

# MOTHER EARTH

Vol. VII.

NOVEMBER, 1912

No. 9



THE WALDHEIM MONUMENT TO OUR MARTYRED COMRADES



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ALEXANDER BERKMAN . . . . . EDITOR

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# 25th ANNIVERSARY

of the

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Franklin Jordan		August Lott—German
Harry Kelly		W. Shatoff—Russian
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Alexander Berkman, Chairman

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Group Mother Earth	I. W. W., Local 179, Br. 1
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# **Peter Kropotkin**

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70th Birthday Anniversary

## **Mother Earth Issue**

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*Our December Number of the magazine will be devoted entirely to an appreciation of the life and work of Comrade Peter Kropotkin. We have already received valuable contributions from George Brandes, Edward Carpenter, Prof. George D. Herron, Tom Mann, Morrison Davidson, Donnela F. Nieuwenhuis, Christian Cornelissen, Charles Malato, Tarrida del Marmol, Luigi Molinari, Bayard Boyesen, Alexander Berkman, Emma Goldman, Leonard D. Abbott, Hippolyte Havel, Harry Kelly, Max Baginsky, and we also expect a number of other contributions from many friends and comrades of Peter Kropotkin.*

The December Number of MOTHER EARTH will be enlarged to 64 pages, and it will contain a fine portrait of our Comrade.

The special Kropotkin issue will retail at 15c. per copy. Special arrangements for large bundles. Send your orders at once.



# MOTHER EARTH

Monthly Magazine Devoted to Social Science and Literature

Published Every 15th of the Month

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Vol. VII

NOVEMBER, 1912

No. 9

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## **"TO MAKE THEM HEAR"**

**"T**O make them hear," is what he said;  
"There is no other way  
To make the masters of the bread  
Lend ear to what we say"—  
And so he went and risked his head  
To hasten on the day.

Within him raged eternal fire,  
A strange, explosive pow'r;  
His mind was like a tension wire—  
It sizzled to devour.  
Fate drove him on, through mist and mire,  
To that resistless hour.

As earth does find its wandering way  
Through all eternity,  
He asked himself that fateful day:  
"Why do not also we?"  
The answer came that Freedom lay  
Beyond Life's boundary.

Could workmen give their life and all  
Their cause would then be won—  
Erect their pulpits on Death's wall  
And Greed will sackcloth don,  
And listen to the desp'rate call  
Of those it fed upon.



*Let no man judge, for, right or wrong,  
 He had the martyr's creed;  
 And those whose will to save is strong  
 With men have disagreed—  
 They walk in paths far from the throng—  
 A lonely path, indeed.*

—ORGANIZED LABOR.



## OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

THE greater part of this issue of MOTHER EARTH is devoted to our martyrs of the 11th of November, 1887. They were prophetic voices that were strangled by the hangman of tyranny and darkness. But even on the scaffold, with their very death, our comrades proclaimed the coming time of liberty and humanity. Their names and lives have become immortal in the international labor movement.

\*   \*   \*

HOW easy it is to become a hero of the plutocracy: unquestioning obedience to the will of the masters in brutally assaulting and shooting down inoffensive workingmen is all that is necessary in such cases, as is evident from the following report from Chicago:

Thomas Birmingham, one of the heroes of the Haymarket riots in 1886 and who at that time was considered the handsomest and most perfect physical specimen in the Chicago Police Department, died here at the County Hospital. Birmingham posed for the statue that stood for years marking the scene of the conflict in the west side market place. During the World's Fair Birmingham was assigned at Haymarket Square and described the scenes of the memorable riots to thousands of visitors. It was believed that his mind was turned by the assignment, and he soon became intemperate and lost his position in the department.

The "heroism" of Birmingham and his fellows consisted in faithfully carrying out the plot of the rich merchants and manufacturers of Chicago, who were determined to have a blood bath on the Haymarket. It was with that purpose in view that the police assaulted the peaceful assembly, in spite of the fact that Mayor Harrison had but a few minutes before visited the meeting, finding no cause for police interference.

The statue, referred to in the report, was generally considered by the people of Chicago as an eyesore and



an unpleasant reminder, and it was chiefly for that reason that the local authorities were finally compelled to remove it to some less conspicuous place.

\* \* \*

**I**N OUR last issue we have referred to the case of Alexander Aldamas. We can now state that a large international Defence Committee has been organized to canvass labor organizations and arouse sentiment in behalf of this man, who will, if the law have its way, be railroaded to prison for life.

Twenty years ago Alexander Berkman, who, according to the laws of Pennsylvania, should have not received more than seven years, was sentenced to twenty-two years on six trumped-up charges, all of which were really covered by the original charge.

A similar legal outrage is being contemplated in the Aldamas case. But twenty years did not pass in vain. The workers are learning what they may expect from the justice of their masters. They will therefore, we hope, come to the assistance of Alexander Aldamas, morally and financially.

Friends and organizations wishing to cooperate should communicate with the Aldamas Defence Committee, c/o Marine Firemen's Union, 229 West Street, New York.

\* \* \*

**T**HE terrible conditions in Charleston, W. Va., remind one of the Battle of Homestead and the "philanthropy" of the Carnegies and Fricks:

Distressing and pitiable scenes are being witnessed along the Cabin Creek, where deputy sheriffs are evicting the families of miners, who had refused to return to work under terms laid down by the operators, from the miserable huts owned by the mine owners.

No bread for the proletarian slave, nor a roof over his head, if he dare resist the tyranny and oppression of the plutocratic blood-suckers.

\* \* \*

**T**HE attempt upon the life of Roosevelt has quite bewildered the politicians. From sheer habit they were ready to lay the act at the door of the Anarchists, for these are of course responsible for all past, present, and future incidents of that kind. Indeed, the politicians needed only to glance over the dusty old files and repeat the same old lies, to make out "a good case" against the Anarchists.



They were quite willing to do so, but in this instance it simply could not be done. Schrank, who shot Roosevelt, declined to be connected in any way with Anarchists. Indeed, he proved himself a passionate patriot, and a man who took politics far more seriously than the politicians. To the evident chagrin of the prostitute press, Schrank did not claim that he had imbibed his views from MOTHER EARTH or other Anarchist sources. Nay, he was a constant reader of such publications as the *New York World* and the *Herald*. That was disappointingly embarrassing: it did not lend itself to "a good story."

At the preliminary hearing Schrank frankly and convincingly demonstrated his complete sincerity as a devoted patriot who had the welfare of his country at heart. The violation of the third-term tradition, he feared, would inevitably work toward despotism and imperialistic disaster to his beloved land.

It is the very argument that has been used against Roosevelt by hundreds of papers and magazines throughout the country. Especially since the present presidential variety show has been opened, has the press constantly pointed out the Roosevelt menace, the dangerous precedent of a third term. If our press patriots were not such servile souls—who to-day, at the behest of the advertising department of their papers, bitterly denounce Roosevelt, only to acclaim him to-morrow, if ordered to do so—they would have had a good word for Schrank. At least they should have pointed out—without fear of being suspected of dangerous tendencies, from which they are quite immune—that modern Caesarian methods tend to raise the hand of some modern Brutus or Cassius, and that the Milwaukee shot is a serious warning for ambitious politicians eager to play the rôle of dictator or emperor.

Nothing of all this was to be found in the press. Nothing but disgusting whining and meek condolence with the man whom but yesterday they had pictured as the most despicable and depraved creature on the face of the earth.

Such is the great institution, the American press.

\* \* \*



THE defence in the case of Police Lieutenant Becker, convicted of the murder of H. Rosenthal, repeatedly emphasized the point that Becker is a native of free America, and the victim of a conspiracy on the part of some gambling foreigners who cannot appreciate the spirit of our great institutions.

Translated into plain speech, the words meant that only "natives" have the privilege of being murderers, grafters, and corruptionists, and that all those who oppose them are highly unpatriotic and dangerous to the community.

Peculiar logic! And yet, properly considered, the patriotism of the capitalistic and political pillars of the Republic bears a striking resemblance to this logic.

\* \* \*

SOME white slavers have recently been condemned to heavy prison sentences, as an example to strike terror into the hearts of those similarly disposed.

In truth, in things small and petty, Justice is a blind and merciless goddess. The little brooks of vice are to be dammed with all the severity of the law; but the real fountain-head of prostitution—the great Wanamaker, Macy, Straus establishments, for instance, and hundreds of other mercantile and industrial mills, in which the power of resistance of young women and girls is systematically broken down by starvation wages and miserable treatment—where is the anti-vice society or the judge with courage enough to bring these incubators of white slavery, with their proprietors, managers, and dividend-drawers, before the bar of justice?

\* \* \*

MR. HEARST and other respectable citizens are accused of being financially interested in houses rented for purposes of prostitution. The charges are, of course, indignantly denied.

Why not be more bold, gentlemen? Trinity Church, for instance, may serve as your justification. That pious body has for decades owned many houses that bring rich returns from vice, and it has accumulated from those sources a fabulous fortune. If the official representatives and administrators of the heavenly master may be permitted such methods, surely applied Christianity and a



practical community may close one eye to the similar performances of lay plutocrats.

Which is done, anyhow.

\* \* \*

A HOTEL has been discovered in Chicago where—terrible to mention—cocktails and gin fizzes are served to the patrons. Worse yet, men and women have been seen together in that place—yes, actually drinking together, and goodness knows what else.

The justly-famed moral tone of Windy City was terribly outraged by the discovery. A crusade was at once organized, in which joined all the good and moral element of the city, such as newspaper publishers, landlords of prostitution houses, the sporting element of both sexes, and the pious ladies of good society. The proprietor of the hotel was immediately haled to court—his license is to be revoked, he is to be thrown into jail; aye, he is even in danger of being shot or killed. For the whole moral community is terribly indignant and outraged in its inmost feelings, especially since it has become known that the proprietor of the hotel intended to marry a young woman, who is evidently very fond of him, but whose skin happens to be of a paler hue than his own.

Those familiar with Chicago are overwhelmed at the so unexpected elevation of its moral tone, especially when it is considered that such hotels and saloons grow there almost on every cobblestone. Indeed, if the city hall and the adjoining buildings should be roofed over for a radius of thirty blocks, you would have a veritable whorehouse of no mean proportions. Why then is this notoriously rotten Chicago—and, with it, “the whole country”—so suddenly indignant over this particular place? The reason is very simple. The proprietor of this hotel, the man that has dared to win the love of a white young woman, is a *negro*—Jack Johnson, the world’s champion pugilist. It is his color, his race, that is the cause of all this upheaval and moral spasm, and of the fiendish persecution of the black man. Were he white, all the charges piled up against him now, would be considered by the same white canaille of good and better society as so much evidence in his favor as a jolly fine sport.



The most disgusting thing in this disgusting affair is that the "leaders" of Johnson's own race—the lickspittles of Booker Washington's type—have joined the white man in hounding the negro, because he dared forget his color, dared to love a white woman.

Free America that prides itself on having "emancipated" the negro, cannot stomach a black man who has successfully licked champion Jeffries, the "white man's hope," and who presumes to win the affections of a white woman. Only white Christians and moralists may be permitted to exploit their prowess and glory for business purposes, and be corrupt to the very core of their hearts.

\* \* \*

**I**N the death of Dr. Edward B. Foote the radical movement has lost one of its staunchest friends.

While the main interest of Dr. Foote centered in free thought and free press along the lines of sex enlightenment, he never failed to take a broad-minded stand in behalf of everything pertaining to free expression. He differed from the average liberal in that he was a firm and active believer in free speech even for those with whom he did not agree. Whether it was a question of arrested participants in a Czolgosz meeting, or a free speech fight in Spokane, San Diego or some other place, Dr. Foote could always be relied upon for his sympathy, and for his moral and financial assistance.

Though not an Anarchist, he was a most generous and devoted friend to MOTHER EARTH and to the work carried on by our little group. We mourn his death, however, not because of his generosity to us, but because with him departed a man who *really* believed in freedom of speech—for everyone, including those whom he considered in the wrong. Still more do we mourn his death, because of the fact that there are few, very few, young Americans to take the place of men like Dr. Edward B. Foote.

\* \* \*

**A**S we go to press, all appearances indicate the election of Woodrow Wilson as President.

It is pathetic to reflect on the psychology of the average voter. Dissatisfied with Taft, disappointed in his expectation of the Republican administration, the good citizen turns to the Democratic party. What if his



everyday experience, the history of years recent and past—in State and Nation—reveals the two parties as the reverse sides of the same shield: identical in everything but name, identical in their lack of principles, lack of honesty, lack of everything that the well-intentioned citizen looks for in his representatives. But as if bereft of all reason and sense, the poor voter rushes from pillar to post, only to be disappointed here, and duped there, but ever and again returning to repeat the same experience.

Whatever one may think of Roosevelt personally, his election would have at least indicated a spirit of social discontent grown conscious, even if misdirected. For the Progressive platform at least offers some palliatives—however futile they be—while the old parties do not even pretend to do that much.

It is a long cry from the Democratic party to popular liberty and individual self-ownership. The superstition of government, of representative government especially, is deep-seated, and the most subtle curse of man. No poison more treacherous and destructive than the virus of authority and government; it paralyzes the mind, vitiates character, deadens the spirit of initiative and independence, and deludes the poor slave to think himself free.

\* \* \*

**A**FTER many delays and no end of struggle, Comrade Alexander Berkman's book has at last become a reality. PRISON MEMOIRS OF AN ANARCHIST is now out and already in the hands of many readers.

We are glad to state that those who have read the work have expressed their unqualified appreciation; among them even such who belong to a different camp and who therefore judge the work only from a literary viewpoint.

We are particularly gratified at the enthusiasm and zeal which the book has aroused among the younger radical element, of whom the Group "Friends of Art and Education" deserves especial notice. Their literary evening to greet the PRISON MEMOIRS, was a splendid success, in every respect.

Equally so was the banquet given by MOTHER EARTH on October 28th, at the Café Boulevard. There are also being arranged a number of similar undertakings in various cities, which goes to prove the joy our



friends feel that Comrade Alexander Berkman lived to be resurrected and to tell the tale in an exceedingly able and brilliant manner.

An extensive review of the work will appear in MOTHER EARTH later. Meanwhile we urge our friends to constitute themselves spokesmen for the PRISON MEMOIRS. We have no means of advertising the work on a large scale; nor need we hope much from the capitalist press, except in the form of such boosts as given by *Leslie's Weekly*, to the effect that the work is "infamous" and ought to be suppressed by the Federal authorities. Our main channel of circulation, then, are you, dear readers. We therefore ask you to speak to your friends about the work, to induce your booksellers to handle it, and to place it in the libraries. You will render your friends a service by calling their attention to this great human document, and at the same time you will give us your valuable assistance.

\* \* \*

IN ANOTHER place we bring a list of the works of Friedrich Nietzsche, the philosopher of "Beyond Good and Evil," "The Antichrist," the Revaluator Zarathustra. Whoever wants to understand the history of the thought, of the art and literature of the last decades, should read Nietzsche, no matter whether his attitude is that of a friend or of an enemy. No one has had such universal influence as Nietzsche upon the human mind; no one has so mercilessly attacked the old values of religion and morality, literature and art. He is one of the rare, very rare cosmic characters of whom it may be said without exaggeration that they have given a tremendous impetus of incalculable value to the shaping of the modern consciousness.

In a succeeding issue we shall bring an extensive review of Nietzsche's works. The latter have now appeared in English translation, in a collection of 17 tomes, which may be procured either as a whole set or in single volumes. Especially will the readers of MOTHER EARTH be interested in such works as "Joyful Science," "The Antichrist," "Beyond Good and Evil," and "Thus Spake Zarathustra." The books can be had through our office.



**THE CAUSES OF THE CHICAGO MARTYRDOM**

BY ALEXANDER BERKMAN.

A QUARTER of a century has passed since the hanging of our comrades in Chicago, on the 11th of November, 1887. The perspective of time has helped to dissipate the fog of prejudice and passion that at the time beclouded the grave questions at issue; the passage of the years has clarified the situation which resulted in the Haymarket tragedy. An impartial analysis of the events that culminated in the hanging of the Chicago Anarchists compels the unbiased mind to the conclusion that our comrades were the victims of a judicial murder, the direct result of a conspiracy of privilege and authority.

The gallows of 1887 was no accident. Labor events of the preceding decade cast their shadow before. Already in the early seventies—in 1872 and 1873—began the movement for an eight-hour workday. By degrees it assumed such proportion as to force the legislatures of several States to pass laws making eight hours a legal working day for State employees. The agitation kept up, and within a few years the movement became national and powerful enough to induce Congress to pass, in 1878, an eight-hour law for Federal employees.

But the Federal eight-hour law, as well as the similar State statutes, remained a dead letter, in spite of all the resolutions, appeals, and protests of labor. The lords of industry refused to introduce the shorter workday, and their word was the supreme law.

The working masses began to awaken to the realization that parliamentary methods were a farce. The conviction was ripening that no amelioration of labor conditions could be hoped for from political sources. The idea was germinating in the mind of Toil that victory cannot be had for the asking; that it must be fought for—fought in the industrial arena, by the means nearest and most effective in the hands of labor—the method that has since become known as direct action.

It was the dawning of a new consciousness. It found clear expression in the International Congress of Organized Labor, held in Chicago, in 1884, by the Federated Trades Unions of United States and Canada. That con-



gress decided that organized labor must make a determined effort by the direct means of its economic weapons, to win the eight-hour day. The 1st of May, 1886, was chosen as the great Labor Day, on which a united attempt was to be made for the recognition of the demands of the workers.

The more radical labor element of the country—the revolutionary Socialists and Anarchists of the time—had already before realized that the road of labor's advancement and ultimate emancipation was not to be sought along political lines, but in direct economic and industrial warfare. Already in 1883, at the Pittsburgh Convention, the revolutionists of the International Working People's Association issued a proclamation, condemning all indirect political activity as ineffectual and misleading, and emphatically advocating revolutionary methods, direct action, and the general strike. The ablest and most energetic spirits of the International Working People's Association were Parsons, Spies, Fielden, and their comrades. They were indefatigable in the labor movement, and their activity in no small degree helped to revolutionize and enlighten the working masses.

\* \* \*

The month of May, 1886, was approaching. Capital and labor faced each other in grim determination. Never before had the workers of America given such a demonstration of united, solidaric effort. Capitalism was in a panic.

On the 1st of May a tremendous strike-wave swept the country. In the very forefront of the struggle stood Chicago. Twenty-five thousand workers laid down their tools on the First of May, and within two days the number was doubled. By the 4th of May practically all the workers of the great city were on a general strike.

The enemy resorted to every means to stifle the revolt of labor. The capitalist press advised strychnine and lead for the discontented wage slaves, and the armed fist of the law hastened to the service of Mammon. The paid myrmidons of capital vied with each other in shooting down the workers. Bloody encounters between police and strikers were numerous. The most brutal assault took place at the McCormick Works, where conditions



were so unbearable that the men were forced to go on strike already in February. At this place the police and Pinkertons deliberately shot a volley into the assembled strikers, killing four workers and wounding a score of others.

It was to protest against these cold-blooded police murders that the Haymarket meeting was called, on the 4th of May, 1886.

It was a perfectly orderly meeting, such as were daily taking place in Chicago in those days. The Mayor of the city, Carter Harrison, was present; he listened to several speeches and then—according to his own sworn testimony later on in court—he returned to police headquarters to inform the Chief of Police that the meeting was all right. It was growing late—about ten in the evening. Heavy clouds appeared on the sky; it looked like rain. The audience began to disperse, till only about two hundred were left. Then suddenly a hundred police rushed upon the scene. They halted at the speakers' wagon, from which Fielden was addressing the remnant of the audience. The police captain in charge commanded the meeting to disperse. Fielden replied: "This is a peaceful assembly." Without further warning the police threw themselves upon the people, mercilessly clubbing men and women. At that moment something whizzed through the air, and seven policemen lay dead on the ground, and about sixty wounded.

\* \* \*

The beast of Law and Order thirsted for blood. The fury of the masters knew no limits. Rebellious labor was to be crushed with an iron hand; the spirit of discontent was to be stifled, its voice drowned in the blood of the most devoted and able men of the people. Our Chicago Comrades were the chosen victims.

It took six long years till there was found a man in an official position—Governor Altgeld, of the State of Illinois—a man of supreme honesty and sincere conviction, with moral courage officially to stamp the hanging of our Chicago comrades as a premeditated judicial murder. By incontrovertible facts and evidence he proved that our martyrs were the victims of a police conspiracy to convict, prompted and financed by the plutocracy of



Chicago. Governor Altgeld adduced merciless proof upon proof that the conviction of our comrades was based upon wilful and conscious perjury; that the jury was packed by the official specially chosen by the court for the purpose; that the judge was bitterly prejudiced and that he openly intimidated jury and witnesses, and that finally the Anarchists were convicted for conspiracy to throw a bomb, the actual thrower of which has remained unknown and therefore in no way shown to have been connected with the accused. They were convicted and hanged, because it was intended they should die. For they were guilty of enlightening and revolutionizing the proletariat—a crime tyranny ever punishes with death.

\* \* \*

The historic rôle of government is *murder*. The law is the statutory reflexion of Mammon. When the interests of capital demand it, when the fabric of oppression and exploitation is threatened, government steps in to strengthen the foundation of Things As They Are, and to crush everything that appears to menace their continued existence. 'Tis the triumph of Law and Order.

If the Chicago tragedy had accomplished nothing more than to clarify the function of capital and the true rôle of government, the martyrdom of our comrades has not been in vain.

❖ ❖ ❖

## THEY ARE NOT DEAD!

By JAMES L. MONTGOMERY.

**O**N the 11th of November, twenty-five years ago, the startling news was flashed across the world that a terrible crime, a judicial five-fold murder, had been committed in Chicago—a crime so foul and fearful that fair-minded and humanitarian people could not bring themselves to credit its possibility.

For weeks and months petitions and protests, letters and telegrams from every part of the world kept pouring into the office of the then Governor of the State of Illinois, Oglesby, appealing for the “pardon” of the condemned Anarchists. | Everyone who had carefully followed their trial knew that the accused men were



not guilty of having thrown the Haymarket bomb, and that they were in no way instrumental in the act. One thing only was certain: the police of Chicago had brutally broken up a peaceful meeting of workingmen, whereupon a bomb had been thrown by some unknown hand; it was further also manifest that the courts and the police, abetted by the Chicago bourgeoisie and unstintedly aided by them financially, were determined to exploit the occasion to imprison several of the ablest agitators of the labor movement and to charge them with murder. False, intimidated witnesses and perjured testimony completed the outfit of the State.

The purpose of the accusation and of the trial at once became clear in all its terrible hideousness. Everything seemed to have been planned and arranged by the enemy beforehand. The imprisoned labor men were to be condemned at any cost, because their propaganda, their principles and ideals, were to be given a death blow. And indeed, Prosecutor Grinnell summed up the situation when he declared in open court, "Anarchy is on trial!"

In the mouth of that man the words signified that the government was prepared to use every means in its command to stifle the great uprising of the American proletariat, which resulted, in May, 1886, in a widespread strike movement for an eight-hour workday.

That was the purpose. To carry it out State and Capital joined hands in that heinous conspiracy which culminated in the hanging of Albert Parsons, August Spies, George Engel, Adolph Fischer, and the suicide of Louis Lingg, and the imprisonment of Michael Schwab, Samuel Fielden, and Oscar Neebe.

The question of the guilt of the condemned was a matter of indifference to the accusers and their paid servants. The rebellious spirit of the awakening American proletariat was to be stifled in its very inception—the spirit that found such fiery expression through Parsons in the *Alarm*, through Spies in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, and through their co-workers in the organizations, clubs, and meeting places of the workers.

This was the reason why all the petitions, resolutions, and appeals met a deaf ear in the Capitol of Illinois. It had been determined beforehand to sacrifice our brave



pioneers on the altar of Mammon. It came to pass: the foul murder was done—in the superstitious belief that thus was being dealt a death blow to the spirit of discontent and revolution, to Anarchy.

It was the same traditional superstition, the same organized plutocratic revenge and governmental violence that is to-day thirsting for the blood of Ettore, Giovannitti and Caruso, and that seeks the lives of a number of workers at Lake Charles, Louisiana, even if they must be done to death with the aid of the perjured testimony of spies and detectives. For, in spite of all the lessons of human psychology and history, the ruling powers still fail to realize that out of the blood of the martyrs flame the fires of rebellion.

When we think of the heroic death of Lingg, Parsons, Spies, Engel, and Fischer, deep emotion grips our hearts. The yearning for a similar noble fate trembles within us, and we glow with passionate indignation and firm determination never to yield till the very last breath of our being. For a quarter of a century our martyred comrades have been resting under the sod of Waldheim, but the seed of their evangel, their heroic life and struggle has germinated in countless hearts and minds. Those directly and indirectly responsible for the crime of the 11th of November, 1887, stand pilloried as blood-stained inquisitors, nay, more—they are the deceived deceivers: they thought to drown the fire of Prometheus in the swamp of "justice," of Mammon, and all they have accomplished was to pour oil on the flames and give them greater strength. Wherever discontent finds voice, in the individual as well as the collective man of labor; wherever is awakening the consciousness of the inevitability of the social revolution, there the spirit of our Chicago martyrs, the remembrance of the Black Friday of the 11th of November, 1887, lives as a potent, vital inspiration.

The memory of them wakes in us all that is best, strong and fine. With their names in our hearts and on our lips, we would grasp the torch and raise it aloft, that its fire shed courage and enlightenment into the darkness of the enslaved masses, and waken them with the cry, Enough of suffering; we will not tolerate our shame any longer! Enough of misery, of judicial



farces and gallows. Let humanity triumph over the barbarities imposed upon us as "law and order."

The 11th of November is to us an inspiration to renewed effort and greater devotion to the cause of liberty and brotherhood. But to the enemy that day is an ever-growing source of burning shame and suppressed fear. Twenty-five years ago the camp of the enemy ceaselessly poured vials of poison against the names and character of our Chicago comrades; no calumny was too despicable for them to stoop to, in order to besmirch our friends and encompass their death. Law and order celebrated its orgy of blood. But to-day the enemy studiously avoids all mention of the Golgotha of Chicago; and if they, on rare occasions, do so, it is only with the lips of lying cant and hypocrisy. The passage of time has taught them that it is dangerous to call forth the shades of the 11th of November: it rebounds to the shame of their law and their justice, for the Cain mark of society stands out more clearly at such memory and is etched more deeply against the black background. The enemy's triumph is past, but they lack the honesty to confess that their justice was guilty of a fatal "error," that bore all the earmarks of a cold-blooded murder.

Six years later the State of Illinois, through Governor Altgeld, reversed the verdict against the Chicago Anarchists by his argument pardoning the surviving comrades in the Joliet penitentiary. His impartial analysis of the trial evidence revealed the perjured testimony on which our comrades were convicted, and completely justified the overwhelming criticism we had been making for years. Judge Gary was at that time still alive, as were Inspector Bonfield and Captain Schaak, as well as others instrumental in the crime. They could have committed suicide, had they not been bereft of all shame. In all probability, however, they merely grinned in the inspiring consciousness that the law masked with its rotten majesty their terrible crime and "protected" them. Thus must have also felt the church and governmental executioners of Francisco Ferrer, when the recent revision of the trial evidence conclusively proved that he, too, was the victim of a judicial "error" similar to that of 1887.

The ruling powers can never escape the haunting,



fearful thought that such dead constantly grow in their graves, that they stand, together with their ideas, even more in the foreground of the times and its revolutionary movement than the living.

These powerful dead are the greatest enlighteners of the people. They have no need of a system. Their example alone, their brave pioneer rôle, that ever fails to be understood in their own time, is a most potent factor in arousing admiration and creating converts and followers in the succeeding generations. Their influence reaches the best and most intelligent, while the damned memory of the Neros and the Ivans, the Napoleons and the Grants, wakes the instincts of the brute, the madness of oppression, and the cowardly adoration of the slaves.

In this sense we commemorate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the 11th of November—in love and brotherhood of our noble dead, who on the very threshold of gallows and guillotine, in the very face of their executioners, voiced their last greeting to liberty.



## REMINISCENCES

BY WILLIAM HOLMES.

I AM in a reminiscent mood to-night. My thoughts carry me back a quarter of a century and more, to the strenuous years of our agitation immediately preceding and following the martyrdom of our comrades. I feel inclined to take the readers of MOTHER EARTH with me to that period of ardent, persistent activity, and to narrate a few of the many stirring incidents in which it was my privilege to take an active part. To the younger generation of radicals, at least, I am persuaded that a story of those days will prove interesting and perhaps instructive.

It was in June, 1883, that I joined the American Group of the International Working People's Association in Chicago, and was immediately elected secretary of the Group, Parsons, Fielden, Spies, and, I think Fischer, were already members, and all were taking an active part in public meetings and other propaganda work. Parsons I had known and greatly admired since early in 1881, while I was still a member of the S. L. P. Fielden



also I met about this time at the old Liberal League meetings, where he frequently electrified the audiences by his eloquent outbursts of revolutionary sentiment. Our respective families had become intimate, and the intimacy continued uninterrupted until the fateful 11th of November. Prior to joining the American Group, I had frequently met Spies, and of course became more intimately associated with him and Fischer at our weekly meetings at the hall and on the Lake Front. During the trial of our devoted comrades I was daily in attendance at the courtroom; and in the long months of their incarceration in Cook County Jail I visited them at least twice a week. When Parsons left the city on the memorable night of May 4th, it was to my house in Geneva that he came; and three days later, disguised as a tramp, he left my house on his journey to Waukesha, Wisconsin, where he found a safe refuge with Daniel Hoan, the pump man.

The day after Parsons left I was visited by the sheriff of Kane County—a really fine old gentleman whom I had previously met under very different circumstances—his deputy, an ignorant, burly brute of giant size and strength, and a keen, wiry, foxy-looking Pinkerton man. While I entertained the old sheriff in the kitchen by explaining my social-economic theories, the other two worthies proceeded to go through the house in the most approved manner of their profession. They were looking for Albert Parsons and insisted that he was hiding somewhere on the premises. How they expected to disclose a full-grown man under the piano lid or doubled up in sewing machine drawers has always passed my comprehension; but the ways of the sleuths of capitalism are wonderful and past finding out, so I said nothing and let them have their way. My old mother, who was living with me, was very pious, and regarded a lie as the most heinous sin, but in spite of this she was loyal to her son and to her son's cause. Never will I forget the vehemence with which she met the deputy's ferocity and threats. Dear soul, she knew nothing and could tell nothing except that Parsons had not been to our house. Again and again the trio left the house to confer in the front yard, and, despite the protests of the sheriff, as repeatedly returned to renew the search; the deputy vociferously insisting that he had seen Parsons enter



that morning with a straw hat on his head; that he had carefully watched and would swear that no man had since left the house. This positive statement of the burly deputy puzzled me at the time, as I was equally positive that no man had visited my place that day, though I said nothing except to urge them to still greater diligence in their search. It was not until after dinner, when I was narrating the circumstance to my sister who lived in the neighborhood, that the mystery was solved. She it was who had come to my house that morning with an old straw hat of mine on her head, which she left when returning home, and it was she whom the brave deputy had mistaken for Parsons. The joke on the deputy was so good that his chief soon heard of it and for a time his friends made life miserable for him.

Knowing as I did the absolute secrecy of Parsons' hiding-place, and believing that in time means would be forthcoming to remove him and his family to a more remote retreat, where under an assumed name he could live in security and peace, it will not be wondered that I received word of his voluntary surrender with the greatest amazement and sorrow. I immediately went to Chicago and to the County jail. The interview that followed was characteristic of the man. I asked if he realized what he had done; that he had already placed his neck in the noose and would never again walk the streets a free man. To my protestations and sorrowful reproaches, he replied simply: "Yes, I know and will meet the issue. I could not continue to live in security while my comrades, who are as innocent as I am, are imprisoned here to meet a terrible fate. I never expect to be free again. I fully realize what it means to give up liberty, home, wife and children for a prison and death." This was the man whom the great State of Illinois murdered in cold blood at the command of its millionaire masters.

I am growing old. I am in poor health and quite weary of life as it is to me. Of necessity I cannot last much longer. Before I go I wish to make a statement that will be a surprise to many of my old comrades. There are many who know of the strenuous exertions put forth at the last by well-meaning friends to save the lives of Parsons and Spies by imploring them to sue for clemency. Fischer they did not tamper with. He had



already proclaimed his defiance and willingness to die. He was glad to die for the cause he loved so dearly. In my last interview with him he joyously, exultingly told me this. Spies had already partly weakened; it was hard for a man like him to die. It was thought that he could be induced to petition the governor for clemency, although at the last he, too, became firm and strong. But it was upon Parsons that these misguided friends centered all their efforts. Rich and influential men had promised him his life if he would but bend the knee. They pleaded with him; they implored him to beg for his life. One whole night these friends sat up with him and sought to weaken him. One morning I received a message from Parsons to visit him at the jail. I went, wondering. He told me of the efforts that were being made to weaken him. Then, with his face close to mine, only the steel mesh between us, with those piercing black eyes searching my very soul, even as they had searched me on that memorable morning at my house in Geneva when he gave his life and liberty into my keeping, he asked me what he should do; what I would do under similar circumstances. It was a dreadful moment; a fearful responsibility rested upon me. I believed in my inmost soul that his acquiescence to the wishes of his friends would simply rob him of his glory of martyrdom. I believed then and I believe now that if he had weakened, the monsters of capitalism would have mercilessly and scornfully put him to death. They were not content to merely murder him; they sought also to disgrace him. This I told him and, with the sweat of agony upon my face, I said to him that I would not sue.

Many are the incidents that I could relate of our agitation; the weekly meetings upon the Lake Front, the frequent gatherings on Market Square called to celebrate the Fourth of July, Thanksgiving Day, Christmas, and other capitalistic holidays; the parades through the fashionable districts, often reaching into the thousands, each parade being one long line of red; and finally, the parade around the Chamber of Commerce. This occurred on the opening night of that great gambling institution, the Board of Trade, in its magnificent new building. Wealth, beauty and fashion were there. The feast and entertainment were royal. Invitation was extended to the ragged, the starving, the miserable sons



and daughters of toil to grace the occasion by forming a procession, marching around the great temple of Mammon, and showing their poverty rags to their rich brothers and sisters. Right heartily did they respond. We marched ten or twelve abreast, Oscar Neebe in the lead. On each side of him stalked a strong, heroic woman comrade, one carrying a red flag, the other a black, the latter typifying hunger and despair. One square distant, on each side of the great building, was drawn up a heavy cordon of police, who barred our way. Four times we approached the great building from different directions, each time confronted by the officers of the law. I surely thought something terrible would happen that night, as I knew that several of our comrades were armed and prepared to defend themselves to the death against any onslaught by the police. But no aggressive move was made, and the crowd dispersed peaceably, to gather later on in front of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* office where eloquent speeches were made by several comrades.

It has been authoritatively stated that no preparation was made in Chicago to avenge the judicial murder of our comrades, and a famous newspaper and magazine writer was sent by a leading capitalistic journal to investigate the rumor concerning this matter. He reported most positively that such rumors were false; that no plans existed, no preparations were made, and that no intention of reprisal was even contemplated. If I mistake not, there are men living to-day who could throw a different light upon this matter. Be that as it may, I know that certain comrades were summoned to the County jail by Fischer and others, and cautioned to stop any and all movements with revenge as their object. I had this from the lips of Fischer himself. He felt that such reprisals, accompanied as they surely would have been by terrible destruction and bloodshed, would have put the movement for liberty and solidarity backward many years. As he was to die in defense of those principles, he felt that he had a right to demand that they should not be jeopardized by foolish, though well-meaning, friends. In all probability the plutocrats of Chicago owe the preservation of their property to the very men whose lives they so mercilessly destroyed.



## A REVOLUTIONARY MILE-POST

**T**HE Eleventh of November, Eighteen Hundred Eighty-seven, is a mile-post on the road to freedom.

Like many another, its index was used as a gibbet on which to strangle men who could read the sign aright, and ever after the fates have glorified its gruesome arms so those who were blind can see.

Millions of plodders, weary, worn, weather-beaten, bow their heads in gratitude that crime cures crime, and that the crime preeminent of the century was as the northern star, which guides storm-tossed mariners to harbors of refuge.

The silence of the heroic grave speaks indeed louder than the human voice, and round the toiling world it reverberates as an alarm bell the call to reason and revolt.

True to human interests, it rings thou shalt not steal; thou shalt not enslave another; that really and in fact it shall be right for every soul to enjoy life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, without let or hindrance; that the opportunity to work and wear its crown shall in no wise be abridged; that whatever the human mind may think human symbols may convey to all who want to know; and that authority shall ever bow to the law of liberty.

The Eleventh of November marks a chapter in the story of the race.

No more shall authority stalk the land with iron heels and meet bowed necks on which to tread; no more shall usury's greedy hands reach into labor's purse and meet no proud, repellent protest; no more shall promises to pay after death be taken for meeds now due; no more shall piracy be palmed off on people as patriotism.

Man is becoming mightier than men made in the image of Mammon, and mine shall not be thine when I have the power to keep.

And knowledge is power indeed.

When people know each his own niche in the world's pantheon then will the crime of '87 have been atoned, and industry have come into its own.

JO LABADIE.



**AFTER TWENTY-FIVE YEARS**

BY HIPPOLYTE HAVEL.

**T**HE prophetic words of August Spies: "There will come a time when our silence will be more powerful than the voices you strangle to-day," find their fulfillment now, twenty-five years after the tragedy of Chicago. The intellectual seeds planted by our comrades and watered with their lifeblood have been absorbed by the proletariat of America. The red banner of the Social Revolution, struck down by the janizaries of the ruling class on November 11th, 1887, is floating to-day over the hills and valleys of the country. The young generation carries the unconquerable message of rebellion from town to town, from field to field, from coast to coast, calling upon the enslaved and oppressed to break their mental chains and fetters and to prepare for the final struggle with the powers of darkness and exploitation. The clarion of the social vanguard can be heard at San Diego, at Los Angeles, at Lawrence,—in the East and in the West, in the North and in the South of the Republic of Mammon. The battle is not waged by a handful of rebels as it was in Chicago twenty-five years ago; no, the whole country is aflame with the spirit of social unrest. The ideas for which our comrades Parsons, Spies, Lingg, Fischer, and Engel, died on the gallows in 1887—those very same ideas strike terror to the heart of the enemy of our time. And blind as were the rulers a quarter of a century ago, blind they are to-day. Still they hope to be able to garrotte those ideas by strangling the pioneers of the social movement. The stormy petrel screams over the heads of our financial pirates, and their helmsmen try to reach the haven of safety by steering their ship through a sea of blood and desolation.

In vain, in vain! The powerful voice from the grave of the martyrs urges the social rebels to greater and ever greater effort. The lesson they taught us is not forgotten; it went into our very souls and is part of our life—yea, is life itself.

\* \* \*

Many of the fighters have become disillusioned and disappointed. Their vision has been obscured by a num-



ber of defeats. The very intensity with which they fought for the Ideal brought about a sharp reaction. They await the Social Revolution and do not notice that they are living in its very midst. If only their vision could expand; if they could but look freely at the social horizon! They would behold an immense change since the fateful day of 1887. Only a few years ago in many countries we had to meet in secret to commemorate the Eleventh of November. To-day the speeches of our martyrs are read by the youth of China, Egypt, Japan, Persia—not to speak of Europe and America. Only a decade ago the Anarchist speaker or writer was the pariah of mankind; to-day thousands and thousands of earnest men and women listen to our message. Social life in every phase—literature, art, science and education—is transvalued through the irresistible force of Anarchy. Our direct tactics are not only being adopted by the fighting proletariat, but they are used in every sincere and passionate protest against inequality.

\* \* \*

Every time an Anarchist agitator is killed or imprisoned, every time an Anarchist paper succumbs to circumstance, the enemy cries: "Anarchy is dead!" What blindness, what folly! The idea of Anarchy is inherent in the soul of man. To destroy this idea would mean to destroy every aspiration for a higher life, every hope for freedom; it would mean to destroy life itself. Anarchy was from the beginning, is now, and will be forever. Our self-imposed duty is to make mankind conscious of it. In this work we find ourselves in company with the best and the greatest spirits of any time. Our Chicago martyrs knew for what they died; they went to death in a serene and joyful state of mind. Our pleasure it is to follow in their footsteps—not whining for our dead friends, but proud to be their companions in the struggle for emancipation.

*Many loved Truth and lavished life's best oil  
Amid the dust of books to find her,  
Content at last for guerdon of their toil  
With the cast mantle she has left behind her;  
Many in sad faith sought her,*



*Many with crossed hands sighed for her,  
But these, our brothers, fought for her,  
At life's dear peril wrought for her,  
So loved her that they died for her.*



## NOVEMBER MEMORIES

ONE Tuesday evening, about twenty-five years ago, I remained in the free library on South Clark Street, Chicago, until closing time, nine o'clock; I then walked west on Randolph Street on my way to my room, which was at Van Buren and Desplanes Street. When I reached that part of Randolph Street which is widened out to form what is called the Haymarket, I saw a crowd of people gathered around a wagon from which someone was speaking. As is my wont, I went to find out what the meeting was about. A spare dark man was speaking, and I recognized him as Albert Parsons from having heard him before on the lake front and in Knights of Labor meetings. He soon stopped talking, and a rough-looking, bearded man took his place. This was Samuel Fielden. He related how he had just left work, and indeed his clothes were soiled with the marks of his labor, which was that of hauling stone. He spoke with a rude eloquence directly in keeping with his appearance. He referred at some length to something Martin Foran, a Senator, had said about the uselessness of looking to legislation for redress for social and economic ills. He advocated what has since come to be called direct action. One of the things he said was this: "It is no use killing a capitalist; that would be but to kill a flea on a dog. What we want is to kill the dog itself, that is, capitalism."

He had talked in this strain for perhaps twenty minutes when the sky became clouded quite suddenly, and someone, I think Parsons, suggested that the meeting adjourn to Zeff's Hall, which could be seen from the wagon. Fielden said this was unnecessary, as he was about through. He started in to finish his speech when there was a movement of the crowd, which forced me back and up onto the pavement. From this position I could see over the heads of those in the street, and to my astonishment I saw a great company of police, with



their revolvers drawn, rushing into the crowd which parted to make way for them. The police came to a halt at the tail of the wagon. The captain commanded the meeting to disperse. Fielden leaned forward and said to the officer: "This is a peaceable meeting, and you have no right to interfere." Up to this time there had been no disorder of any kind. Now something occurred on the side of the street farthest from me, and the police captain called out, "Arrest that man," and instantly the police began firing into the people. I thought they were firing blank cartridges, as I have seen the soldiers do in English riots, but a man who stood near me was struck in the side by a policeman's bullet. I helped him to get down into the cellarway, so he might escape further injury, and then I tried to get into the saloon which was at the corner. The door was being forced also by those on the inside, and so I turned to go back past the wagon, because the firing seemed heaviest ahead. When I had just passed the wagon and reached the mouth of the little alley, something went quite high over my head which looked like a lighted cigar: in the semi-darkness only the lighted fuse showed. This was the bomb. It exploded in the midst of the police. I raised myself up as well as I could in the dense pack of the crowd, and looking past the wagon I saw a confused, writhing, squirming mass of policemen on the ground. Thinking that there were perhaps other bombs to follow, I made my way to Randolph Street again, walking east, past policemen who were firing from doorways at the fleeing citizens. I went by Canal Street to Van Buren, and then to my room. I put on my slippers, lighted a pipe, and walked along Desplanes Street, meeting the patrol wagons carrying quite other victims than those they had been harnessed up for hours for the purpose of carrying.

During the next few days many arrests were made, but after a time all were let go except eight. These were given what was called a trial before a prejudiced judge and a packed jury. It was not shown who threw the bomb, or that the accused men had any knowledge of it. They were tried for their opinions and the expression of them. They were convicted of Anarchism and seven of them were sentenced to be hanged. One was sentenced to life imprisonment, and later two of the



seven had their sentences commuted to imprisonment. Another killed himself or was killed in prison before the time set for the hanging, and finally on the 11th of November, 1887, four were hanged. On the following Sunday they were taken first through the streets of Chicago, followed by a great procession, and then by train to Waldheim, where they now rest. The long tramp through the crowded street, and the final ceremonies at the cemetery were impressive beyond description. Every one seemed to be in tears, and it was a day to be remembered with deep emotion by all who had part in it.

After twenty-five years, the things which stand out most distinctly in my mind in connection with this great historic affair are these: The great unrest of the city for some time before; the ferocious brutality of the police in dealing with it; that the police had committed many wanton murders before time; the surprising orderliness of the meeting; the fact that there was no sign of disorder until the arrival of the police and their uncalled-for interference; that the prearranged signal for the police to commence firing was the shouted order of Captain Ward, "Arrest that man"; that the police were shooting for at least three minutes, and perhaps more, before the bomb was thrown; and then, above all, the dramatic precision with which the bomb was thrown and the exact poetic justice it wrought.

And now, what of the cause for which they lived and worked and died? While it is true that some great, strong characters have come into the movement, and some of them are still with us, it is left to a few choice sturdy spirits to uphold in its purity and simplicity that ideal which is the desire of the world, and which is accepted finally alike by Anarchist and Socialist, by Single Taxer and Philistine. It would seem on first thought to offer discouragement and to be a reproach to the memory of our great dead. But if, as I see it, the people called Anarchists and the propaganda they carry on are the least part of Anarchism; also that it is quite other and more important than these things that it is not a plan or scheme for reforming society, but rather a spirit or principle at work everywhere and all the time, whether recognized or not; and that it is served by many



who would be shocked and offended if they were classed as Anarchists—then the outlook becomes more hopeful and encouraging. For, no matter where we look, we find evidences of the great revolution that is now going on. In science, in art, in literature, in industry, in criminology, and even in politics and religion. And the change is everywhere in an Anarchistic direction; that is, in the direction of less discipline, less restraint, and greater freedom and initiative for the individual. Take as an instance the education of children. The whole of society seems to have become aware of the overwhelming importance of the matter, and to have realized that the child has a meaning and importance of its own, quite apart from its fitness to serve as a slave in the capitalistic system. A bare list of the suggested plans and schemes proposed or being tried would discover some wonderful and beautiful things, but this characterizes them all: there is a greater recognition of the personality and individuality of the child itself; there is to be less discipline and a greater allowance for initiative and choice on its part. The old and worn-out forms and methods are being abandoned, and, in a word, education is being *Anarchized*. Science has always been Anarchistic out of sheer necessity. Art has always been more or less formal, but in many of the arts the modern tendencies are strongly liberal. Especially is this true of the drama. Not only have the form and content of the play become more natural and sane, but the interpretation has improved greatly during these later days. What is true of the drama is measurably true of most of the other arts. Towards the emancipation of woman immense strides have been made, although the emphasis is still on the least desirable and important things, as the suffrage. In criminology and penology there is almost unanimous consent that old methods of punishment have failed, and quite recently at a convention of experts, there was talk of "a penitentiary without walls." In the industrial organization of the workers the whole tendency of the new live unions is toward direct action, which is the literal application of Anarchist principles.

And so, though there may be much to cause sadness and discouragement in the past, there is much cause for hope in the future. We have the sure and certain



knowledge that our comrades had seen and known the truth, and that there is but one way for us, namely along the path they blazed and lighted by their courage, their clear vision, and their deep humanity.

GEO. BROWN.



## OUR DEAD

By DR. J. H. GREER.

**D**URING the winters of 1883-84 it was my pleasure to know in a general way three as noble men as ever lived, suffered and died for their fellow-men—Parsons, Fielden, Spies.

Thirty years have elapsed, but I see and hear them still. At that time the "American Secular Union" maintained the only free platform in Chicago.

Its meeting place was on the northeast corner of Halsted and Madison streets, three flights up. The hall would hold several hundred people. Its aim was "The nine demands of Liberalism."

It could not, however, consider anyone of them without verging on the ever present economic conditions, existing then as now.

At these meetings Parsons, Fielden, and Spies were nearly always present. No matter if the lecture was dull, the audience looked forward to the debate which always followed, to infuse life and vitality into what might be thought by some a dead issue.

At the conclusion of the ten-minutes' intermission following the lecture, Parsons was usually on his feet. With the acuteness of a trained intellect he would pick out the weak points of the lecturer's discourse. He was a forceful speaker, earnest and honest.

There was no subterfuge in his language. He did not mince his words. To him the suffering of the masses was a terrible reality.

People were hungry. Men enslaved. Church and State, established custom were responsible. They must be swept away. A new order, founded on justice, must be introduced.



Fielden was always very earnest. He had formerly been a preacher. He had helped to propagate error. He was now doing all he could to free the human mind. What he said on any subject was always to the point.

Spies looked the scholar that he was. He was usually sarcastic and often bitter in his criticisms of existing conditions.

Engel and Fischer I do not remember. All of these men were common soldiers in a great cause. I never heard them advocate violence.

They loved their fellow-men. Some day Chicago will build a monument to their memory.

The descendants of those men who compassed their deaths will try to make amends for the savagery and brutality of their ancestors.



## TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AFTER

By LIZZIE M. HOLMES.

**G**REAT years were those between 1880 and 1890. Affairs had reached a sort of crisis, and all society seemed to be in a transitional state. Capitalism had nearly outlived its time of usefulness, and its dangerous phases were beginning to develop. It was combining, organizing, employing more expensive machinery, and training men to more efficient service and more complete subordination. On the other hand labor was beginning to find its self. The working class was learning to know it was a class, distinctly marked off from the employing few, and that in spite of "America's free institutions" its interests were not identical with those of the wealth owners, and that its rights were in danger. Politics had failed to preserve those rights; trade unions had not kept pace with the capitalistic growth of greed for profits, and the one party standing for complete abolition of all robbery of labor, seemed utterly helpless.

Always, since the first warring tribes thought to save their prisoners from death to compel them to perform the necessary labor of their primitive existence, labor has been robbed and oppressed. The ways of doing



this have changed as civilizations changed; but the old, old tragedy of labor, with its exploitations and crucifixion has never ceased through all the ages. There have been revolts and mutinies on the part of the oppressed at different times, which were usually drenched in blood. Men have at various periods in the world's history, demanded some lightening of the load they bore, some modification of the conditions of their servitude, but if they have ever asked for complete freedom, it was always for an individual or a class. The demand for universal justice and liberty is comparatively modern. Jesus was the first to declare *all men* were brothers—the dreams of other philosophers always included a slave class. The dreams of other Utopias later on were always more or less vague.

The Socialist Labor party had outlined a clear, definite plan and had even prophesied the future from its analysis of economic forces. But the thinking, freedom-loving men and women of that day could see little hope of real liberty in its program. Then too, its success depended upon victory by the ballot, and politics at that time was particularly corrupt. Few in numbers, and too earnest and devoted to be capable of manipulating the dirty machinery of politics, their cause seemed hopeless. A new direction must be given to the cause, a new spirit breathed into it, new methods adopted. As it always happens in the course of human progress, when a great crisis presents itself, the right men for the time and occasion came to the front. Probably no great urge was ever better supplied than this. Men of brain, devoted, brave, cool, resourceful, were needed. Where could more fitting characters be found than those eight who bore the brunt of the oncoming battle for freedom?

August Spies, scholarly, brilliant and daring, possessed a power few men in any age have wielded. Men came and went at his bidding, thought new thoughts or unlearned old ones under his influence; women worshipped him and commenced *to think* because he expected it of them.

Parsons possessed all the elements of a born leader of men. He was at once shrewd, keen, alert, intelligent, quick to grasp a situation and deal with it, and equally



quick to answer an argument. He was a genuine orator and even one of his opponents suggested his name as one fitted to fill the place left vacant by Wendell Phillips.

Fielden was a man of the people. He had lived, worked and suffered with them; he understood them and his quick, warm sympathies went out to every human being that ever clanked a chain. His sturdy eloquence, rising from a warmly beating heart rather than from a cultured brain, reached the masses and stirred and welded them together, as few men could. I remember so well the immense crowds of hard-handed, collarless workingmen who used to shout or groan or grit their teeth or laugh or weep under the wonderful spell of his eloquence. Fielden was the workingman's orator, the workingman's friend. I use the past tense because I am speaking of the man as he was in those days; he still lives, quieter, but still earnest and interested.

Fischer was a thinker and a worker rather than an orator. One seldom heard him speak, but if there was anything to be done Fischer was there to do it. He kept himself and his little family nearly destitute because he gave the greater part of his wages to the cause. He considered nothing on earth of any consequence compared to the advancement of the Social Revolution. He did not think life worth living as things existed, and cared only for that future time when all should have justice and equal opportunity. He said to me one day, when I visited the prisoners, "You people are not doing anything. You seem to have stopped working entirely because we fellows are in jail."

"We do not wish to hurt your cases or compromise you in any way," I replied.

"Bah!" he exclaimed impatiently, "are you going to cease all work because the capitalists have got a few of us behind the bars? Then you'll never do anything again for they will have some of us here right along from now on. I tell you the battle is on right now."

Engel was slow, sturdy, phlegmatic but steadfast and reliable as a rock. More than usually embittered because of the sufferings of his fellowmen in his own country, he yet loved humanity and willingly gave his life for their cause.



Schwab was eminently a scholar and a thinker. I was not as well acquainted with him personally as with the others. He was a fine writer and speaker, it was said, and the Germans loved him.

Lingg, the victim of secret conniving on the part of the enemies of the movement, would have made himself felt had he lived. He utterly defied the law, the institutions, the system which ground humanity down, and hounded him, an innocent man, to his death, because he worshipped liberty. The saddest of all the tragedies of that tragic time was the cutting off of that bright young life.

Neebe was an organizer pure and simple. An adept at collecting men together and lining them up into workable bodies, he was an able ally for the educators, and as innocent of wrong as the others.

All of these men were more than usually devoted, brave, self sacrificing. I know of no such group in all history. Death, imprisonment, poverty, persecution daunted them not—to them, the cause was above all things. As they lived, they died and in the memory of all lovers of liberty their wonderful last moments will last forever.

Naturally, such a group of men would wield a most powerful influence on the political, industrial and social situation at that critical time. Capitalism was feeling its power. Dazzled by the prospect of an unhindered regime of profit gathering, fairly startled with the might of their ability to control the destinies of the workers, the capitalists were forgetting all human considerations and oppressing and driving their employees to desperation. It had been fairly demonstrated at that time that the worker could hope for nothing in the ballot. Politics was so corrupt that it contaminated every one that touched it. Revolution, peaceable or violent, as those in power would have it, seemed the only resource for suffering millions. Our marvellous group of men were reaching the people as they never had been reached before. The capitalists began to fear for their power even with a subsidized press and paid teachers and writers. The ruling classes became in a measure panic-stricken. Something had to be done to silence those men!



The thought was born, the scheme was laid, the merciless work at last accomplished. Four as brave and true men as ever lived were imprisoned, put through the farce of a trial, condemned and then legally murdered. One was done to death in the loneliness and mystery of his cell, three were consigned to dreary prison walls, where they could be kept from teaching the people. We all know how a true-hearted governor, seven years afterward, braved political martyrdom and released them. One of those prisoners lives to-day to speak for himself. They were the men for the time. They did their work nobly, and then gave their lives as the last effectual work they could perform for humanity. Their lives, their work, and their martyrdom left marks that will never be erased, on all civilization. Capitalism drew in its iron hand and planned more carefully. They continued to rob as effectually as ever, but more plausibly. And the great movement, the movement for the emancipation of the human race that is ever the same movement, with the same object in view in all the ages, took on a new phase, struck deeper and assumed a greater significance. The old Socialist Labor party had been too rigid and machine-like for the times and needed leavening up with the broader ideas of liberty and tolerance of the teachings of our martyrs. The ordinary thoughts of the people were changed unconsciously to themselves, and the old ways and old conventionalities became less sacred.

Meantime, those teachings themselves needed study, analysis, modification. A more scientific presentation of their protest and revolt has been evolved from the whirlwind of thought following those tragic times. The situation is different to-day; the whole thinking world is thrilling at the call of the oppressed; there is a fair chance that the wishes of the workers may be expressed at the ballot box. And now, the work at hand is to teach the people this fact, teach them what they really want and how to demand it. The current of the great, world-wide movement for freedom is sweeping this way, and many of us believe it better to go with the current and work with it, rather than to struggle against it or lodge in an eddy just outside. The current may not bring us immediately to all we desire for humanity, but we remember this, that the current will always move on and



humanity will always be progressing. So, though we may now be working in different lines from those of a quarter of a century ago, we are no less earnest, no less devoted, and we will cherish in our hearts with love and honor the names of our hero martyrs who bravely did the work of their day and place, nor faltered not to the finish.

Parsons, Spies, Fischer, Engel, Lingg, Fielden, Schwab, Neebe! May your memory grow dearer as the skies grow lighter for the coming day of liberty, equality, fraternity the world over!



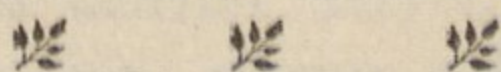
### TO OUR CHICAGO FRIENDS

Wednesday, December 11th, 8 P. M., a Peter Kropotkin Seventieth Birthday Celebration will take place at the West Side Auditorium. Among the speakers will be EMMA GOLDMAN and ALEXANDER BERKMAN.

Thursday, December 12th, 8 P. M., EMMA GOLDMAN will lecture at the West Side Auditorium Annex. Subject: SYNDICALISM IN THEORY AND PRACTICE.

Monday, December 16th, 8 P. M., ALEXANDER BERKMAN will lecture at the West Side Auditorium Annex. Subject: LIFE IN PRISON.

All friends who wish to learn more about our visit to Chicago should communicate with Dr. R. M. Yampolsky, 801 South Ashland Boulevard.



### EMMA GOLDMAN IN PITTSBURGH

The Resurrection of ALEXANDER BERKMAN will be celebrated Thanksgiving Day, November 28th, 3 P. M., at Iron City College Hall, Sixth Street and Penn Avenue, on which occasion EMMA GOLDMAN will discuss the just published work of ALEXANDER BERKMAN—"Prison Memoirs of An Anarchist"—treating of his fourteen years' imprisonment in the Western Penitentiary.

Thanksgiving Day, November 28th, 8 P. M., EMMA GOLDMAN will lecture at Iron City College Hall, Sixth Street and Penn Avenue. Subject: SYNDICALISM—THE HOPE OF THE WORKER.

Meetings are also being arranged in McKees Rocks, New Castle, and New Kensington.



## VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE'S WORKS

**A**S THERE seems to be some misunderstanding concerning our purpose, we are obliged to call the attention of all those who are interested in the publication of Voltairine de Cleyre's writings to these facts: The editing committee for the works consists of Leonard D. Abbott, S. Yanovsky, and Hippolyte Havel. This committee will read and consider all existing material, either in print or in manuscript. Whether the works will be published in one or two volumes will depend on the amount of material, written or printed. As it is our desire to give a comprehensive view of the literary and propagandistic activity of our late comrade, it is our intention to publish the best of her poems, stories, speeches, and propagandistic essays. A short biographical sketch, written by a member of the committee, will introduce the work.

The committee for publishing the Works of Voltairine de Cleyre has no private interest in the undertaking. It is a work of love on our part. Anyone having manuscripts or letters of general interest written by Voltairine will oblige the committee by forwarding them to Hippolyte Havel, 145 Waverly Place, New York. The originals will be returned to the sender.

The funds collected are to remain in the hands of our treasurers, S. Yanovsky and Harry Kelly. Those persons who contribute to the funds are entitled to one or to several copies of the work, according to the amount they subscribe. So far, only a small amount of money has been collected. Are you interested in this undertaking? If so, support us either by subscription or by contribution. All money should be sent to Harry Kelly, care of MOTHER EARTH, 55 West 28th Street, New York; or to S. Yanovsky, 30 Canal Street, New York.

(Signed) LEONARD D. ABBOTT,  
HARRY KELLY,  
S. YANOVSKY,  
HIPPOLYTE HAVEL,  
MARGARET PERLE MCLEOD,  
JOSEPH KUCERA.



## THE SYNDICALIST EDUCATIONAL LEAGUE

A NUMBER of active revolutionists, realizing the necessity for a league to spread the idea of Syndicalism in the United States, sent out a call for a meeting to discuss the question. In response to the call about sixty friends and sympathizers assembled at the Ferrer Center, New York City, on the evening of October 4th, and after a discussion lasting several hours it was decided to form such an association.

On October 11th the second meeting was held and the League formally launched. The Syndicalist League is to be purely educational in character, placing itself, however, at the disposal of workingmen who request information and assistance in organizing unions in those industries which at present are unorganized. The basis of membership is adherence to the subjoined "Aims and Purposes." It was decided that monthly dues of twenty-five cents should be paid, with no initiation fee, and that a secretary and treasurer, both without salary, were sufficient to transact the business of the League. A campaign of education is under way, and a large mass meeting will be held on November 14th, at Lenox Casino, at which a number of prominent speakers will explain the aims and purposes of the League. Subsequently a series of meetings will be held in different parts of the city and speakers will visit labor organizations for the same purpose.

### AIMS AND PURPOSES.

The Syndicalist League is an organization of active propagandists formed for the purpose of spreading the idea of Syndicalism, Direct Action, and the General Strike among the organized and unorganized workers of America.

Syndicalism aims to abolish wage slavery and to substitute in its place a new economic system based on the free cooperation of the productive syndicates. The purpose of the Syndicalist League is therefore to educate the proletariat, organized and unorganized, to the necessity of effective, revolutionary action in the conduct of labor's struggle against capitalism, as well as to prepare the workers for their mission of taking charge of production and distribution in the future society. The Syn-



dicalist League is not a new rival to the existing labor organizations; it is not formed with the purpose of splitting these organizations or of antagonizing organized labor. But as we realize that all indirect political activity serves only to mislead and dupe the workers, robs them of their initiative and weakens their power of resistance, and as furthermore all economic compromises with capital are based on the fundamental fallacy of the identity of interests between master and slave, and are detrimental to the cause of labor, therefore we will fight with all our energy against indirect political tactics and all other reactionary and corrupting tendencies in the labor movement which are so harmful to the solidarity of the workers.

The Syndicalist League represents the modern revolutionary labor movement in its aim of expropriating the possessing class and of establishing a free economic society based on voluntary cooperation and the principle: To each according to his needs, from each according to his ability.

Applications for membership and letters of information should be addressed to the Secretary, 63 East 107th Street, New York City.

HIPPOLYTE HAVEL, *Secretary*,  
HARRY KELLY, *Treasurer*.



**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.

**ANARCHY**—Absence of government; disbelief in, and disregard of, invasion and authority based on coercion and force; a condition of society regulated by voluntary agreement instead of government.





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