souls suspect that it is not a question of bad traits of individuals, but that rotten social conditions—with their resultant poverty and suppression, filth and corruption of every kind—are responsible for most crimes. The good reformers care little and know less about all this.

However, if sterilization we must have, it would be more appropriate to castrate our *big* crooks, the billionaires and other thieves of social wealth. It might help to solve many a vexed problem of inheritance. Furthermore, this plan offers another advantage: after the revolution we shall not have to be troubled

whether the stolen property of rich robbers should be confiscated or bought back by the people—a question that causes so many headaches to our “revolutionary” step-brothers.

* * *

DURING a police-provoked riot in Lawrence, Mass., a woman striker, Anna La Pizza, was killed. The testimony of disinterested witnesses is to the effect that the fatal shot was fired by a policeman. The murderer is known to the authorities, but it is not he that is to be punished for the crime. On the contrary, it is the leaders of the strike, Ettor and Giovannitti, who have been thrown into prison and held without bail on the charge of murder.

Never before was justice and logic so brazenly trampled into the mud. Indeed, had the manufacturers of New England hired assassins, à la Becker, of New York, to shoot down Ettor and Giovannitti in the open street, it would have been more decent than this sneaking, vicious plan of conspiring to do away with the hated strike leaders.

This murder, calculated in cold blood, must not be permitted. If such a fiendish conspiracy could be carried through, then every labor agitator and every worker who dares protest against exploitation and oppression, could be quickly done away with. Such a condition would practically constitute a state of martial law against labor, and would facilitate the murder of undesirable workers.

The Ettor-Giovannitti matter is of vital concern to every workingman. Every organization and group that demands justice for labor and protests against oppression and slavery, should take an intimate and active interest in the case. It is, therefore, sad to note that the Socialist press carries on as if it had secured a mortgage on the case. The Anarchists have exerted their utmost efforts to acquaint the people with the planned capitalist conspiracy, and they have done everything in their power to aid in the cause of Ettor and Giovannitti, which is the cause of the whole proletariat. How puny, therefore, must be those who try to “exclude” the Anarchists. To mention but one instance: every time an Anarchist speaker condemns on

the platform the proposed plutocratic murder, the columns of the *Call* carefully avoid all mention of the undesirable name. Do the diplomats of the Socialist party expect to monopolize the labor movement with such shabby tactics? They merely prove how petty their methods and how small their horizon.

* * *

IT WOULD be a praiseworthy undertaking for some labor organization to compile a list of the murders committed by police, detectives, and the soldiery upon striking workers. The encounters with the State, municipal and the private plug-uglies of capital have become such an everyday occurrence that it would keep a man busy to note down all the attacks upon strikers and the resultant assaults, maimings, and prison sentences.

Such statistics—perhaps issued yearly in book form—would supply incontrovertible proof that the plutocratic government represents a continuous reign of terror, and that the people—if they have grown tired of being slaves and cannon fodder—will have to resort to more effective means to protect themselves than petitions and parliamentary procedure.

* * *

IT IS significant of the impotence of the labor organizations of the old school (like the A. F. of L.) that the most energetic and purposeful struggles against capital are at present waged by those bodies which have broken with the stale and superannuated methods of the above-mentioned brands of trades-unionism.

Thus in the East and in the West the marine and transport workers have risen in rebellion, inspired by the need of conscious, direct action. In the South the lumbermen and miners have awakened to the realization that they have long enough relied on parliamentary vanities, and that it is time to take matters into their own hands, if they are not entirely to succumb to the iron heel of the masters.

* * *

THE July issue of the *International Socialist Review* contains "Some More Don'ts," by Guy

McClung. These don'ts are addressed to the Socialists, for whom the author evidently fears that the political delirium, picturing visions of capturing the reins of government, is leading them into the swamp of State monopoly. Thus McClung warns:

Don't confuse government ownership with Socialism or call it a "step toward Socialism." It is neither. The middle class now demands government or municipal ownership of public utilities in order that there may be no interruption in service due to strikes, and would willingly see the workers kept on the job, if necessary, at the point of the bayonet. The big capitalists themselves will bring about government ownership just as soon as they find their property threatened by the working class or whenever they have milked the industries dry and want the government to safeguard their dividends. Government ownership will be the culmination of capitalism.

According to this all the municipal and governmental reform plans, as laid down in the official Socialist platforms, and urged by their mayors and candidates, are *not* Socialism at all. That is to say the "Socialist" party uses Socialism only as a decoy, to secure political honors and success—something we have been aware of all along, without the Don'ts.

* * *

IT is a favorite policy of the masters, especially during the time of a strike, to inflame race prejudice and to incite one nationality against another. The purpose, of course, is to paralyze united, solidaric activity, by dividing the workers against themselves.

But the intelligent toiler is beginning to realize that labor knows neither boundary nor race, for its interests are the same the world over. The international proletariat has but one enemy—the exploiting class. It is solely to advance their own interests and to handicap solidaric international action on the part of labor that the masters seek to keep alive the differences of race, nationality, and religion.

* * *

IN a public place in New York a high dignitary of the Catholic Church blessed an open-mouthed mob, among whom there was a goodly number of policemen. The Prince of the Church solemnly recommended to his audience the homeless tramp, Jesus Christ, as an example to be emulated in thought and

deed. Think of the devilish irony, especially so far as the blue-coated heroes of club and gun were concerned!

It can hardly be true, as some claim, that God in heaven has full control of storm and tempest. Else he could not resist the temptation now and then to vent his indignation by bursting a few lightning shafts over the heads of his interpreters and representatives.

* * *

NEWS reaches us from San Diego that six of the Free Speech fighters, among them E. E. Kirk, Jack Whyte and Hubbard, were found guilty of "criminal conspiracy."

The police and the vigilantes conspire and commit every known crime upon the defenders of free speech, whereupon the latter are arrested, thrown into prison and then condemned for "criminal conspiracy."

How long will these outrages be permitted to continue? Passive resistance and legal wrangling does not suffice to put a stop to governmental murder and persecution.

❖ ❖ ❖

TO OUR READERS

When we first called for subscriptions for the book of comrade Alexander Berkman, it was in the confident hope that the work would be ready for delivery at the time specified. Yet here we are in August, and the "Prison Memoirs" are not yet out. Unfortunately, there were circumstances over which publishers and writers—especially Anarchists—had no control.

However, we are nearing the goal, and unless something unforeseen happens, the book will be ready for delivery soon. We hope that the quality of the work will compensate for the delay.

THE GUARDIANS OF THE LAW

WHEN the official guardians of the law come in touch with vice (to eradicate which they are well paid) then they form a partnership and together dupe the public—the public that is so ignorant as to believe its interests well taken care of in the political and police headquarters.

This can be clearly learned from the recent murder of the gambler Rosenthal, shot to death on the streets of New York by the hired assassins of the Police Lieutenant Becker.

When it happens that the guardians of the law fall out with the priests of vice over the division of spoils, then there is great public scandal. But whether public scandal or not, the corruption of the political and police gangs is an established institution. It is the inevitable result and the natural reflex of the general corruption, which is the keynote of present society. Only ignorance and hypocrisy can pretend that an "honest administration," "good laws" and "decent men" could make an end to the graft system. These, all together, can at best only mask the social plague with a flimsy veil; they can seek to obscure the true situation with dignified and super-wise words. But beneath all this thin varnish the rotting process of public affairs will keep on and create ever more poisonous fermentation.

Now, all of a sudden it has been discovered that New York is full of gamblers, dives and scheming and murderous police officials, and the good people stand aghast at the terrible discovery. But the same conditions obtained last year, and the year before, and a decade previously, and thus it will remain so long as society, based on crime, must protect itself with an army of legalized bandits. These differ from the illegal ones only by their greater greed and by their more fiendish brutality, which is not only justified but rewarded by the authorities and the courts. Ordinary criminals would have hardly dared to murder a man in cold blood on the most frequented street of the metropolis. Such luxury could permit himself only a police official who can command the guardians of

the law, present near the scene of the crime, to turn deaf and dumb to anything he might wish to happen. Ordinary criminals could not successfully and systematically practise extortion on dives, gambling houses, prostitutes, saloonkeepers, peddlers and business men, as is done by the police. Nor is the robbery limited only to the Gambling Squad. The same conditions obtain in the License Bureau, the supply department, and the other branches of the service. Impartially they fleece those they are paid to protect as well as those they are paid to suppress. Every one that can read knows full well that the extortion and robbery is not an extraordinary phenomenon, but is practised day in, day out, all the year around, as a matter of regular routine. It represents a condition that fully justifies the opinion of Magistrate House: "You can't eradicate the corruption. It's in the very system."

Becker and his gang were armed with special powers to "do business." He exploited that privilege—as do all privileged persons and classes—to enrich himself and his satraps. And he relied upon it that ultimately his superiors—as deeply involved as himself—would protect him, when necessity arose. He acted the same as most of the social pillars do, when their personal advantage is at stake, for "business is business."

Why all this indignation, you good moralists and outraged citizens? The Becker case is but a miniature picture of the general social conditions which you strive with all your power to uphold and defend against the Anarchists and other "disturbers."



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

ANARCHISM—The philosophy of a new social order based on liberty unrestricted by man-made law; the theory that all forms of government rest on violence, and are therefore wrong and harmful, as well as unnecessary.

PROCLAMATION

By W. CURTIS SWABEY.*

TO ALL States, kings and priests; to all governments and capitalists; to all men and all women—yea, to all thinking beings I proclaim that I respect nothing. I respect no moral duty, no property rights, no “rights of man,” no humanity, no god, and no devil. I respect not a single thing. I bow to no idol of gas or of iron. I respect no rights of a fellow ego. I know that all moral codes are frauds; that all moral teachers are liars. I am absolutely alone in my moral world. There there is no wall; there there are no chains. I am my own—and so is all else I can get which I crave. I have no superiors, no equals, and no inferiors. My ego is the center of the universe. No spider-web net of wordy moralities binds me. I have no affairs save my own. I obey no ideals; I kneel to no conscience. I am unprincipled, unscrupulous, and conscienceless. I am not immoral, but without morals. I clearly perceive that moral principles have just as little existence as god. Both are nothings clad in something’s clothes. Neither exists. Both are lies. I am entirely selfish and revere nothing. No one can influence me an inch to the right nor to the left, without appealing to my egoism. You moralists! I have dissolved myself out of your world, and you cannot touch me! I am beyond your claws—your good and bad. Only that is my bad which I do not like; only that is my good which I do like. I to me am everything, all. The State I curse. It is the enemy of all I love. It oppresses me by oppressing my friends. It is a cruel, biting, snarling monster. It is a cruel old deity which lures us on to hell. It is the supreme enemy of mankind. I am a lover of man, and I resent these injuries. Alfred the Great wrote us a law: “Injure ye not the widows and the stepchildren, nor hurt them anywhere; for if you do otherwise, they will cry unto me, and I will hear them and I will slay you with my sword, and I will cause that your own wives shall be widows and your children shall be stepchildren.” This is the attitude of the egoist. He appeals to no right; he denounces no wrong. He simply says: I will slay you.

For thy laws, O State! I have absolutely no respect. I will dodge them if I do not like them—if I can. Thy will, even if it were the voice of the will of the world, I would not worship. I would probably do what you say from love of humanity; but from respect—never! No will can be greater than mine is, to me. Nay, no other will can ever even exist as a moral duty to me.

On the State I will lay with Nietzsche an everlasting curse: "The State! Whatever the State saith is a lie; whatever it hath is a theft; all is counterfeit in it; the gnawing, sanguinary, insatiate Monster; it even bites with stolen teeth,—its very bowels are counterfeit."

Property rights cannot be destroyed. They do not exist and never have existed. They are simply delusions. They must be washed from your minds. Gray mist-figures all; they dissolve in the sun. Using the words in another sense—all property rests on Might. Might of three kinds—military and physical force, the forces of pity and sympathy, and the force of superstition. The first the growing spirit of Solidarity is forcing out of existence. The second will always exist; it will stand firm as granite. The third will vanish 'neath the fiery glow of reason. To all I say: hold not property sacred; let no holy liar deceive you: property does not exist. What is mine is mine, solely because I protect it by might, by the might of the gun, or of thy warm heart, or by thy superstition.

O ye men! Arouse ye! Let all bells toll the glad news! May all men hear! Let Liberty rejoice! Hear ye all:

Property is a Lie.



Our friends may be interested to know that Ben Reitman, having survived San Diego, is to be found in the MOTHER EARTH office daily from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M., ready to receive friends, renewals, and orders for literature.



JOHN BROWN, DIRECT ACTIONIST

BY M. B.

IN THIS era of speculation one can become a great celebrity at the same rate as one's fortune grows. The number of enemies' scalps indicated with some savage tribes the degree of glory attained by a hero. The number of millions stamps the hero of commercial culture. There is a certain relationship between the two, for the Wall Street hero must also earn his glory by cutting the throats of his competitors and of many a lamb, before he can boast of having arrived.

The life story of this brand of hero, as heralded in our high-class magazines, fills one with considerable disgust. One feels inclined to interpret the Darwinian motto of the survival of the fittest to mean the survival of the biggest scoundrel. Whoever does not care to have his children specially trained as thieves and social highwaymen will not particularly insist on their reading the "biographies" of the Morgans and Rockefellers.

What is most necessary nowadays, when it is so urgent to wake the people from their stupor and to inspire them with confidence in their own strength and initiative, is the example of men and women who with high idealism combined the will to act.

Such an idealist was John Brown, whose simplicity and whole-heartedness called forth from Ralph Waldo Emerson the tribute: "He is so transparent that all men see him through."

It was this man who, at the head of twenty-one Abolitionists, on October 16, 1859, attacked the State armory at Harper's Ferry, and expropriated the 20,000 weapons it contained. Harper's Ferry was a place of 5,000 inhabitants, situated at the confluence of the Shenandoah and the Potomac. John Brown, aided by his sixteen white and five black comrades, took possession of the town without much difficulty, imprisoned the small garrison in the cellar, cut the telegraph wires, and obstructed the railroad line. His object was to use the place as his base of operations, from which to make armed invasions into the slave States, to free

and arm the negroes, so far as possible, and in this manner organize a general uprising of the slaves.

The slave-holders of the South were wild with fear and rage. The government of the free American people at Washington immediately made common cause with the noble dealers in human flesh, to crush the bold rebels. Fifteen hundred soldiers were dispatched to the scene, and "order" was soon restored. The two sons of John Brown were among the first shot down, and the greater number of the Abolitionists were left dead on the field.

John Brown, together with three surviving comrades, was taken prisoner. A soldier struck him in the face with his gun; another sank his bayonet twice into the body of the venerable man. Then followed the farce of a trial that ended with the verdict of hanging. At the execution there took place a horrible scene. After the white death-cap had been drawn over the face of the rebel, and the noose fastened about his neck, he was forced to remain standing on the trap-door of the gallows almost a quarter of an hour, while the officer in command had his soldiers go through some military drills. This so outraged even some of the soldiers that many protested with loud cries of "Shame!" Finally the trap was sprung, but in such a manner that ten minutes elapsed before death mercifully terminated John Brown's agony. He was literally slowly choked to death.

The character, the struggle and death of John Brown, as well as his proud and uncompromising attitude in court, have nurtured in thousands of hearts that wrath and enthusiasm, without which great deeds cannot be accomplished.

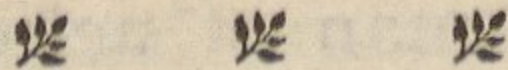
Of the life of this man of action it is known that already at an early age he hated slavery, and later grew to despise everything that bore the odor of politics,—an attitude he shared with Wendell Phillips and David Thoreau. He was firm as a rock in his convictions, and his principles and tactics were in complete accord with his inmost nature. To take up arms, with small means and few comrades, against the institution of slavery, against the rich slaveholders aided by all the forces of government—he did

not consider that anything extraordinary. He thought it inevitable and simple, from the moment that he was convinced that only by force of arms could the dealers in human flesh be despoiled of their trade. It was in this spirit that already in 1854 he removed to Kansas, accompanied only by his six sons, there to begin a campaign of liberating the negro slaves and speeding them across the Canadian border. On one of these occasions he lost his son Frederick, who was waylaid and shot to death. The leader of the ruffian gang responsible for that murder was a priest named Martin White, who was rewarded for his dastardly act with a seat in the legislature of his State. However, he did not enjoy his evil-won honors long: one day he was found stretched on the prairie, dead, with a bullet in his heart.

Significant of the spirit and aims of John Brown is a proclamation submitted by him to a convention of Abolitionists in 1858. One of the articles of that document (Article 23) proposes common ownership of all property, as follows:

“All expropriated and confiscated property and all the property that is the product of the labor of the members of the organization, as well as that of their families, shall be regarded as common property of the whole body, to be used only for the common welfare. . . . All the gold, jewelry, and other valuables taken from the enemy should be devoted to the war fund.”

Thus John Brown fought during a term of twenty years. For him there was no peace as long as slavery existed. His memory as a rebel of high ideals and indomitable spirit will never be forgotten.



SOCIALISM AS IT IS

By HIPPOLYTE HAVEL.

LIKE the Socialist parties in Europe, the Socialist party in America has its two prominent tendencies: the “opportunistic” and the “revolutionary.” These two tendencies have nothing in common with the controversy between the “intellec-

tuals" and the "proletarians." Proletarians can be found in the ranks of the opportunists, and intellectuals in those of the revolutionists. Innumerable articles, pamphlets, and books have been written on this subject.

In following the division in the Socialist camp, the Anarchist feels a kind of diabolical joy. The intellectual strife between the hostile brethren reminds him of the disputations of the Scholiasts. Hard as he may try, he fails to find the great fundamental difference between the opportunistic and the revolutionary Socialists.

What is the ultimate goal for which the social rebels of to-day are striving? Is it a free society based on voluntary coöperation and social harmony—Anarchism; or is it a new form of State based on the wage system, representation, and majority rule—Socialism? An answer to either question decides in which camp you belong. Either you are libertarian or authoritarian—an Anarchist or a Socialist.

The Socialists are strong believers in a State and in governmentalism; they emphasize their belief in representation; the wage system is the cornerstone of their future economic organization.

What, then, is the position of the "revolutionists" in the Socialist movement? Is the radical Kautsky more libertarian than the revisionist Bernstein, Guesde more than Jaurés, Quelch more than Keir Hardie, Turati more than Bissolati? All of them, whether they are theoreticians or practical workers, whether they are Radicals or Revisionists, Marxists or Neo-Marxists, Revolutionists or Opportunists, Possibilists or Impossibilists, Proletarians or Intellectuals—all of them are governmentalists and believers in majority rule. The question of tactics—how and by what means to attain the Socialist State—is the only object of dissention between them.

If any one wishes a proof of this statement, he need only read the latest contribution to the Socialist literature: "Socialism As It Is," by William English Walling, published by the Macmillan Company, New York.

William English Walling belongs to the group of

idealists in the Socialist party of America who, through their intellectual honesty and revolutionary sincerity, try to save the party from total stagnation and political corruption. In "Russia's Message" he gave us an excellent description of the gigantic struggle of the Russian people. What a pity to find such a man still in the ranks of governmentalsists and parliamentarians! No matter how hard he strikes at the tactics of the Opportunists, in principle he is one of them. A Socialist democracy is his ideal.

The title of the book, "Socialism As It Is," as well as the sub-title, "A Survey of the World-Wide Revolutionary Movement," is misleading. "Socialism As It Ought to Be" or "Socialism As I Would Like to Have It" would be a more fitting and apropos title. In an elaborate array of proofs he annihilates the arguments of the Opportunists and Reformists. He proves convincingly the uselessness of reform in the midst of capitalist society. No matter how far a social reform may go, it does not improve the conditions of the working class, but only helps to strengthen the capitalist system. For every advance awarded to labor a greater advance will be gained by the capitalist class. The most important effect of reform is to increase the relative power of the possessing class. The Socialist politicians are simply tools in the hands of capitalists.

But what a fundamental mistake to believe that the revolutionary and not the opportunistic tactics are gaining in the ranks of the Socialist movement! I cannot conceive by what imaginary and fantastic deductions Walling comes to such a conclusion. The tendency in the Socialist movement in every country goes exactly in the opposite direction—toward Reformism.

The Reformists in the Socialist party do not trouble themselves very much about the decisions of the Socialist organizations or about the programs adopted by conventions, on which Walling's assertion of the spread of Revolutionism is based. If it fits in their working system, the Reformists vote for the most intransigent policy; if it does not suit them, they simply ignore the program and continue their "practical"

work. And they prove by it that they are much more logical than their opponents in the movement, the Revolutionists. Opportunism and compromise is the logical consequence of the participation on the part of Socialists—Opportunists as well as Revolutionists—in the institutions of the bourgeoisie. One cannot participate in parliamentary cretinism and be a Revolutionist at the same time. Parliamentarism has transformed the Socialist movement into a reform movement with all its vices and intellectual corruption. The Briands, Millerands, Ferris, Bissolatis, Bergers, and Hillquits are the logical representatives of this evolution. The “revolutionary” Socialists are the last Mohicans in the movement. But they don't realize it.

The “revolutionary” Socialist Eugene Debs declares that: “When the political or economic leaders of the wage workers are recommended for their good sense and wise action by capitalists, it is proof that they have become misleaders and cannot be trusted.” Yet at the same time he works hand in glove with the Bergers, Seidels, and Hillquits, who are applauded by the capitalists and the bourgeoisie politicians for their good sense and wise action.

The real revolutionary, anti-parliamentary, and anti-governmental world-wide social movement is to be found outside the Socialist parties, and is being vilified, abused and persecuted by Socialist politicians just as much as by the capitalists and their police and judiciary authorities.

The revolutionary spirit of the Socialist movement was lost the very moment Karl Marx and his satellites succeeded in splitting and killing the old *Internationale* at the Hague Congress of 1872. It was driven out from the Congress at Halle, in 1890, by the “revolutionist” Bebel and his followers, and it was annihilated at the congresses at Zurich in 1893, at London in 1896, and at Paris in 1900.

In truth, the Marxian Socialists never tolerated the revolutionary spirit, and whenever it appeared they tried to strangle and exterminate it by any means in their power. At times they succeeded only too well. Socialism, as it really is to-day, and the revolutionary movement are contradictory.

INCONSISTENCY

By E. W. WALDRON.

I LOVE consistency. Probably this is accounted for by a primitive tendency of the human mind to live by rote and pattern, and to demand this method of existence in others. But inconsistency is often a proof of vital growth, and sometimes it throws a flood of light on existing conditions so intense as to make us pause and look.

This is apropos of some things to which my mind has been recently drawn, concerning Socialism and Anarchism.

The *Masses*, the well-known monthly paper of New York, "devoted to the interests of the working classes," carries on its editorial page for June a column in bold-face type that might well be called "The Slammed Door." Among other things it says, speaking of the Socialist party:

"We have no room for rebellious individualists.

"We have no room for philosophical Anarchists.

"We have no room for compromisers."—And finally:

"Whether sabotage is ever or is never justified does not concern us. It is not, nor ever will be, a part of the tactics of the Socialist party."

In the New York *Call* for May 17, published almost simultaneously with this issue of the *Masses*, is an editorial on the San Diego outrage of a few days before. There is sympathy expressed for Reitman; he had his right, says the *Call*, not to respect the flag which had left him nothing to respect; but with a righteous dogmatism that makes one think he is reading not the *Call*, but the New York *Times*, it hastens to say respecting Anarchism: "Socialism has been the only consistent opponent of an insane philosophy and ridiculously impossible social theories."

These pronouncements seem to sever Anarchism and Socialism, and all their followers, as far as the poles.

And yet—

In this same June issue of the *Masses* are two leading articles, one by Louis Untermeyer called "The Devil and the Deep Sea," the other "The Coal Strike Here and

Abroad," by John R. McMahon. The essence of the first article is in this sentence: "The working class does not plan to act. It acts only when it has to. Only upon the decree of bodily need. Therefore they are *always* right, never wrong" (!) The other article, by John R. McMahon, is informed with the spirit of direct action, with the spirit of the right to live *without sanction*. And the *Call* editorial, so denunciatory of the ideals of Anarchism, closes with this significant statement: "Only by the complete political and industrial overthrow of the present system can anything worth while be accomplished,"—which means *social* overthrow, also.

I have many times cavilled at such inconsistencies as these. No more deadly parallel could be drawn, of course, than between the official credo of the *Masses* and the flaming sentence of Louis Untermeyer, or between the opening and the close of the *Call* editorial. Yet why draw it? For, crudely put, the answer to all this are the recent words to me of a New York Anarchist, paraphrasing a saying of Napoleon: "Scratch a Socialist and you'll find an Anarchist." Or the words of another Anarchist to me are an equally good answer; reversing the familiar adage about Anarchism, he says: "I don't like Socialism, but I like Socialists."

As a matter of fact, when you find a Socialist who is also a man of knowledge and vision, you find a man who is on the road to a belief in the ideals of Anarchism. The important thing is that a man *thinks*. Thought is irresistible,—and thought leads ultimately to the only rational creed—Anarchism. The demand for laws for everything (Socialism), apparently so far from Anarchism, is simply the Half-Way House to recognition of the meaning of Life without Law. *Without* Law, because all law has been realized in the completely conscious individual who, recognizing his unity with and difference from the world, is completely free.



THE POWER OF THE IDEAL

In those eyes that had never seen the day, in that half-shaped brain was a sensation of light! Light—that it never had seen. Light that perhaps it never should see. Light—that existed somewhere!

And already it had its reward: the Ideal was real to it.—Olive Schreiner in "A Dream of Wild Bees."

IN THE May issue of our magazine I stated that "We are to come back later for a month, at the request of the *Denver Post*, if only the wind does not blow in another direction, which, in newspaper ethics and the Colorado climate, is apt to happen."

We did come back, and, while little had changed in the climate, two months had proven too long a task for the newspaper ethics of the *Post*. We found it involved in a criminal libel suit; hence unwilling to have in its columns articles from E. G.'s pen.

Apropos of criminal libel suits. What a farce they are, in view of the fact that our entire system—governmental, commercial, and moral—rest on libel, fraud, and dishonesty. Of course, almost everybody knows this to be so, but everybody hates the other fellow to say as much about him. Therefore the dirty linen is dragged into court, and the majesty of the law plays the washer-woman. What a farce!

Our drama class in Denver, which had been ably conducted during my absence by Ida Kruse McFarlane, met me with great enthusiasm, amply making up for the disappointment in regard to the *Post*. A few of our ablest pupils had left for their vacation; most of them school teachers, who had tired of their task to stuff their victims like geese for slaughter, had gone for a rest. But the vacancy was made up by new members, and when the work began we had an equal attendance.

August Strindberg, the great Swedish dramatist, was to me always the most unique and sombre figure in the world of dramatic art. It is more than fifteen years that I first came across "The Father," Strindberg's most powerful play. Even since then it was my hope to bring him to the attention of my American audiences. Unfortunately, he was not accessible to the English reading

public, until now when his works are finally being published in English. Thanks to this, I was able to acquaint my class with the life, the struggle and the masterly works of the Swedish dramatist, who, while not easily understood, is yet so fascinating that one is bound to go ahead, sometimes against oneself.

My class, too, became deeply engrossed, though but few were willing to accept the bitter, scathing attacks and criticism which saturate all of Strindberg's works. It was with regret that we turned to other dramatists.

The "Silver Box," "Strife," "Justice," and especially "The Pigeon," by John Galsworthy, called forth the most vivid discussions. Naturally, since all are social plays, flaying our social ills in a relentless manner. "The Pigeon" is more than merely a social sermon, it is a masterly critic of the hypocrisy and futility of all reforms, proving that poverty and vice are ingrained in our social fabric, and cannot be eradicated through punishment or charity.

Lastly, Andreiev's "King Hunger" came in for consideration, and with it the entire Russian literature. It is amazing how little even cultured Americans know about Russia. Turgenev and Tolstoy have long ere this been accepted by the intelligent American reader. But they have not helped to bring Russia closer to America, because Americans have failed to understand the soil whence spring the Russian works of art.

I was asked once, "Why is Russian literature so sad?" I replied, as I do now, because it is begotten in sorrow, nurtured in tears, and is born in the agony of the unsatisfied longing of the Russian people. It is that which makes the works of all Russian writers so deeply human, so wonderfully sympathetic, so much akin to the soil and the people whence the Russian writers draw their inspiration. In short, so unlike all other literature.

As during my first venture in Denver, so this time, I found the drama a splendid vehicle for social thought. Especially for people who, in this country, have so far kept aloof from the social and economic struggle which is daily becoming more acute. Perhaps not so much because of indifference but rather because the professional class until very recently had remained content

with mere material acquisition. And, as it could easily get that, "all was well in heaven and God was on his throne."

All this is rapidly undergoing a change. The professional man and women of to-day find it harder than even the skilled worker to exist. With the material uncertainty inevitably came the uncertainty, the voidness, of all our social life, which is brought out more forcibly than in any other manner through the modern drama. Hence its importance as an educator of the professional class.

My stay in Denver, more than on any previous occasions, has been intensely interesting and useful to me,—not to mention the pleasant phase of it, which is very important in the life of an agitator. It was, therefore, with great reluctance that I bid my many friends and earnest pupils adieu. But he who is touched by the Ideal may never halt long in any place.

On my way to New York I stopped in Chicago. I have done that now for many years, but always I take away from it naught but pain and bareness. It was more accentuated this time through the loss of our Comrade, Voltairine de Cleyre, whose voice had come to me over the phone only two months prior. Those who knew the martyrdom of her life will feel with me that death was a relief for her. It was, therefore, not that which gripped me so, but the knowledge that her death, like her life, had been terrible (she suffered excruciating pains for nine weeks), and that the thing she longed for most and never had—harmony—was denied her in death as in life.

I went to Waldheim and found her grave within the shadow of those who had inspired Voltairine's soul—the Chicago Anarchists. There she lies, whose body had never known respite from pain, whose soul had never tasted peace, and who yet never relaxed, until the end, in her zeal, her wonderful zeal for the ideal she loved so well—Anarchism, the redeemer of the human race.

While on the firing line, one neither cares nor can reflect upon the use or the worth-whileness of one's efforts. It is only after the battle is fought that one may

ask, Why and wherefore? And ours was a battle, more difficult, more trying, more painful than any other in our experience. And now it is fought, we may ask ourselves, was it worth while, was it worth the price in suffering, in thrusts from friends, and persecutions from the enemy? Yes, a thousand times yes!

Not that we can boast of great victories, nor yet claim hosts behind us. But that more and more the perseverance and the determination to go ahead, to break through every obstacle, has created an interest in the things we stand for, which cannot but bear fruit. Especially is this true of the Pacific Coast, where the workers, partly through their own experiences and partly through the struggle we were forced to make, are beginning to see the truths contained in Anarchism and, even more so, the logic and inevitableness of the methods which the Anarchists have propagated these many years. Namely, direct action, a revolutionary, uncompromising attitude, and the general strike. It was therefore worth while.

But even if results were not apparent, the effort would still be worth while, because of its reward, that "the Ideal shall be real to thee."

EMMA GOLDMAN.



MADAME MICHAELIS AND THE PSYCHOLOGY OF WOMAN

By OLIVE ALLERTON.

NOW that the sexual question is the most ardently discussed question of the day, because it is more intimately connected with society, and because, in different ways and with different tendencies, it goes to make up the modern struggle of life; now that women have found the courage to occupy themselves in public in spite of man, who, until now, thought himself to be the sole possessor of every knowledge, I have thought it necessary to speak, and to speak freely, on this subject. Especially after the last lecture at Carnegie Hall, by the well-known author, Madame Karin Michaelis.

Madame Michaelis has made a great noise in the world, especially in the feminine world, because, as a woman,

she had the courage to write on the sexual question as no other woman has ever dared to do. Now for me, the cause of her notability lies in this, and this only:—She has proclaimed that every woman feels sometimes a desire to break the conjugal chain; that a woman can desire the body of a man without love, or with merely affection, and nothing more. Many other authors have written the same thing, but as they were men, and as they put the honesty of women in a bad light, they were not seriously considered, and therefore not believed. Now a woman has spoken, and the rest of the feminine world feels itself protected. And all women are glad because they see, arising above the horizon of to-day, defenders of their little intrigues and pleasures.

I do not see how Madame Michaelis made such a commotion in the world by the aforesaid affirmations, which are not new at all. Certainly it was not caused by the feminine characters in her two books, "The Dangerous Age" and "Elsie Lindtner." She explained theoretically in her lecture at Carnegie Hall that *all women* are hysterical. Certainly she should arrive at this erroneous conclusion after having described in her two little romances such a type of neurasthenic woman.

It is true that many times a woman can act under the influence of her sexual sphere (psycho-sexual irradiation=uterus-hysteros-hysterism). But not always does this happen. In the majority of cases a woman does not permit herself to be transported by sexual stimulations, as happens so often in a man.

But this acting under sexual impulse (hysterism in the true sense of the word) is not the same as Madame Michaelis calls hysterism, because she describes an absolutely pathological picture, founded on a neurasthenic basis. She shows us the intimate life of a woman, who begins her loving Odyssey at the age of forty years. Dangerous indeed, because it is the age of the menopause, which marks in the life of every woman, and especially in the life of a nervous woman, the beginning of an abnormal life—sometimes strange, sometimes almost insane.

It is true that we are in a physiological period of woman, but, at the same time, we can also consider it a pathological period, because it is the index of auto-

intoxications, of an insufficiency of the internal secretions of the glands (ovaries).

The psychology of woman should not be that of a woman of forty or more, but of a woman from sixteen to forty, the period in which her sexual organs perform their functions with the greatest strength. It is in this period that woman should be studied.

Someone might think that Madame Michaelis wants to outline only one part of the feminine life. No; this is not so. In her two books she wants to tell us the psychology of woman, because, in her lecture, she repeats many times that *every woman is hysterical*—hysterical in the pathological sense, like the characters in her books. We can call the psychology of woman, as she describes it, the psychology of the menopause. That would be quite correct; but, properly speaking, we should say, the psychology of the menopause in a very nervous woman.

Here is a synopsis of the life of her protagonist:

“THE DANGEROUS AGE.”

A woman of forty-two years of age, without any apparent reason, decides to divorce her husband and to go and live in a lonely villa, far away from every human being (misanthropy). Her household consists of only a cook (female) and a maid. Later she has to procure a gardener to look after the grounds around the villa. It transpires that she has never loved her husband, but has spiritually betrayed him, having loved for the past ten years an architect. But physically she was true to her marriage vows. Splendid indeed, to love with the thoughts and not with the body! Perhaps she remained true because she was ashamed to do otherwise—perhaps through fear that she would be found out. However it might be, when she had lived alone in her villa for one year she writes the architect to come, desiring him completely. She has grown older—her hair is grayer—her face more wrinkled—the architect remains cold and indifferent.

The true love for the male becomes so strong that she grows nervous and restless, and is excited looking at the legs of the gardener. At last she writes her one-time husband to come. He replies that on the following day he is to marry a girl of nineteen, and, therefore,

he cannot gratify her wish. Dispirited, she closes her villa, and with her maid starts on a trip around the world.

“ELSIE LINDTNER.”

Elsie Lindtner, in Monte Carlo, has for companion her maid, Jeanne, who is passionate for the figurative arts. Their relations seem to be very close, but this is not made clear. Jeanne is sent to Paris to study by her “friend-mistress” and, while there, meets the architect who was the former lover of Elsie. By him she has a child. Elsie knows this, and, being caught by the feeling of maternity, wants to adopt the baby for her own (feeling in this case is absolutely pathological, as she wants to adopt for her own son the son of her old lover and her former servant).

Elsie Lindtner reaches the age of sixty and becomes, we can say, almost childish. Again the same feeling of maternity sweeps over her. She has a longing to adopt some child. One day she sees in the Subway of New York City a drunken boy; a son of the shadows destined to become a delinquent; and she adopts him. Some time later, this bastard, named Kelly, in a moment of *gratitude*, attempts to set fire to the house of his protectress. American authorities send him to a house of correction, but Elsie takes him back and brings him with her to Copenhagen. And there we leave her engaged in household duties.

The only judgment we can pass upon these two books is this:—That women, incomplete in everything, go around among the squalid architecture of these two romances, vainly seeking for something to make them complete. These women, incomplete, certainly cannot give us the explanation of the intimate nature of the feminine soul, which, until now, has been studied and interpreted by man, but kept jealously hidden by woman. Now the women have arisen before the world to speak of their duties and of their rights. Now it is permitted to unveil our inmost feelings—these feelings must not be called hysterical, but normal, physiological.

A woman does not lie because it is her nature to do so, as Madame Michaelis says. Woman does not lie because she is hysterical. We all know a hysterical woman

must lie, that she lies for nothing. But normal woman lies because society, constituted by the authority and the supremacy of man, decreed, and still decrees, that woman must lie. But now the dawn of a new day is near. Women are going to be delivered from the old moral and religious chains that have bound them for so many centuries. They are going to tread the glorious field of *TRUTH*—always pure, always sincere. Passionate or not; good or bad; they will always be sincere. Man will have her no longer as an animal subject—no more a hypocrite—but only as a true companion through this life—a life that should be beautiful, but that is made miserable by lying and deceit.

And now let us look into the subject of the psychology of woman—with the understanding that the psychology is to be considered here in the purely sexual sphere.

Is the woman, sexually speaking, colder than the man? Does the woman love in a different way from the man? Is the monogamic marriage, based upon the possibility of eternal love, a logical form in front of the changing of human sensations, feelings and affections?

Madame Michaelis, speaking of the *dangerous age*, in which a woman has the courage to leave husband and home and look for other lovers, makes us think that the age which is not dangerous is that preceding forty years. In this age preceding forty years a woman should live a quiet, domestic life; the hours of her day consecrated to the care of her children and her home. If she loves her husband, all well and good. But if not, she should simulate love for him, and at the same time she can have an extra-matrimonial inactive (without sexual connection) love. Conclusion:—The life which is free from every social duty is, in itself, abnormal, because it is lived in a dangerous age. The social life, until to-day extolled for its morality and its depression of women, is the true normal life, because it is lived in a normal age. After we have studied the question deeply, it seems that we might use the word “dangerous” to the whole life of woman. If we take away the veil of deceit that covers the life of every woman—a veil imposed by the egoism of man—we will see that beneath it the life of woman is going on in much the same way as the life described by Madame Michaelis in her two books—that is, as far as

sexual liberty is concerned. But it is not the same in all its hysterical idiosyncrasies.

The sexual life of a woman is like that of a man, with a special difference as to *quantity* and not *quality*; a difference due to the anthropological constitution of the woman, which is very different from that of a man. The sexual life of a woman consists in this:—the variety of her loves and affections, that become acts when circumstances permit, or when circumstances *do not* permit, remain ideal aspirations, that sometimes torment the poor soul of a woman, and what is more, the conjugal peace. It is the unsatisfied desire—the burning, the longing after something that she considers unattainable. But Christ said that desiring was the same as doing!

Therefore we can say that every woman, in the inmost recesses of her being, likes variety in love, because it is variety that constitutes perfection in the ideal type of beauty that every human being is forced to admire.

Woman never was able and never will be able to speak freely of her affections, because man, master and despot, has consciously and unconsciously decreed that she should not.

The man, egoist, wants to believe in his fascinating faculties, and for this reason he never doubts that his personality—physical and psychical—would be able to make a woman love him forever. I said that *unconsciously* the man believes in his powers of enchantment—and he therefore believes that a woman could not change in her love for him—for him, to whom it is permitted to change. He can tread through the many different paths of love and scent the flowers strewn there; he can taste of the different joys that wait for him beside those paths; and when his body is becoming old and his soul is changing from day to day, he still pretends that he can keep the woman bound tight to him. *She must not change.* He pretends an immobility of affection in her, when he, the object of that affection, is continuously undergoing a transformation.

A woman who, at twenty years of age, loves a handsome, intelligent young man of the same age, might not be able to love the same man when he is forty years old. And what about the woman herself? Is not she also undergoing a change? How can we believe that both

can have the same feeling for each other, when each has changed so much?

And I also said that *consciously* the man believes in his power to hold the woman's love forever; because in his jealousy of other males, the man wants to keep under his submission the poor, weak creature who is able to satisfy him in his moments of bestiality. Woman, in his estimation, should be a *thing*, should belong to him body and soul!

If, in front of man, woman gets up and speaks her mind freely and truly, she finds her position offends these two points of view. For instance, what wife would calmly say to her husband that she is tired of him—that she no longer feels the same towards him as when she married him? The husband would be angry, would divorce her and would intimate to the public that she is a bad woman. How could such a woman speak freely to the public, whose opinion is the opinion of every man? And knowing that a woman is only considered honest when she loves but one man, how could she speak the truth to another of her sex, when that other, perhaps acting in the same way, will show herself to be of an irreproachable character? And so it is in this way that woman is forced to lie before her husband, before the public and before every member of her own sex. Consequently to lie becomes a habit with her, although it is not innate.

Now, can a man love more than one woman? Yes, say the majority of psychologists, admitting, it is understood, a different "grade" of affection distributed to each woman. So in regard to *true love* (composed of carnal and ideal passion) they say that every man likes an ideal type of woman. In his life he meets women who, more or less, resemble his ideal; he marries the one who, in his estimation, is the nearest to that type. He cannot have the ideal woman, because none such exist. In his chosen wife he certainly cannot appreciate the defects—if she lacked those defects she would be his ideal. Now every time this man is in a condition to desire, to appreciate, to want what this woman has not, then he is in a condition to love some other woman who possesses these qualities. Always desiring to love a perfect type, he will be able to love both women at the same time, loving one for the qualities which the other lacks. For example, a man who

is always happy and jovial may love a woman of the same disposition. Supposing this woman is unable to grieve with him over any little trouble he may have; she is not compassionate; she does not try to console him; and supposing the man longs to give vent to his sorrow—what then? He is alone with his trouble and he is not satisfied with his companion. If in this moment he should meet someone who would pity him, who would weep with him, he would be able to love that woman. And this example is also good for physical characters, love for brunette women, love for blond women, etc.

Another argument of the instability of love is given in the changement of *esthetic* feeling in regard to age; a man of eighteen cannot feel the same when he reaches the age of fifty.

Consequently, we see that a man can love different women for different reasons, inherent either to himself or to the women. This is due to the variableness of human nature.

For the same reasons a woman must feel the same towards a man. The love that is in her can be of a purely sexual nature; it can be only intellectual, or it can be intellectual-sexual. (Let it be understood that we do not mean *true love* is *platonic*, because platonic means only friendship.)

Does not every man know from his experience that most women are "light" (as he calls them, not realizing that he is the "lightest" being of all)? What does the story of all these young girls mean, who, for "lightness" or "sport"—call it what you will—give to men their virginity? Why do so many wives secure divorces from their husbands? What is the meaning of divorce if not that women have become tired of the same love and desire the variety of new sensations? And, in conclusion, what does the conjugal life mean when called monogamic, when in reality it is polygamic and polyandric?

To substantiate what I have just said concerning the feelings of women, I herewith quote the opinions of several well-known authors.

The celebrated gynæcologist, Kisch, says:

"The sexual impulse is so powerful, in certain life periods it is an elementary force which so overwhelmingly dominates the entire organism of woman that it

leaves no room in her mind for thoughts of reproduction; on the contrary, she greatly desires sexual intercourse even when she is very much afraid of becoming pregnant or when there is no question of any pregnancy occurring."

And Dr. Bloch writes:

"I have myself asked a great many cultured women about this matter. *Without* exception they declared the theory of the lesser sexual sensibility of women to be erroneous; many were even of the opinion that sexual sensibility was greater and more enduring in woman than in man."

Noteworthy is the utterance of a clergyman, C. Wagner, regarding the sensuality of country girls:

"Young girls are in no way behind young men in the strengths of their fleshly lusts; they are only too willing to be seduced; *so willing*, that even older girls frequently give themselves to half-grown boys, and girls give themselves to several men in brief succession. Moreover, it is by no means always the young men by whom the seduction is effected. Often enough it is the girls who lure the lads to sexual intercourse, in which case they do not wait until the lads come to their rooms, but they go themselves to the young men's bedrooms, or wait for them in their beds."

Every man who has had any experience of life at all knows that this is true. Perhaps he has had many "conquests" (as they call these little acts), and generally the women gave themselves willingly, merely for the pleasure they got out of the action.

Again Dr. Bloch says:

"In the majority of cases the sexual frigidity of woman is, in fact, apparent merely—either because behind the veil prescribed by conventional morality, behind the apparent coldness, there is concealed an ardent sexuality, or else because the particular man with whom she has had intercourse has not succeeded rightly in awakening her erotic sensibility, so complicated and so difficult to arouse. When he has succeeded in doing so, the sexual sensibility will, in the majority of cases, disappear."

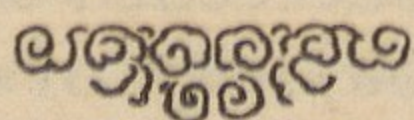
Although there is a great similarity in sexual feeling between a man and a woman, yet there is this difference: In a man, because of his part of "active animal," the

sexual faculties remain more stimulated than they do in a woman. The periodicity of sexual impulse that we find among animals has disappeared almost entirely from man, but has remained more marked in woman, in the form of menstruation. More than this, a woman, after she becomes pregnant, has such a change take place in her organism and sensibilities, that her mind cannot dwell on such things as the purely sexual. She is more excited during the menstrual period. After she is more quiet. Only exceptionally is she more excitable during pregnancy. A woman being made to bear children; having to build up their bodies during pregnancy and feed them during the nursing period, it is very clear that she cannot waste too much energy to satisfy her sexual feelings.

Man, on the contrary, has no such troubles. He must continuously feel excitement from his sexual sphere, because that is his bright spot in life—he was made to procreate. As we said before, here lies the great difference between man and woman—a difference of *quantity* and not of *quality*. Because of this same feeling of *quality*, woman pretends greater freedom and a different judgment by man; because of *quantity*, she *cannot* pretend to be like a man, nor to live like a man, nor to take part in political life as many women are trying to do to-day. Woman was made to be a mother. To sexual pleasures she always prefers the love of her children; to the political life, the home life. The woman with a child in her arms is one of the most sublime figures we can look upon.

As a conclusion let me quote what the celebrated anthropologist, Lombroso, says:

“It is well that woman develops her individual faculties in harmony with the function for what Nature destined her, with her splendid privilege—to create a human being—a human creature.”



TO PROGRESSIVE THINKERS

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