

MOTHER EARTH

Vol. VIII.

JUNE, 1913

No. 4

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EMMA GOLDMAN PUBLISHER

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Voltairine de Cleyre

and to further the movement to publish her works
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MOTHER EARTH PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION

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BLUSTERING POLITICIANS

AMONG the encouraging signs of the time the most important is that legislatures, with their statutes and laws, are continually falling into greater contempt with the people. The sentiment is steadily growing in larger circles that the legal machinery is perfectly useless for the necessary social and economic improvement of the masses. The struggle of the toilers for better conditions takes place outside the halls of legislation. Wherever the workers have gained comparatively better living conditions, they did so not because of any laws or politicians, but exclusively as a result of their own efforts, courage, and solidarity.

This experience impresses itself daily with greater force upon the observation of the thinking proletarian. Step by step he is led to the conclusion that the final emancipation of labor can never come through any political Providence, but that on the contrary it must be the work of his own initiative and determination.

He learns still more. He grows to understand that government and legislation are not only useless for the proletarian, but that they are positively harmful, the conscious enemies of labor, against whose emancipation they systematically rear new obstacles. Their purpose is to work for the greater development and glory of capitalism. They divide the spoils among its sycophants, and cover every injustice and brutality with the cloak of legal authority.

It is of utmost importance that the workers thoroughly realize all this. For only clarity of understanding can

save them from again and again becoming the prey of politicians, which signifies the crippling and paralysis of the labor movement.

In the House of Commons Oliver Cromwell once said: "There is one general grievance, and that is the law." A splendid motto for the revolutionary workers of to-day.

It is easy to understand why politicians of all parties look askance at the enlightenment of the masses in this direction. They feel themselves in danger of becoming superfluous; their inflated dignity and blustering importance is going to the devil. The more intelligent among them may occasionally even catch a glimpse of the day when the doors of the law factories will be closed, and the people will regulate their own affairs through free co-operative associations.

'Tis no promising outlook for the politicians, and they must therefore seek new ways and means to justify their existence.

One of these means, to which Social Democratic politicians resort to in particular, consists in playing the tail end on the occasion of the larger strikes. From that safe background they make a great noise, in order to impress the people with their importance as the "leaders of the vanguard" of the movement. The smallest factory boy knows that strikes can be fought and won only by the workers, but these superfluous politicians put on a very wise look, as though they were about to perform a great miracle for the strike, and then solemnly shout—legislative investigation!

That's just their line. Conferences with professional politicians, bureaucrats and would-be statesmen, exchange of conventional phrases, committee sessions, great waste of good paper and—much ado about nothing. The main thing is that the newspapers should herald the tireless activity of the Messrs. politicians. They are off—they have departed for the strike regions—Lawrence, Paterson, West Virginia. Ah, how they sacrifice themselves for the people, at the same time keeping a sharp eye for a chance to increase their own political prestige among the ignorant.

It is not surprising that investigating the conditions in strike districts becomes ever more popular with poli-

ticians of all shades. Investigations are well calculated to cover up the rottenness of our social conditions. The people indeed feel that something is wrong; they notice the fearful stench coming from somewhere. But the politicians are immediately at hand to perfume the obnoxious spot with the investigation disinfectant. And the good citizen thanks them, "Ah, after all, something is being done to purify the air." To be sure, something is being done: the good people are being hoodwinked by the politicians. If anything of vital importance is to be emasculated of its significance, all that is necessary is to order a legislative investigation, and the matter will quickly be demagogically distorted beyond all recognition. Investigations are the cheapest trick of the masters to get around the pressing social and economic problems.

In the West Virginia strike region the miners have acted with much determination and solidaric energy. They have demonstrated that they will not be slaves; that they are ready to stake their very life-blood for their rights, and that they know how to make use of weapons in defence against the savage attacks of the hired assassins and traitors. This brave attitude has put fear in the hearts of the exploiters, who sought safety behind the bayonets of the soldiers. With direct action and sabotage the workers have impressed upon the bosses that the régime of industrial absolutism cannot be maintained much longer. That is the significance and the true victory of such heroically conducted strikes, whatever their immediate results. They herald the awakening of the lion.

But the investigations so loudly clamored for by the Social Democratic and other politicians can only have the effect of pacifying and weakening labor. These proceedings and their reports can tell nothing new to the proletarian, even if the investigations be honest and sincere, which is rarely the case. On the other hand, their tendency is to arouse vain hopes and false conceptions of the character of the governmental machinery. And that is highly injurious to the growth of the revolutionary spirit, in which alone there is guarantee that the people themselves will conquer industrial and social justice.

The workers, grown to maturity, will energetically

call "Hands off" to the politicians, wherever these may seek to fish for votes in the troubled waters of strikes and other labor struggles. Politicians are to be measured with the same yardstick as priests,—augurs all, who for thousands of years have been betraying the trust of the people and exploiting them to further their own personal interests and ambitions.



OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

WE HAD just written the article on "Blustering Politicians," when we learned from the *Pittsburgh Justice*—a Socialist publication—about the exposure of the Committee sent by the National Executive of the Socialist Party to investigate conditions in the West Virginia strike region. The Committee consisted of Debs, Berger, and Germer, and Fred. H. Merrick, the Socialist editor imprisoned by Governor Hatfield because he championed the cause of the miners, relates as an eye-witness what the great lights of the party accomplished in the strike district. The details he gives in *Justice* fit remarkably well with the conclusions of the article mentioned above.

At first bombastically declining to see or have anything to do with Governor Hatfield, the Socialist investigators presently came in contact with his lackeys, found "human interest," and ended by publicly justifying and defending the barbarous methods employed by Governor Hatfield to subdue the striking miners. Needless to say, the capitalist papers were jubilant over this changed front on the part of the Socialist Committee, and they lost no time in exploiting it in favor of the mine owners.

In his article in *Justice*, Merrick thus quotes the Socialist ex-Congressman:

"Mr. Berger said yesterday in talking of his visit to the executive that he found Governor Hatfield to be a whole-souled man with a determination to do the right thing. 'A fine manly man,' he said. 'I have an entirely different impression to the one I previously had of West Virginia's executive and his attitude to the working-man.'"

And the great revolutionist Debs submissively voices this class-conscious, proletarian sentiment:

"We wish to say that we believe Governor Hatfield treated the men fair and square. We are satisfied he has been held responsible for some of those complications for which he was not responsible. Governor Hatfield proposes that the law shall be enforced and that workingmen shall be fully protected in their lawful rights, which has not been the case in the past. We are entirely satisfied with the Governor's treatment of us and with the results of the interview. We look forward to a complete settlement of the entire labor troubles."

Debs, the man with "the big heart!" How happy he is that the good Governor proposes to enforce the law! He seems to intimate that the declaration of martial law, the driving of the miners out of their homes, the suppression of the labor papers, and the imprisonment of their editors were all "fair and square" treatment, to "protect the miners in their lawful rights."

Merrick calls upon the Socialists at large immediately to take steps to rebuke this lackadaisical, treacherous rôle of Debs, Berger & Co. But we fear he calls in vain. The virus of Bergerism has poisoned the very fountain-head of American Socialism.

* * *

THE silk workers of Paterson continue their wonderful struggle with undiminished courage and perseverance. They are now out fifteen weeks on strike. Fifteen weeks! What heroism, solidarity, and determination is contained in those words. Daily to see the wolf at one's door, to hear the importunities of all the little blood-suckers, from the landlord down, to suffer misery and hardship without complaint—and still retain one's courage and remain true to the cause—this requires greater heroism than even going to prison.

These strikers surely deserve the heartiest sympathy and co-operation of every justice-loving man and woman. The workers of the whole country should hasten to their aid, for the strike of the Paterson silk workers is no mere local matter. It is one of the great battles of labor's advance guard, signifying the approaching dawn of the Social Revolution.

This is felt by the authorities of Paterson. They have resorted to every means to stifle the voice of discontent. They have persistently subjected the strikers to every

imaginable indignity, tortures and persecution. Free speech and press is entirely suppressed. Every official scoundrel may with impunity trample upon the rights of the workers. Beneath the dust of rotting volumes the courts have unearthed an old English law of the 17th century, dealing with unlawful assemblage and promulgated centuries ago "in the name of His Majesty the King." On the basis of that decayed document, strikers without number have been charged with the crime of assembly, dragged to court and found guilty by subservient juries. Thirty-eight workers—men and women—have with one stroke of the judge's pen been sacrificed to these hieroglyphics on the altar of social injustice. Yet another discovery have the Paterson courts made, by means of which papers may be suppressed at will and their editors thrown into jail if they dare criticize even a police official. It is an idiotic, draconian law, perpetrated during the frenzy that followed upon the death of McKinley.

These are the weapons with which a free republic tears to tatters the rights of the poor, of the workers. Nothing is too despotic, no means too feudal to make the manufacturers secure in their usury and profit.

But the toiler is awakening.

* * *

THE pageant produced by the Paterson strikers in Madison Square Garden proved highly successful, the enthusiasm of the sympathetic audience giving the keynote to the performance.

The dramatic representation has afforded to New York an opportunity to learn the fundamental features of the great strike of the silk workers. It has conveyed to them in a realistic manner, by the unique method of mass action, a picture of the oppression and exploitation of the toilers and their desperate struggle for a better day.

So far as the world outside of labor is concerned, the silk workers' pageant was of educational value. It is doubtful, however, whether the performance, good as it was, has essentially aided the toilers themselves to a larger vision. As an object lesson it was unfortunately too locally photographic, too lacking in the revolutionary spirit of active resistance to tyranny, which is the living breath of the struggle of the international proletariat for emancipation.

ON MAY 21 there died at Sannois, France, the daughter of the martyred Francisco Ferrer, Paz Ferrer. Her death was deliberately hastened by the brutality of the French authorities.

Paz Ferrer was ill with consumption at Fontainebleau, when the murderer of her father, the King of Spain, visited Paris. The police of the Republic, turning bloodhounds for the King, began a hunt for Anarchists and other libertarians who have no use for crowned murderers. The presence of Ferrer's daughter so near Paris was, in the estimation of the authorities, a disturbing reminder to the King. Though very ill, she was ordered to be deported to Sannois, where she soon died as a result of the shock and exposure.

A contemptible love-service of the Republic to the Monarchy of Montjuich.

* * *

A NEW revolution seems to be brewing in China. That country is now a republic; it enjoys a constitution, popular suffrage, and a parliament—in short, it is politically modernized in the Western sense. The Nationalist party, consisting mostly of Socialists, even constitutes a majority in parliament. But China is on the road of repeating the experience of Europe and America. Constitution and parliament are proving themselves a cheap masquerade, by means of which the presidential régime of Yuan-Shi-Kai can resort to the same despotic and oppressive measures, and exploit the people even more successfully than did the Manchus before them. It is tragic for the great peoples of the Far East that they must copy the political liberty humbug of the "leading" nations. It is a fatal error they will have to expiate with much blood and tears.

* * *

ON THE pretext of aiding civilization and Christianity to victory over Turkish barbarity, the armies of the Christian Balkan States have been massacring whole villages. The extermination of the "godless" is surely a good work that the Christian Lord looks with favor upon, but the true reason for all the butchery of the Moslems is the lust for land. Dead villagers need no soil, and the spoils belong to the victors.

With what frenzy the wholesale Christian slaughter has been carried on is described by Dr. Dillon, in the *London Contemporary*.

“Moslems have had to choose between the alternatives of life as renegades, or death as faithful sons of Mohammed. Everyone is afraid to come forward to tell what he knows. From time to time, however, the general public has had rapid glimpses of sickening deeds of butchery and cruelty which make one wish they were perpetrated by a race different from man; here hundreds of unarmed people, huddled together, were shot down and put to painful deaths, there women were dishonored and slain; scores of villages have been razed to the ground.”

At the same time the correspondent of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* tells of the murder of 300 Albanians, shot down without the least formality of even a military trial or hearing, and of ten thousand non-combatants—men, women, and children—massacred in cold blood, and a hundred villages given over to pillage and fire. In explanation of this Christian brutality, the correspondent remarks:

“What Servia wanted was not new subjects, but new land, and what could be more welcome to her than ownerless land? Thus, from the very start, it was resolved to render Albanian territory so far as it could be conquered, ownerless, and from these two motives emanated the order, issued in all secrecy: “The Albanians are to be extirpated.”

Meanwhile the peace banqueters, under the leadership of Andrew Carnegie and other war speculators, drink a toast to the heads of the governments, the very men that have unchained the dogs of war and filled them with the fury of man-killing.

* * *

THE bold methods of attack employed by the English suffragettes demonstrate how hollow is the power of the strongest government when even a small minority refuses it respect and obedience. The English government, for all its reputation for shrewd diplomacy, has been losing every move, beaten in every fight with the suffragettes. It is continuously retreating, driven from corner to corner by the female direct actionists. The

imprisoned suffragettes are a greater power behind lock and key than the whole Ministry of Great Britain. The hunger strike is stronger than the government, not only in the case of Mrs. Pankhurst—who has already twice forced the authorities to release her whenever she wants to leave the prison—but also in a score of other cases.

They are women that have won victory upon victory by sabotage and a little dose of terror. May the men find courage in the example.

* * *

IT IS a year since the death of our beloved friend and Comrade, Voltairine de Cleyre. She was one of the most talented and devoted workers in the Anarchist movement, who for almost twenty-five years championed with pen and voice the cause of the oppressed.

No more fitting tribute to her memory could be paid by her surviving friends and comrades than by the publication of her works. On this occasion we want to remind our readers that there is a movement on foot to collect her best writings—poetry, sketches, essays—most of them still in manuscript, to be issued in book form.

We hope that our friends throughout the country will join us in making the project a reality. Various groups have already taken steps to further the plan. The Comrades of San Francisco held a social, during Emma Goldman's visit, on which occasion a sum of money was raised for the Publication Fund. Los Angeles also will hold a memorial meeting on the 21st of the month, the proceeds to be devoted to the same purpose. Other cities, among them Chicago and New York (see announcements) have taken similar action to honor the memory of our departed Comrade in a way most befitting the spirit of her life.

We urge upon all our friends to aid in the very necessary and important effort of publishing the works of Voltairine de Cleyre.

It will interest our readers to learn in this connection that "The Hurricane," perhaps the most significant and stirring poem by Voltairine de Cleyre, has been set to music by the talented American composer, George Edwards, the intrepid young man who, by the way, had the courage to offer to Emma Goldman, for lecture purposes, the Musical Institute of San Diego, of which

he was director, during last year's visit of Comrades Reitman and Goldman to that vigilante town.

Mr. Edwards has generously presented us with copies of the "Hurricane" music, the proceeds of the sale to be devoted to the Voltairine de Cleyre Publication Fund.



THE UPS AND DOWNS IN THE LIFE OF AN ANARCHIST AGITATOR

THE ups and downs in the life of an Anarchist propagandist are indeed remarkable. Till the writing of my last recital of woe it seemed as if we were doomed to meet nothing but dulness and inertia to the end of our tour. But no sooner had I posted my MSS. to MOTHER EARTH, when a change took place, as sudden and unexpected as the indifference we met since we left New York.

Due to the conspiracy of silence on the part of the press, including the *Denver Post*—which was so anxious and eager last year to have me contribute to its columns—our first week in Denver was a frost of the most disheartening character. But the moment I opened my drama course, the interest spread like a fire, increasing every day, until the closing meetings brought larger and more representative audiences than we have ever had in Denver. This remarkable and sudden change is the more difficult to explain, considering that I had already given the same drama course twice in that city, early in April, 1912, and in July of the same year.

I cannot account for this happening, except by the tireless energy and persistent personal canvass carried on by our devoted friends, Ellen E. Kennan, Gertrude Nafe and Edith Chase, teachers in the Denver High School, and Ida Kruse McFarlane, teacher of literature in the Denver University, Mrs. Grace Kassler and her sister, Mrs. Stahl, who worked among their group of friends. I know of no other group of teachers in this country, who have demonstrated the possibility of individual effort in the rut of American education, as have these four women in the City of Denver.

It may be contended that the Board of Education in Denver consists of more liberal minds than in other cities, but that is not the case. As a matter of fact, it was

in this city that a very able and earnest teacher of sex hygiene was hounded from her position, because she was "too radical." It was also in this city, during my stay, that the principal of the High School, wherein our friends teach, delivered himself of an eulogy over the "goodness and greatness" of Pierpont Morgan. On that very day several brave teachers addressed their classes on the same subject, turning on the light on the real Pierpont Morgan. One of them asked her class if any pupil could think of a single human act Morgan had done. A little girl replied, "I know. He died!!" Tableau.

Yes, indeed, it is individual effort, always, which paves the way and accomplishes the seemingly impossible.

The usual excuse given by so-called liberals and radicals, "If not for my bread and butter, my job, etc., I would speak out," is only a cloak for cowardice. If these pseudo-idealists were half as devoted to their cause as our friends in Denver, they would speak up and, what is more, they would keep their jobs. And that because every one respects courage and consistency, and despises those who deny their ideal. No doubt there is a storm brewing for our brave Denver women, but as one of them said, "What of it! We will fight to the end and we are sure to win, because we have the children on our side." What other backing can compare with the devotion and love of the children, and how many teachers can boast of that?

No wonder these women succeeded in interesting so many people in my work. It's their earnestness and devotion that helped to turn what at first seemed a bitter disappointment into a most encouraging and satisfying result. So much so, that we have promised to come back to Denver for several weeks, now that the ice has been melted by the glow of fellowship and solidarity.

California has ever been the land of the golden promise. But this time it was Los Angeles and not San Francisco which proved a red letter day. Not only because of the numbers attending our meetings, but chiefly because of the spirit, the wonderful spirit.

One can no more fathom the changes in the psychology of cities, than in that of individuals. It would therefore

be a futile attempt to explain or find a cause for the change in spirit between Los Angeles and San Francisco.

It has been suggested as an explanation that for a number of years a steady educational campaign has been carried on in Los Angeles. No doubt, that has helped to some extent to fertilize the soil. But there are greater forces at play. Perchance the shades of the boys in San Quentin are beginning to loom up out of the darkness of prejudice, bitterness, and misunderstanding.

Action speaks louder than words, always. A great deal was expected from the labor men who were on trial in Indianapolis; but they made a pitiable failure of the greatest opportunity in the history of American labor. It is that which has broken the spirit in San Francisco. Again it has been demonstrated that the masses, though themselves not blessed with an abundance of courage, yet instinctively hate cowardice in their leaders. When, oh when, will the workers realize that leaders are but the reflex of their flock!

But enough of philosophy in the face of facts. The Los Angeles spirit has acted like a tonic upon my soul, which on this journey has hungered for it more than ever before.

The number 13 is supposed to be "unlucky," but it proved a talisman in Los Angeles. We had 13 lectures packed to the limit of the hall's capacity, and still our friends are not appeased. Like *Oliver Twist*, they ask for more. Therefore we are returning to Los Angeles, after we have finished our engagement in San Francisco.

Our stay in Los Angeles was broken by one incident, San Diego. How our friends fought against our going, in turn begging, pleading and scolding, because we insisted on going. At one large meeting the audience unanimously voted their appeal for us not to go. Of course, it was their fears for our safety that made them so insistent, and though their devotion meant more to us than words can possibly express, we had to go to San Diego.

As Ben Reitman has reported the event in that benighted town, I shall not go into details, save making a few remarks.

I naturally wanted to return to San Diego, but I admit it frankly that the experience of last year, while not

forgotten, was not the ever present reminder with me that it was with Reitman. When he says that San Diego was in his blood, that it was with him always, he is but mildly expressing the hold that terrible night of May 14th, 1912, had on him. But it could not mean the same to me, since my experience was only of an indirect nature,—the horror of uncertainty while pacing the floor at the Grant Hotel. Therefore my return to that town was only partly due to the desire to be heard; much more so to my determination to be with Reitman, whatever may happen, faithful to the old German slogan, "Zusammen gefangen, zusammen gehangen."

But now the tables are turned. Reitman says, "I am through with San Diego." And I tell you, I have only now begun with San Diego!

How explain this change in our psychology? I have but one explanation, which I wrote to a friend. It is this: When Ellida Wangel, in "The Lady from the Sea," was asked by her husband what held her to the "Stranger," she said: "He is terrible, but fascinating." That strange, blood-thirsty mob, surrounding the jail, was terrible, but fascinating. The horrible cry, "We want Reitman! We have the rope. We will get Reitman if we have to break into the jail. We want Reitman!" was terrible, but fascinating. It still rings in my ears in all its horror, in all its wild savagery. And it will continue to ring in my ears, until I have again faced that mob, terrible and fascinating.

The mob did not call for E. G., nor did it clamor for our brave Comrade Gerke, who had preceded us to San Diego to arrange the meeting, and who was arrested when he came to the station to meet us in the early morning hours of May 20th. It was Reitman they wanted. They could not forgive him his impudent return after the treatment of May 14th. This time it was to be a complete job, the kind of a job which alone would appease wild beasts.

The solicitous "chivalry" of the police, the bravado of Chief Wilson, his loud assurance that he would "protect Reitman with his own body," were all so clumsy, so contemptibly cheap, they do not merit any comment. As Reitman has explained, it was all staged in advance, and we were used as the supers.

There was one person genuinely interested, and that was the police matron, a beautiful plant in poisonous soil. She is still a novice, and that accounts for her humanity not only to me, but to the other prisoners at the time in the jail—nine girls who are the victims of the new “moral wave.” The matron touched me deeply with her consideration and kindness towards the girls—a sentiment so rare within prison walls. She felt unhappy because she could do nothing for me. She brought me a red carnation, little dreaming how much she had really done for me.

After San Diego we returned to our friends in Los Angeles, and though they had opposed our visit to the benighted town, they met us without a word of reproach. Indeed, Charles Sprading, who was most strenuous against our going, Ada Sprading, Rudi Wirth, our “big fellow” Elmer, and numerous other friends showed us increased devotion and tenderness. But the roar of San Diego rings in my ears, terrible and fascinating, and will draw me on to the end of my days to San Diego, until I shall have been heard.

EMMA GOLDMAN.

From June 15th to July 3rd we will again be in Los Angeles. Address, c. o. Mammoth Hall, 517 S. Broadway. From July 6—16th, Portland, after that Seattle for two weeks. Both places, General Delivery.



AMONG THE ENEMIES

By FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE.

There the gallows, rope and hooks;
 And the hangman's beard is red;
 People round and poisoned looks,
 Nothing new and nothing dread!

Know it well, from fifty sources,
 Laughing in your face I cry:
 Would you hang me? Save your forces!
 Why kill me who cannot die!

Beggars ye! who hate the tougher
 Man who holds the envied lot;
 True I suffer, true I suffer—
 As to you—ye rot, ye rot!

I am breath, dew, all resources,
 After fifty hangings; why!
 Would you hang me? Save your forces!
 Why kill me who cannot die!



SAN DIEGO AGAIN

By BEN L. REITMAN.

I CAME, I saw, but I didn't conquer. Ever since the 14th of May, 1912—the date on which I was kidnapped, tarred and feathered—San Diego has been in my blood, and I can honestly say that every waking hour San Diego has been in my mind, and often my dreams were troubled by visions of San Diego, and I made up my mind that whenever we got back to California, I would make another attempt to have a meeting.

It was with a good deal of misgiving and nervousness that E. G. and I went on board the "Owl" at Los Angeles for San Diego. E. G. soberly read through "Comrade Yetta," Albert Edwards' latest book, and I tossed in my bunk unable to rest or to sleep, feeling that danger was near.

When we arrived at San Diego, at twenty minutes to five in the morning, we were met at the depot by four policemen and Francis Bierman, who was and is one of the most active Vigilantes, and the man who writes most of the articles in the *San Diego Union*, inciting the mob to patriotism and brutality. We had a quiet walk from the depot to the jail. I was placed in a cell with Comrade Gerke, and then followed seven restless hours. At six o'clock there was a noise of excited voices in front of the prison. At seven o'clock the noise of many automobiles re-echoed in our cells. At eight the turnkey took me from my cell to the window and showed me the mob in front of the jail. At nine o'clock a riot call was blown and practically everybody in the town congre-

gated about the jail. At ten o'clock the mob shouted, "Get a rope, we want the Anarchists," "Give us Reitman." At eleven o'clock Chief of Police Keno Wilson, with Chief of Detectives Joe Meyers and Attorney Robbins, talked to us, while five thousand excited and angry voices were shouting, "We want the Anarchists," "We want Ben Reitman." The Chief of Police asked me what I wanted to do. I said, "I don't think we can have a meeting. I think we had better get out of town, but I want to ask Emma Goldman first." They sent for Miss Goldman and I urged her to consent to leave town on the next train, saying that the police had agreed that the mob would not repeat their cowardly act of outraging us as they did last year.

Then followed a spectacular ride in an automobile from the jail to the depot, with a hooting mob on the platform until the train pulled out, and with the incident of a Mr. Porter spitting in my face while I was sitting in the train surrounded by six policemen (this Porter is the same man who led the mob in their assault upon me last year. He is a successful real estate man)—in a nutshell, this is the story of my visit to San Diego.

While I was on the train waiting for it to pull out, a newspaper man asked me what I thought of the affair and how I would describe the psychology of the mob. I was a little too uncertain of the mob and myself to vouchsafe a theory then; but now, ten days later, sitting quietly in the hills of California with kind friends, I am going to venture an analysis of the San Diego situation.

I want to say right here in the beginning that the police were most gentlemanly and kind, and I never had such consideration while in jail before. Chief of Police Keno Wilson repeatedly assured me not to be frightened; that he would not let the mob take me unless it was over his dead body. Looking back upon the event as a spectacle, I would say the whole thing was wonderfully staged. It was a powerful, dramatic situation, well staged and managed by the police department, and, profiting by the experience of our last visit to San Diego, the police came out the victors and arranged it so that the Chief of Police was a hero in saving the lives of three Anarchists from the mob. I might inject here that,

while I am an old stager myself, I fell for the Chief of Police's stall just like a novice.

Now there are two things which I want to make plain: First, that there was a tremendous mob on the street shouting for our blood, and the manner in which this mob congregated is worthy of examination. At seven o'clock in the morning, when the active Vigilantes learned that we were in jail, they began calling up all their friends and ordered them to get the whole town out in front of the jail, and with an unlimited distribution of free whisky and free flags, it was easily done. It must be observed that the police made no attempt to suppress or arrest a dozen men who were actively engaged in getting the mob together. A number of automobiles containing Vigilantes, who pinned a little American flag upon the coat of every man, circulated through the crowd. The men who wouldn't allow a flag to be pinned to their coats were given a punch in the jaw, and, as far as I can learn, there were not over six men whose faces were disfigured that day.

I pointed out in my article in MOTHER EARTH of last June that the Vigilantes worked under the protection of the police. This year it looked as if the police worked under the guidance of the Vigilantes, for in the automobile that conveyed us from the jail to the depot, Chief of Police Wilson stood over us with a shotgun, and on each side of the automobile rode Bierman and Porter, the ringleaders of the Vigilantes.

As for me, I am done with San Diego until I get ready to commit suicide. I am going to accept the teachings of a dear fellow whom I learned to love in my childhood, Mr. Jesus. He said: If you go to a town and they receive you not, shake the dust off your feet and tell it to go to hell.



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.



THE LAW

By RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

IN DEALING with the State, we ought to remember that its institutions are not aboriginal, though they existed before we were born; that they are not superior to the citizen; that every one of them was once the act of a single man; every law and usage was a man's expedient to meet a particular case; that they all are imitable, all are alterable.

The wise know that foolish legislation is a rope of sand, which perishes in the twisting.

The law is only a memorandum.

Our statute is a currency, which we stamp with our own portrait; it soon becomes unrecognizable, and in process of time will return to the mint.

The attributes of a person, his wit and his moral energy, will exercise, under any law or extinguishing tyranny, their popular force,—if not openly, then covertly; if not for the law, then against it; if not wholesomely, then poisonously; with right or by might.

Every actual State is corrupt.

Good men must not obey the laws too well.

What satire on government can equal the severity of censure conveyed in the word politic, which now for ages has signified cunning, intimating that the State is a trick?

This undertaking for another is the blunder which stands in colossal ugliness in the governments of the world. It is the same thing in numbers as in a pair, only not quite so intelligible. I can see well enough a great difference between my setting myself down to a self-control, and my going to make somebody else act after my views; but when a quarter of the human race assume to tell me what I must do, I may be too much disturbed by the circumstances to see so clearly the absurdity of their command.

Our institutions, though in coincidence with the spirit of the age, have not any exemption from the practical defects which have discredited other forms.

Any laws but those which men make for themselves are laughable. If I put myself in the place of my child, and we stand in one thought, and see that things are

thus and thus, that perception is law for him and me. We are both there, both act. But if, without carrying him into the thought, I look over into his plot, and, guessing how it is with him, ordain this or that, he will never obey me. This is the history of governments,—one man does something which is to bind another. A man who cannot be acquainted with me, taxes me; looking from afar at me, ordains that a part of my labor shall go to this or that whimsical end, not as I, but as he happens to fancy. Behold the consequence. Of all debts, men are least willing to pay the taxes. What a satire is this on government! Everywhere they think they get their money's worth except for these.

The less government we have the better; the fewer laws and the less confided power.

The tendencies of the times favor the idea of self-government, and leave the individual, for all code, to the rewards and penalties of his own constitution, which work with more energy than we believe, whilst we depend on artificial restraints.

We live in a very low state of the world, and pay unwilling tribute to governments founded on force.

If a man found himself so rich-natured that he could enter into strict relations with the best persons, and make life serene around him by the dignity and sweetness of his behavior, could he afford to circumvent the favor of the caucus and the press, and covet relations so hollow and pompous as those of a politician? Surely nobody would be a charlatan, who could afford to be sincere.



“HOW WE SHALL BRING ABOUT THE REVOLUTION.”

By MAX BAGINSKI.

THIS is the sub-title of a book, “Syndicalism and The Co-operative Commonwealth,”* recently translated into English from the French. The authors are two of the ablest interpreters of the Syndicalist philosophy, in thought and practice: Emile Pataud and Emile Pouget. The work also contains a

* Syndicalism and the Co-operative Commonwealth. Cloth \$1.00, paper 75c. To be had through MOTHER EARTH.

foreword by Tom Mann and a preface by Comrade Kropotkin.

The book pictures a revolutionary Syndicalist Utopia, and—as occasionally happens with good Utopias—it reflects in the mirror of time a more adequate picture of the Existing and of the Becoming than many a heavy rationalistic discourse that pretends to keep close to “facts.”

From the very first pages the reader feels himself in the midst of an epoch following the great Social Revolution. In the most vivid manner he learns of the methods by which capitalistic conditions led up to the revolution; how the latter developed and overcame the old institutions and powers, destroying them and forming new social conditions that finally culminated in the co-operative commonwealth, that resembles Anarchist Communism like a twin brother.

The book is especially to be recommended to those painstaking ones who worry a great deal about the details of life the day after the revolution—how people will breathe, eat, and live. It is good medicine for those who are so diseased with prejudice that they cannot conceive how people will continue to live after the downfall of present conditions; aye, live better and freer without oppressing, exploiting, and deceiving each other.

A strike in the building trades, during which the workers are shot down by the police and soldiery, becomes the factor that sets the revolutionary avalanche in motion. Impatience, misery, and hatred had for long, long years been accumulating in the hearts of men. From generation to generation the toilers had been waiting and hoping for one governmental régime and another to bring relief, for this party and that to improve their conditions, till at last they came to realize that no party and no régime would or could help them—neither monarchy, republic, or Social Democracy. Awakening at last, they began to find their own weapons for offence against the old capitalistic society—the revolutionary labor unions, the *Confédération Generale du Travail*, in which Syndicalist thought was expressed with the greatest clearness.

The revolutionary labor organizations constitute the starting point of revolutionary action, which does not

consist in the people massing themselves on one point, to be easily massacred by organized violence. The Social Revolution begins with the General Strike. Its weapons are manifold. With sabotage and expropriation—without centralization—used in a manner to leave no easy point of attack, more destruction is wrought in the industrial and governmental system than by the greatest fight on the barricades. And gradually it transpires that the most important functions of the State and capitalist machine become disorganized, if not wholly paralyzed, when the workers in solidaric unity merely fold their arms. Nor is it necessary at this stage to have the “compact majority.” The determination and enthusiasm of a minority magnetically draws the masses along.

Darkness reigns in Paris at night. The gas and electrical works are put out of order. Street cars and motor busses are at a standstill. Telegraph wires have been cut in numerous places, and railroad trains arrive at demolished bridges or obstructed tunnels, and are forced to halt. No newspapers appear, in which the government could shape public sentiment by means of misrepresentation and lies. The authorities try to fill the places of the strikers with soldiers. But the systematic sabotage of the preceding days has to such an extent disorganized the system, that it would require months of skilled effort to bring things into normal operation. Moreover, the soldiers, commandeered to industrial pursuits, have considerably decreased the military strength of the government, thus affording opportunity to the workers for successful expropriations and well-planned attacks upon military depots and provision houses. For this war is not conducted in open formation. It is fought in a thousand places at once by determined individuals and small, conscious minorities.

These tactics dishearten and weaken the authorities. Used to blind obedience on the part of the masses and to their respect for law and property, the masters became demoralized, helpless in the face of the spirit of ever increasing disobedience and active rebellion. They feel the bottom slipping from beneath their feet. Their last hope, the army, is also beginning to disintegrate, chiefly because the soldiers find little interest and less glory in

the humdrum task of carrying on industry. Moreover, their allowance of rations is steadily becoming less and less. The revolutionary organizations exert their utmost efforts to withdraw the means of subsistence primarily from those institutions which are vital to the defence of social injustice and industrial oppression. Added to this is a most intensive anti-militarist propaganda, so that the nearer the decisive struggle approaches, the soldiers are less anxious to continue to kill or be killed for the privileged ones.

With the army, the strongest bulwark of capitalism, on which it always relied as its only defence, breaks down the government and parliament. They have become superfluous, without any function to perform.

Meanwhile there are developing the germs of a communistic society. The revolutionary organizations are not merely the starting point of the revolution; they are also the nucleus of the new society that is to be. They begin the reorganization of production and distribution, in co-operation with individual trades and industries. They take over and confiscate industrial establishments to be operated co-operatively, without master or profit. They take care of the homeless and hungry, and give them food and lodging. To provision the community is their first thought, inspired as they are in their revolutionary activity by the words of Blanqui: "Twenty-four hours after the revolution, the people must realize that they are less miserable." The errors of former revolutions are not to be repeated. No central power, under whatever name—yet always representing a new government—is to hamper the growth and spread of the revolution. The Bank of France is expropriated, and the funds applied to bridge the transition period. Great care is taken to supply the people with arms, to be prepared for defence against the possible invasion on the part of a national or international reaction.

We have sketched here but in a very general way the manner in which "How We Shall Bring About the Revolution" portrays the death of the old and the birth of the new world. We urge every one to read the book. It is an extremely useful work, very simple and clear, and full of valuable suggestions. It is written in the spirit of strong conviction, enthusiasm, and faith, with-

out which no great achievement is possible. It presents a picture of the future that must appeal not only to the wage workers, but also to the intellectuals, to artists and writers, and to every one to whom liberty and independence are not the empty sound of a vain dream.



VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE

By HARRY KELLY.

A YEAR has passed since our late and much lamented Comrade, Voltairine de Cleyre, left us. In the flight of time a year is of no more importance than the life of an individual is to the race, yet each has its significance, if we could but measure it. The spectacular incident is the one that attracts attention, and as there was nothing startling about the ebbing out of this life, the world at large was unaware that a great soul had departed for that bourne whence no traveller returns.

One of the most bromidic of expressions is that "comparisons are odious." Perhaps they are; but they are inevitable, and we can not help comparing the lives of those we feel in sympathy with to those antagonistic to our most cherished ideals. The official and parasitic world, with the half-educated slave population, recently sang hosannahs to a great capitalist and called him one of the world's greatest citizens. To these parasites and this unthinking mass it may sound odious to compare this man with our talented Comrade, whose honor and glory were unheralded and unsung when she passed away. It may also seem to many of Voltairine's Comrades and friends, a sacrilege to compare her with one of the world's arch-parasites. To my old and dear friend it would merely sound ironical. She would understand and, understanding, repeat what she said to me ten years ago in London. As chairman of a meeting she was to address, it was my pleasure to introduce her. Anticipating, perhaps, some complimentary remarks about herself, she said, "Cut the heroine business, Harry." She is gone now, and I can speak freely—yet not quite freely, for the weight of her dead hand still deters me. This sad soul, shining brilliantly in all she did, taught through the long hours of the day and far

into the night, year after year, for a mere pittance, and from that pittance saved and helped others. She lived a life of austerity that has hardly a parallel ever in revolutionary ranks, so that she might approximate nearer and closer to her ideal. Shabbily dressed, bereft often of the most elementary necessities of existence, and suffering for years from a disease that eventually capsized that frail bark of life, she toiled and spun for human kind. Spun and toiled o'er speeches, articles, stories and poems, to clarify thought, uplift and ennoble the race.

We hear much in latter days and recent times of "self-expression," and more often than not from mediocrities who lack all social consciousness. "Be yourself" is a trite phrase that has little, if any, meaning when analyzed carefully, for if "being yourself" means the extinction of another, eternal war must ever be the result. Self-expression can be divided into three forms: noble, ignoble, and neutral. Call them good, bad, and indifferent—anything you choose. We mean those forms of expression that are either beneficial, harmful, or innocuous to the human race. The self-expression of a Voltairine de Cleyre manifested itself in enlarging the vision, awakening the social instinct and raising the status of man. It was the very highest and noblest form of self-expression. She sought to express herself without sacrificing a single life or curtailing by a hair's breadth the liberty of any individual. Under the guise of the common good or personal pleasure, our captain of industry ruthlessly sacrifices individuals en masse and curtails the liberty of all who come in contact with him. The neutral or innocuous form of self-expression, without social significance, carries with it no pleasure or profit to any but the individual involved, and leaves all other cold. But expression that thrives on the liberty and at the expense of others must be combatted, and Voltairine fought with her last breath those who seek to crush others to their own aggrandizement.

A strongly individualized personality, she mellowed and softened with age and experience. Hating tyranny and injustice with an ever growing intensity, her outlook on life grew more tender and her nature less bitter through the long trail of years I knew her.

'Tis a June day, and the warm summer sky, the rust-

ling of the leaves, and the gentle swaying of the trees here in the woods suggest life, life young, big and beautiful. I am glad Voltairine died in the spring. For while, in a sense, her life-work is done and her page turned down, spring suggests a rebirth; and though her great soul is now lost, merged in the commonality, while here she exercised an influence for good that will continue, by means of her writings, for a long time to come. She lived, loved, and did good work. Intrepid spirit, I salute you.



“LIBERTY AND THE GREAT LIBERTARIANS.”

THIS is the title of a fine collection of aphorisms, arguments, illustrations, applications and biographical data concerning the great libertarians and their doctrine of equal liberty.

The average American knows little and cares less about true liberty. In a vague way he has absorbed the idea that there has been some struggle for the acknowledgment of a claim of rights, and he has some emotions of approval associated with the word “freedom” as well as a mind utterly devoid of all criteria of liberty.

If liberty is not to become a meaningless term, good only for politicians to fool the people with, we must revert to fundamental principles. We must learn that true liberty is conditioned upon the conscious adherence to correct principles and an understanding of the solidarity of liberty.

In this connection Charles T. Sprading has rendered liberty-loving people a great service. In his “Liberty and the Great Libertarians”* he has collected some of the most significant utterances on freedom which a careful survey of the world’s literature could yield. True to its subtitle, this book is “an anthology on liberty and a handbook of freedom.” It should prove as useful for the average American as the primer in the hands of the school child, or a judicial decision in the hands of a precedent loving lawyer.

* “Liberty and the Great Libertarians,” a Handbook of Freedom. Edited and compiled, with preface, introduction and index, by Charles Sprading. Published for the author, Los Angeles, 1913. Price \$1.50.

The selections are well made and preceding each lengthy quotation there is a short biographical sketch. The quotations illustrate and defend the doctrine of equal liberty as the basic principle of all liberty and apply it to a great diversity of problems.

The chief fault of the collection is not that of Mr. Sprading, but rather one of the shortcomings of the defenders of liberty and their doctrine of equal liberty. Unfortunately, libertarians in general have not yet discovered that the doctrine of equal liberty can rarely be put into practice, because different kinds of liberty are not comparable for the application of any test of equality. How can the rule of equal liberty help us when we have to balance one man's purely intellectual or aesthetic joys or emotional apprehension against another's claim of material justice? Manifestly, there is no common yardstick by which a comparison can be made to determine the existence of inequalities of liberty. Something more than the rule of equality is necessary. Perhaps we need a definite statement to exclude from the domain of libertarian discussion all those matters to which the doctrine of equal liberty can not be applied or which are incapable of accurate classification or measurement according to material standards. I offer the following as such a tentative, new definition of liberty.

Social liberty means a conceded claim of right to be free from artificial interference or human penalties in the pursuit of any line of conduct except where its necessary and most immediate consequence is the infliction of an actual and material injury upon some one who is not a voluntary, undeceived adult participant therein, consenting thereto or assuming the risk thereof, or where there is the immediate danger of such injury determined according to the known laws of the physical universe. Within this limited scope equality of liberty must be preserved.

Please send me reasons and methods for improving this definition.

A. T. HEIST,

c. o. Mother Earth.



THE LAW AND THE MAN WHO LAUGHED

By GERTRUDE NAFFÉ.

ONCE upon a time there was a good king—a king so good that he spent all his days and half his nights thinking up good laws to make. And he had the most efficient of Parliaments (for he would not have thought of ruling except in the most constitutional manner) who made laws all the time, so that the people never lacked for a large supply of laws on every subject.

But one day when the king was out of the country attending a Peace and Morals Conference, his Secretary of State came to him in the greatest terror. "Your Majesty," he stammered, "last night, at midnight, the law which regulates the number of times a minute the people should breathe ran out!"

The king stared at him with a face from which all the color was gone. "My unhappy people!" he groaned, "so last night at midnight every person in my realm stopped breathing. Order our train for home. We must have the stupendous funeral for the whole country, before I commit suicide."

On the journey home, the king's hair turned white with horror and remorse. At the boundary of the country they began to look anxiously along the road for the thousands of corpses strewing the way. At last they saw, far off, a man who appeared to be standing up and working. They hastened to him and examined him carefully. "He is breathing with absolute regularity," said the State Physician, "in spite of the law—"

"Is there a law against it?" said the man, respectfully but somewhat stolidly. "You see, I am so busy, and there are so many laws—"

By this time a large crowd had gathered. "The reason he breathes," said the priest, "is because of religion. The constant teaching of the church—"

"Education," said the teacher primly, "is what has done it. The spread of enlightenment—"

And then a man laughed.

It was a sunny, happy, quick laugh, as though he had plenty of breath to waste in laughing. The priest scowled, the teacher trembled with anger, the court shook as though they had heard their death warrant.

“Seize that man,” shouted the king, “he is a dangerous citizen.”

He was ordered out to execution immediately. The captain of the soldiers who were to execute him rode by his side and looked upon his face. And as he looked at him he loved him, for in his laugh there had been the one thing the captain felt would have made his life worth living.

“Why do you laugh at our laws which we need to protect our life?” he asked wistfully.

The man smiled, and the friendly comradeship of his smile was more beautiful than his laugh. “Partly because you are going to stop my breathing to help breathing continue in this world.”

They had come to the place of execution. The captain covered his face with his hands. He would have given his soul to exchange places with the man—to have kept that golden laugh in the world which so needed it. But yet this man’s laugh would undermine the law about breathing, and he conjured up before his eyes the thousands of people who would stop breathing if there was no law about it—a happy country desolated of its people—a world like a lost battlefield.

He saw his duty. With a nod of his head he gave the order. Then the brave, happy, gentle smile broke into a look of agony and the lawless man was dead.

The captain rode home alone. He had done his duty.



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.

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.



MOTHER EARTH PROPAGANDA FUND

IT IS a rare joy for the traveler to feel that his call in the wilderness finds an occasional response. A number of friends heard our call of last month—heard and responded. And we must say that we have drawn from them strength and encouragement. Not so much, indeed, on the material side. Rather because it warms one's heart to see now and then that his efforts are appreciated, and because it is a deep satisfaction to find an active interest in the work that you consider most vital and necessary.

It is not our custom to publish the things our friends have to say about us. But this time we make an exception, for the spirit of the following brief excerpts may help unknown friends to touch hands in the darkness.

Pittsburgh, Pa., May 22, '13.

DEAR MOTHER EARTH:

Enclosed you will find two dollars collected for your Sustaining Fund.

Heartily regret being unable to make the collection larger, for the suspension of MOTHER EARTH, even for a month, would be disastrous.

To me MOTHER EARTH represents a bell, continually ringing to awaken the sleeping conscience of men.

Keep on doing your good work, for there is need. I am,

Yours,

V. OLEON.

Malden, Mass., May 30, 1913.

DEAR MOTHER EARTH:

Enclosed you will find one dollar for the MOTHER EARTH. I hope there will be enough friends to uphold our bold little rebel through the summer months.

Yours truly,

ISAAC GREEN.

Cleveland, Ohio, May 27th.

EDITOR MOTHER EARTH.

DEAR COMRADE:—You will find here enclosed a money order for one dollar as a donation to MOTHER EARTH. I am glad to help maintain this best revolutionary organ in America. And do you know what I am dreaming about right now? To see MOTHER EARTH as a weekly edition. You know yourself how good it would be for the "cause" to have MOTHER EARTH working for it with more power and vigor. What do you think about it? I would suggest to let this question be discussed among the readers of M. E. I myself will positively send in five dollars (\$5), even if I should have to borrow them, because I know how to appreciate the value of your magazine,

and if every revolutionist will do his duty, this dream of mine will be a reality pretty soon.

Yours for a free society,

ABRAHAM BUCHMAN.

Linden, N. J., May 20, 1913.

DEAR FRIEND:—

I am an earnest reader of your MOTHER EARTH. . . . I have had much trouble lately, and I am sorry I cannot help you with more, but I send a little, for MOTHER EARTH must not go down, and I will try my best to contribute, together with some of my friends, to help the magazine as much as possible.

With best hopes to see MOTHER EARTH again next month, I remain

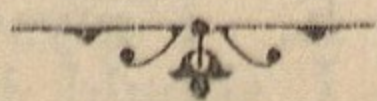
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Wednesday, July 2nd—

Discussion and request dramas.

Lectures begin promptly at 8.15 P. M. The Course will be \$5.00, including one year's subscription to MOTHER EARTH. Single admission, 50c.

FOR CHICAGO.

The Voltairine de Cleyre Memorial Group will honor the first anniversary of the death of Voltairine de Cleyre by a memorial meeting, Sunday, June 22nd (10 A. M.), at the Bowen Hall, 819 Polk St. Speakers: Prof. Foster, Wm. Thurston Brown, Jaxon, Jay Fox, Hilda Potter Loomis and Wm. Nathanson.

Dr. Greer in the chair.

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ANARCHISM

AND OTHER ESSAYS

By EMMA GOLDMAN

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Emma Goldman—the notorious, insistent, rebellious, enigmatical Emma Goldman—has published her first book, "Anarchism and Other Essays." In it she records "the mental and soul struggles of twenty-one years," and recites all the articles of that strange and subversive creed in behalf of which she has suffered imprisonment, contumely and every kind of persecution. The book is a vivid revelation of a unique personality. It appears at a time when Anarchistic ideas are undoubtedly in the ascendant throughout the world.—*Current Literature*.

Emma Goldman's book on "Anarchism and Other Essays" ought to be read by all so-called respectable women, and adopted as a text-book by women's clubs throughout the country. . . . For courage, persistency, self-effacement, self-sacrifice in the pursuit of her object, she has hitherto been unsurpassed among the world's women. . . . Repudiating as she does practically every tenet of what the modern State holds good, she stands for some of the noblest traits in human nature.—*Life*.

Every thoughtful person ought to read this volume of papers by the foremost American Anarchist. In whatever way the book may modify or strengthen the opinion already held by its readers, there is no doubt that a careful reading of it will tend to bring about greater social sympathy. It will help the public to understand a group of serious-minded and morally strenuous individuals, and also to feel the spirit that underlies the most radical tendencies of the great labor movement of our day.—Hutchins Hapgood in *The Bookman*.

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