

# MOTHER EARTH

Vol. X. November, 1915 No. 9

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# **The Sexual Question**

By August Forel

**A Scientific, Psychological, Hygienic and Sociological Study of the Sex Question.**

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While Mother Earth positively disagrees with the moral and sociological conclusions of the Author, we cheerfully recommend this book as one of the most valuable and important contributions to Sex Literature in the English language.

The book is well written and the information contained in it on Embryology, Sex Technique, Sexual Appetite, Love, Marriage, Celibacy, Sexual Pathology, Masturbation and Homosexuality, Religion and Sex and other important phases of Sex are all very important to a thorough knowledge on Sex.

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# MOTHER EARTH

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Vol. X

NOVEMBER, 1915

No. 9

## CARL HAMBLIN\*

BY EDGAR LEE MASTERS

**T**HE press of the Spoon River Clarion was wrecked,  
And I was tarred and feathered,  
For publishing this on the day the Anarchists were  
hanged in Chicago:

"I saw a beautiful woman with bandaged eyes  
Standing on the steps of a marble temple.  
Great multitudes passed in front of her,  
Lifting their faces to her imploringly.  
In her left hand she held a sword.  
She was brandishing the sword,  
Sometimes striking a child, again a laborer,  
Again a slinking woman, again a lunatic.  
In her right hand she held a scale;  
Into the scale pieces of gold were tossed  
By those who dodged the stroke of the sword.  
A man in a black gown read from a manuscript:  
'She is no respecter of persons.'  
Then a youth wearing a red cap  
Leaped to her side and snatched away the bandage.  
And lo, the lashes had been eaten away  
From the oozy eye-lids;  
The eye-balls were seared with a milky mucus;  
The madness of a dying soul  
Was written on her face—  
But the multitude saw why she wore the bandage."

\*From the Spoon River Anthology; New York, The Macmillan Co.,  
\$1.50.

## OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

**W**HEN the crime of November 11, 1887, was committed in Chicago, it was considered legal murder and looked upon as an exceptionally hideous miscarriage of justice. It impressed people as an almost unbelievable outrage, as something extraordinarily mean, ghastly and poisonous, which in the case of repetition, would not be endured for any length of time.

But this slaughter of Parsons, Spies, Engel, Fischer, flimsily disguised under "the majesty of the law," was only a prelude to even more shameful outrages against the revolutionary elements, committed in the name of justice by the courts of this country. The list of these legal crimes is far too long to be repeated here.

People have grown more callous in this respect. In 1887 the prosecution indignantly denied that it had meddled with the witnesses and the jurors. The representatives of governmental justice still felt a bit ashamed at such an accusation against them. They did intimidate and bribe, but on the sly. To-day, the prosecutor of the case against Mathew A. Schmidt in Los Angeles, openly and even boastingly admits that he sent out his hordes of detectives to investigate and sound some of the talesmen and prospective jurors in the case.

\* \* \*

**S**AYS one stern-faced writer of leading articles in New York: "If the lawgivers make laws, they should provide also that these laws be enforced." Rotten logic! To make laws is a miserable occupation indulged in by dull brains or by interested fakirs. But to enforce laws is even worse. It adds injury to stupidity.

\* \* \*

**I**N the reports about the great suffrage parade recently held in New York, it was mentioned that one of the women marchers slapped the face of Police Inspector Schmittberger. That slap may be the first shot in a battle against "vice and corruption," which the suffragettes promise soon to start.

\* \* \*

**T**O perpetuate stupidity and ignorance, nothing could be invented more effective than the Vote. The Vote is the symbol of cowardice, fear, the mastery of the mob.

To vote in an American election is to insult your own intelligence, to inoculate yourself with the poison of mediocrity. Therefore it is truly a bitter, tiresome farce to witness the foolish women of many States clamoring for the Vote as the key to freedom and political purity, as the safe and sane means of education, as—why enumerate all the benefits they are going to derive from the Vote? The wise exploiters of the mob, the grafters and bosses, wisely realize that there shall accrue still greater profits from politics, with women voting. They are aware that woman suffrage will mean the increase in power of the political machine, an increase in graft, a greater and more fertile field of exploitation, and a wider possibility of meddling and “regulating” morals and customs. They have a vision of future possibilities of “moral reform” and its consequent train of graft and swindle and bleeding of victims. Suffrage creates, as these wily Machiavellis are well aware, a habit of thought which induces people to believe that all benefits are derived from the Vote; that politicians are the saviors of the country; that Woodrow Wilson is a great and good man; that laws are necessary; that laws are wisely made; that laws are to be respected; that the majority is always right; that the government of the United States is run by the people, for the people, and is of the people. Suffrage, in short, creates and vitalizes all those fallacies that paralyze, stupify, and deaden the intellect—so that the exploitation of the great majority becomes a task that has long been compared to that of taking candy from a baby. And it is around this flabby, stinking, pestiferous corpse—the Vote—around this dead, decaying, idea that the human flies are swarming, besmearing themselves with its flattering fallacies.

Yet so prevalent has the suffrage disease become that even the radicals have become inoculated with its vicious virus. It was only to be expected, of course, that Socialist papers like the *N. Y. Call* should champion the “cause,” but it is rather disappointing to find *The Masses* devoting an entire edition to “Votes for Women.” Perhaps MOTHER EARTH alone has any faith in women. Perhaps we alone believe women no longer need dolls; that women are capable and are ready to fight for freedom and revolution; that they are strong enough to stand

on their own feet, to use their own powers, to fight for ideals, to die fighting. We are ready to place our faith, at any rate, in the few women who are doing these things to-day rather than in the forty thousand or forty million who troop up Fifth Avenue like a huge flock of sheep after the banner of a dead idea.

\* \* \*

**T**HE avalanches of articles and pictures in newspapers and magazines regarding the marriage of President Wilson and Mrs. Galt, seem to indicate that the lack of a real blue blooded monarch is felt very keenly in some quarters of this Republic. The indefatigable enthusiasm for self-prostration, servility and patriotism seems sadly wasted, considering the fact that the president and the widow are made of common clay and have not the smallest drop of royal blood in their veins.

\* \* \*

**P**ROMINENT men and women, we read, are forming a committee to secure facilities for immigrants to become assimilated into our life and imbued with American patriotism. The first condition to carry out this plan, ladies and gentlemen, is: *Abolish Ellis Island!* Any immigrant, who gets a good dose of Ellis Island treatment, if he is not an imbecile, will remain a skeptic for the rest of his life, *in re* patriotism and liberty in this country.

\* \* \*

**A** FRENCH King—it was before the Great Revolution—visited a country district. On the road through the woods he met a peasant cart loaded with a coffin. "Who's dead?" asked the King. "My neighbor," the peasant answered. "What disease?" the King pursued. "Hunger," said the peasant.

Since then we have made progress. An old man's body was recently found in the bushes around Mount Vernon, hanging from a tree. In one of his pockets a note was discovered, telling that the old fellow had no home, no work and nothing to eat. But the coroner did not render the verdict, "Hunger;" he said "Suicide." That's more polite to the government, to Wall Street and to Fifth Avenue.

**O**UR moralists and politicians continue actively their campaign against "habit-forming" drugs—cocaine, opium, heroin, etc. Those who "cure" the habit, and who, of course, were largely instrumental in securing the passage of the laws against these evil drugs, are naturally growing rich in treating the victims of the anti-drug laws. Such are the edifying benefits of morality. Meanwhile, while indignant public opinion is tracking down drug dealers, the public prints are actively engaged in distributing a vastly more evil and poisonous drug throughout the country—a subtler and more insidious poison than cocaine or heroin. This toxin, invented to poison the mind of the American public is John D. Rockefeller, Jr.'s plan for industrial "justice" in Colorado. The publicity given to this scheme is calculated to instill into our minds the idea that the Rockefellers are human beings; that their intentions toward the miners under their control in Colorado and elsewhere are not distinctly murderous and bloody. However, we have not forgotten Ludlow, and it will require more than all of the king's horses and all the king's men and all the king's press-agents and newspapers to convince us that the present over-advertized "paternalistic and feudalistic plan" is not merely one to wrest still more power from Labor in Colorado, to reduce the miners and workers to the level of beasts of burden and to castrate all employes of the mealy-mouthed Rockefellers of the last relics of manhood. No clearer sign of the brazen prostitution of the American press to the Rockefeller interests has been given than this wide and poisonous publicity devoted to Rockefeller, Jr., trip to Colorado. Cocaine, heroin, opium are surely harmless and innocuous compared to the foul poison that fills the columns of American newspapers.

\* \* \*

**T**HE Board of Trustees of the University of Pennsylvania, insists that its members are not opposed to freedom of speech, as bad people have hinted in the case of Scott Nearing, who was dismissed from the Wharton School faculty.

Freedom of speech is upheld, the university authorities explain, "when exercised in a proper manner, upon proper occasions, and with proper respect for the dig-

nity of their (the university teachers) relationship to the university."

It's the same good old freedom of speech which the police upholds in Paterson and other places. If you properly praise the government, the courts, the police, the constitution, the church, prosperity, why shouldn't you have free speech?

Scott Nearing has found a position in Toledo, Ohio. Let's hope that he does not find there the same inscription over the door:

"A fig for liberty  
Hooray for a cage.  
Well fed and well treated  
In winter well heated,  
Best life for a sage."

\* \* \*

**CARRANZA** has gained recognition by the United States government, but of far greater importance is the question whether the Mexican revolution will recognize him.

There are indications that he soon will change from the revolutionary leader to a political dictator, who considers it his first duty to restore peace, law and order, under the miserable old terms and with the old bloody means. He invites the capitalists of the world to invest money in Mexican enterprises; he emphatically denies that it is his intention to do justice to the Mexican people, to the peon, through confiscation and just distribution of the hundreds and hundreds of miles of land, stolen from the people by privileged foreign and native robbers.

If that, and nothing more is his program, if he does not dare attack privilege, wealth and economic despotism, then the revolution will probably not stop just for the reason that he, Carranza, has the recognition of the United States government in his pocket.

\* \* \*

**SOME** years ago there originated at Gary, Ind., the huge slave plant of the Steel Trust—a new educational method for the better training of common people and workingmen. The promoters of the Gary system pointed out that it was more practical, rational, efficient



and in the end cheaper than the methods followed now by the Public Schools.

The Gary method is based on the consideration that the happy destiny of the modern common man or woman is to be a wage slave for life. The educational problem evolving from this deep insight consists chiefly in finding the right means to adapt the young people in time to the ideal of regulation, factory rule, bossism, exploitation.

Adaptation and obedience to existing conditions are the grand aims. In order to drill the children along these lines not only their work but also their play and pastimes are kept under close control and observation. Spontaneity has to go. Men have to become spiritless and heartless. They are dependable creatures who live by the grace of their masters who, of course, would not tolerate individual initiative, boldness, courage.

There is one feature about the Gary system which pleases the churches of all denominations very much. It provides for religious instruction. It is not compulsory, but in Public School 45, in the Bronx, New York, where the System has been introduced, it has the same effect as compulsion.

“Father” Caffuzzi is on the job and some faithful teachers help him to drive the children into the traps of priestcraft, superstition—hell and heaven. They are by no means adverse to using pressure on the children, grabbing eagerly the opportunity to get in good standing with priest and Lord themselves. Father Caffuzzi states with satisfaction that he has been able to lure and decoy 1,800 children out of 3,400 into the folds of the Catholic Church.

His success has aroused the ministers of the other denominations, Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian, Lutheran, etc. The Rabbi, too, is on the spot. A committee out of this religious hodge-podge has been formed and we read that it contemplates furnishing sectarian religious instruction to the children of the ordinary schools.

The conspiracy to infect the hearts of the youngsters with religious prejudice, ignorance, fear of devil and God is well under way.

The Board of Education plays a detestable part in the dirty game of “modern” pedagogues and priestcraft, in

letting the children become the easy prey of the cunning black hawks.

The people, the parents, have not been aroused so far by the threatening black scourge. A few tame private protests in the newspapers, that is all!

*Where are all the Liberals, Agnostics, Freethinkers?*

\* \* \*

**T**HE Women's Co-operative Guild of London, England, recently conducted an investigation of the conditions of working class motherhood. The result is a book, containing 160 letters, written by the mothers themselves. These women do not belong to the very poorest, their husbands earning in most of the cases average wages, but still their letters are a terrible accusation against society and government, which proclaim child bearing the chief duty of women, but don't care a damn, if both child and mother go down in misery and privation.

From several letters of the book, the following extracts are quoted:

"The majority of working women do not get sufficient nourishment during pregnancy. If there is other children, the mother generally takes what is left. I believe this tells very greatly at the time of confinement."

"A mother wants good food before the birth as well as after, but how can it be done out of so little money? If father takes his food, it must be as good as can be got: then the children come next and mother last."

"At present we have to clean down thoroughly for the event, till I have found myself wondering if death would not be a release. What with worry and feeling bad, I am never surprised at hearing of an expectant mother committing suicide. If she has two or three tiny children, she never has a minute's rest, if she is an energetic housewife."

"I believe the bad housing arrangements have a very depressing effect on mothers during pregnancy. I know of streets of houses where there are large factories built, taking the whole of the daylight away from the kitchen, where the woman spends the best part of her life. On top of this you get the continual grinding of machinery all day. Knowing that it is mostly women and girls who are working in these factories gives you the feeling that their bodies are going round with the machinery. The mother wonders what she has to live for; if there is another baby coming she hopes it will be dead when it is born. . . . All this tells on the woman physically and mentally; can you wonder at women turning to drink?"

To these conditions the English government, or Army

Council, has added more hardship and cruelty by a decision, according to which the wives of soldiers lose the "separation allowance" in case of misconduct.

In order to find out about such misconduct, the Army Council has found it fit and patriotic to place the wives of the soldiers under police surveillance.

A wonderful consolation for the soldier's wife, this, to have a "hero," her husband, at the front, who stakes his life to defend conditions which drag her down into misery and places her in the company of prostitutes and criminals.

\* \* \*

**A** REPORTER on the New York *Tribune* was recently beaten into unconsciousness and partially blinded by a policeman, who later confessed that he did this because "he wasn't feeling in very good humor." The reporter had attempted to intercede when Officer Moran was brutally beating up a man who had been thrown out of a saloon. The *Tribune* and several other papers have been devoting columns and editorials to the incident. Literally, it seems, the newspapers must have to be attacked and beaten into a realization of the ferociousness of New York policemen. Incidents like this are daily, almost hourly, occurrences. For years Anarchists, Radicals, Socialists, have been clubbed, maimed, injured by the New York police, who have always been praised and egged on by the New York press. But so blind with prejudice, so nearsighted with ignorance, so obtusely cruel, so innately unsympathetic are these newspapers that not until this cruelty is brought directly under their own noses are they able to realize the danger of the wild beasts who, in the garb of Law and Order, are free to maim and murder any unfortunate who incurs their wrath. The *Tribune* is prosecuting Michael Moran for his murderous attack on the reporter Denice. But can the *Tribune* realize that these assaults occurring in the name of Law and Order and Organized Society are being committed every day upon people too poor and too helpless to make any attempt to obtain justice, and who would only be more brutally attacked if they attempted to do so.

Only a week later than this attack, the *Times* reported

the panic caused on a subway train when a maddened detective attacked a harmless youth, who, to quote the *Times*, "would probably have been killed if the detective's revolver had not been defective." The detective was arrested for felonious assault and suspended. Such is the breed upholding Law and Order. Perhaps it is worth one reporter to make the newspapers admit the brutality of the police. But even now they probably cannot realize the situation, as there is no limit to their cowardice and stupidity.



### A DIRTY DETECTIVE STUNT

**T**HE following letter of Comrade Emma Goldman is an answer to a slanderous attack on the integrity and character of friend David Caplan, awaiting trial in the prison of Los Angeles. The letter has been mailed for publication to the New York Tribune, The Call, The New York Volkszeitung, The Day, the Jewish Vorwarts and the Warheit.

The letter will serve as a warning to all those friends who still feel some respect for the stuff printed in the daily press, although they ought to know that this press will never print a "story" for the sake of truth and justice as long as the supply of lies and falsification will not give out, of which there is very little prospect.

We may expect that this dirty detective stunt will not remain the only one; that more "stories" of that kind will appear in the newspapers in the course of the trial of which the proceedings were taken up again on October 25th after a postponement of a week on account of the sudden death of Fairall, chief counsel for the defense of Mathew A. Schmidt.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., October 28, 1915.

Editor New York Tribune:

New York City, N. Y.

SIR: In your issue of the 27th inst., there appears an item headed "Caplan Turns State's Evidence." The article makes the statement that David Caplan has arranged to confess against his comrade Mathew Schmidt now on trial in the Los Angeles court.

Permit me to inform your readers that there is not a word of truth in the story. The information was given out to the Los Angeles papers by Detective McLaren, who seems to compete with William J. Burns in the honors of bullying and terrorizing victims for his own aggrandisement.

I am in daily communication with the defense and the two accused men, Caplan and Schmidt. I have known Caplan for fifteen years and I know that he is the kind of a man who would rather die than implicate a comrade even if he had anything to confess. Furthermore, I have received only a few days ago, communication from one of the men connected with the defense and publicity work to the effect that it was Detective McLaren who is guilty of the vilification of David Caplan, that the latter has protested against this contemptible method. That he has announced he will in the future see no one connected with the prosecution, until his own trial comes up.

The prosecution must be in a sorry plight with its evidence if it will stoop to such desperate and despicable methods to sweat and grill a man who, according to American law must be considered innocent until he is proven guilty.

Caplan's revolutionary traditions coupled with character and integrity precludes any possibility of betraying a comrade. I hope that your sense of justice and fair play will prompt you to give your readers the true side of David Caplan's story.

Yours truly,

EMMA GOLDMAN.

En route.

\* \* \*

## REFLECTIONS

BY ALEXANDER BERKMAN

**T**HE sudden death of Charles H. Fairall, chief counsel of Mathew Schmidt, has brought the trial to a temporary halt. The circumstances of Fairall's death are rather peculiar. A big, strong man, of middle age, apparently in the full vigor of life, is suddenly found dead after "a slight indisposition" of 48 hours. I have heard rumors of foul play. These are probably due to the fact that Fairall, from the very opening of the trial, proved a sharp thorn in the flesh of

the prosecution. By nature and training a fighter, Fairall was entirely lacking in the respect conventionally due the Court. Perhaps the circumstance that he himself had occupied a seat on the bench, sufficiently explains the reason. At any rate, Fairall seemed to take a healthy pleasure in denouncing, at every opportunity, the prosecutors of Schmidt as unscrupulous agents of private interests, ridiculing the film-sleuth Burns as the man behind the prosecution, and frankly showing his contempt for the prejudiced simpleton rattling around in the seat of justice. The courts and prosecutors looked visibly worried every time the tall form of Fairall would leave its seat and draw itself up to its full height. An old court room wight remarked that the "Southern gent" (District Attorney Woolwine) would be driven to drink, and "his nobs (Judge Willis) croak with worry, before Fairall is half-through with the game."

The death of Fairall is a great loss to the defense. I do not believe, however, that he fell a victim to foul play, as is rumored. Not that the powers back of the prosecution would stop at any methods to secure their prey. But a sufficiently strong motive is lacking, and such a trick just now would be too premature, even if thought advisable. It is up to the defense, though, to look a little more closely into the manner of Fairall's death. Who knows? Strange things do happen.

\* \* \*

Indeed, stranger things have happened. It has happened, for instance, in a city even less feudal than Los Angeles, that the judicial powers and official prosecutors entered into a conspiracy with the respectable law-and-order *canaille*, as a result of which eight men were doomed to death.

No, my friend, it did not happen in darkest Russia. The people there, at least an active minority, are too enlightened and militant to permit such judicial slaughter. On the contrary, it was there, in Russia, that a jury in open court acquitted Vera Zassulitch, and thus justified her attempted assassination of Governor-General Trepoff, who had ordered a Nihilist student to be publicly flogged.

Spain? No, it did not happen in "benighted" Spain, where the Church-and-State murder of even *one* man created such a strong popular protest that the Supreme Court of the country was finally forced to confess the

judicial "mistake" by restoring the confiscated property to the heirs of the martyred Francisco Ferrer.

Yes, my friend, it is only in America, in these free and brave United States that the legal murder of eight men could happen—and nothing else happen. . . .

It was in Chicago, in the year 1887. The chosen victims were Anarchists—men who devoted their exceptional ability and powers to the service of their fellow-men. They saw the misery and degradation around them; they understood the fundamental causes of our social and economic ills. They sought out the people, the workers, to rouse them to see and will a better day.

They were heretics and blasphemers that disturbed the peace of the pharisees and money changers. They were denounced by the high priests of law and order; they were dragged before Pilate, who sentenced them to be crucified.

My friends, when you think of the Nazarene and Golgotha, remember also Chicago and the 11th of November, 1887.

\* \* \*

And nothing happened. . . . In dark Russia or Spain something might have happened, at least to preclude repetition in the future. Not in this enlightened country.

Once there did arise a Man among the pharisees. And he denounced them: "Ye generation of vipers! Ye bloodsuckers! Ye have slain innocent men." And he threw open the prison gates to the three imprisoned Anarchists. But the dead he could not give back to life.

And the pharisees and high priests turned upon this good man Altgeld, and like unto them that are possessed of the devil, they rent his memory even beyond the shadow of death.

And ever since, the Golgothas have been multiplying, and now there is hardly a city in the wide land but displays a monument to Justice, with Judas balancing the sacred scales.

Verily, my friend, whoever believeth not in resurrection is woefully blinded by the glare of the torchlight in the hands of Liberty made of brass.

For even so Herod and Pilate and Judas are now come to life again, and are abroad in the land, in the city of Lost Angels.

## SCHENECTADY AWAKENED

BY W. S. VAN VALKENBURGH

**S**INCE the crime of '87, the progress of the 8-hour movement has been more or less spasmodic and local as against the organized and nation-wide campaign at present sweeping the country. That it has gained such momentum at this time is undoubtedly due to the awakening of labor to the fact that enormous profits are being reaped by the manufacturers of munitions. The proportions to which this barbarous industry has grown is evidenced by the gigantic expansion made by so many firms in the equipment of plants into shrapnel factories for the manufacture of instruments for human destruction. This new field of fortune-making is not confined to any particular industry, for the number of firms that were heretofore engaged in the production of materials totally apart from war supplies now actively turning their attention to the wholesale output of death-dealing implements is very large.

And the General Electric Company is no exception.

The greed for profits is, of course, in no way comparable to the patriotic motives of the business men to demonstrate their national neutrality by furnishing the Allies with all the supplies they can pay for with American money filched from the banks where the workers on this side have credulously put it on deposit.

A perfectly natural thing to expect is that the toilers, coming to realize the enormous returns a highly inflated market yields to the manufacturers of a coveted article, should seek a larger portion of the plunder. This desire to obtain a little more out of life than the masters are willing to give has crystallized itself into the present eight-hour movement.

But it is with the Schenectady strike that this review is particularly concerned:

On October 4th, upwards of ten thousand workers in the General Electric Plant left their benches to enforce their demands for an eight-hour day together with a further clause calling for a 20% increase in wages. The management offered a concession of nine and one-half hours with a 5% increase, to be followed by a further reduction of a half-hour work day within another year.

Either through a misunderstanding or an exaggerated



opinion of self-importance the Grievance Committee accepted the company's proposition on behalf of the men. But the resolution of the rank and file prompted them to flatly turn it down. The walkout followed. By the evening of the second day approximately twelve thousand workers had laid aside their tools.

In a city where the main source of employment is centered in one or two industries the widespread effect of a strike reaching such proportions as the recent one in Schenectady cannot fail to bring out the cleverly concealed hypocrisy of the *petite bourgeoisie*. The small shopkeeper, the cockroach capitalist and the brewery agents were heavily hit. The thoughts of their having to forego the usual weekly feast on the wages of a pay-roll approaching the quarter million mark caused them deep anxiety. Their frantic efforts to discourage the spirit of optimism that permeated the ranks of the rebels should prove a point of class solidarity on the merchants' side to remember well.

Profit mongers of all degrees stand united to crush those who make the profits for them at all times.

The press, as usual, did its utmost to spread discord, for, like most other cities, Schenectady does not yet know what a free press is. That the *Citizen* (which professes to be a Socialist paper) should have taken the strikers' side was to be expected. For it depends solely on the workers for its existence. In addition; its editor is a candidate for the office of mayor at the coming elections and for his paper to do anything else but to espouse enthusiastically the strikers' cause would eventuate in political suicide, and the crafty Dr. Lunn has no such good intentions. Notwithstanding the *Citizen* is free only in the sense that what is acceptable to the personal opinions of the editor may grace its columns.

Even the Socialists have many times found this to be true. No! Schenectady has no free press.

Realizing this, the progress of the strike was officially made known at the daily mass meetings held for that purpose.

Like the strike of two years ago, the most illustrious feature, aside from the unity of the strikers, was the total absence of violence. The parade of more than twelve thousand men, women and girls, peacefully walking into a struck factory for their pay without a police-

man in sight was a wonderfully majestic spectacle. It was a vivid demonstration of the natural peacefulness of the workers when not goaded into desperation by ignorant brutality in a uniform.

The General Electric strike was by far the most significant that the A. F. of L. has ever had to do with. It portrayed the evidence that the ranks are beginning to see the imperativeness of industrial organization. This is particularly true of the younger element, who are as yet uncorrupted by the lure of office. Its structural organization is entirely obsolete. If this were not so two thousand and more of the office clerks would not have been permitted to pass the picket lines without question. Office clerks are slaves, whether the A. F. of L. appreciates it or not. Moreover, they are the most menial of drudges because they love their bonds. To pass them up with the flippant expression that because they already had eight hours, and that they "should worry" does not face the proposition at all.

The psychology of the office worker is wholly different from that of the shop worker. He lives in another world. He dreams. But his dreams are of the day when he, too, may be a boss; when he, too, may wear a better suit and draw a fatter pay envelope. Beyond these noble fancies the office worker, as a class, is utterly incapable of thinking. His close proximity to the boss and the generally more congenial surroundings all serve their purpose to give him reason to look with disdain upon the man in overalls. The boss knows this frame of mind and he fosters it. Hence the man in the shop, upon whose labor both the boss and the clerk live, looks upon the latter as a snob on general principles.

On the whole the shop worker is quite right. The clerk is a snob. His environment has made him so. Nothing else could, for he won't read and he doesn't get enough money to pay his board two weeks in advance. This inclination to emulate is very pronounced in the twelve-dollar clerk with the twenty-five dollar idea of living. Nothing can arouse this cringing office character but education, and it is up to the A. F. of L., as the most representative of labor organizations in this country, to do the job.

There was many a bitter spirit that went through those picket lines to the general offices conscious of the knowl-

edge that they were scabbing on the men outside. This condition of affairs is deplorable. The existing philosophy of unionism is like the theologians who tell one to think, and then if the thinker happens to disagree with their teachings, damns him into eternity. The A. F. of L. excludes men and women from its ranks by reason of its silly craft divisions and then curses them for not standing by them during trouble, when to do so would only result in individual sacrifice to no purpose whatever. Shorn of its Gompersism, politics and craft division and its reorganization along the lines of present day needs, the A. F. of L. may yet fulfill its mission. But the younger membership must do it.

The eventual result of the General Electric strike should in no way discourage the ambitions of the workers. Their funds were extremely limited; the pinch of winter with its increasing expenses was already upon them and their inability to lay ahead any appreciable amount of savings is a foregone conclusion.

That they had sufficient courage to make war openly upon a corporation with incalculable wealth behind it is ample proof that they will not long remain in servitude without protest. Every effort, whether momentarily successful or not; has its important bearing on the ultimate struggle that is destined to destroy the kingdom of capital and return the world to the workers.

To-morrow is another day.

\* \* \*

## A LETTER FROM THE TRENCHES

*(This letter was not written by an Anarchist, but by one who volunteered from patriotic motives to fight for the Empire.)*

Somewhere in France, September 29, 1915.

**M**Y dear—:

I was very glad to hear from you. I know you will expect a very newsy and descriptive letter from me, but I am afraid you will be disappointed. We are allowed to say very little, especially in a letter to America, as they are sure to have a look at this.

However, I will sail as near the wind as I possibly can. We have been out in this damned country for several weeks, and, referring to the bit we are in, it isn't worth firing a shot for. I haven't tasted a decent drink since I have been in France, the water is brown with

filth, and the tea tastes as if it had been made with Oxo, cocoa, coffee and chicken broth (very greasy) all mixed up. Of course, as you know, the food one gets here is not varied a great deal. In fact, when rations come up, you nearly always hear the old joke from the men: "We have got something new for dinner to-day." The unsuspecting victim asks, "What is it?" then comes the answer, "bully beef." Other discomforts include: No change of clothing in the trenches—in fact, I am still in the clothes I came into the trenches, nine days ago, have had nothing off and haven't had a wash, then you can get practically no sleep. For three days and three nights I got about three hours rest.

Two or three days ago, as you probably read in the papers, we had a show. Never shall I forget it. It is quite impossible to imagine anything so diabolical. I should imagine that a week's rest in Hell would even be a tonic after it. God knows how I came through it, and stranger still I didn't lose a single man, and I may say that I am the only officer in the Battalion, and I think in the Brigade, whose platoon is absolutely unscratched. Since then I am in command of the company, but feel the strain very much. We lost two officers completely and one badly wounded. You should have seen the stuff that dropped all around us. I picked up several chunks of shells, which dropped in some cases, as near as a yard from me, and had they hit me, would have torn me to bits.

I would give anything to be home in England again. I have had quite enough. It isn't the danger one doesn't like; it is simply the discomforts and the long hours of duty. I went to sleep one day in the middle of a letter, with my pencil on the paper, sitting bolt upright. Whatever rest you get is in the daytime.

The Fritzes are damn good shots. It doesn't take you long to find that out, and, if you once give them a chance, you never give them another. They are blessed with the cunningness of the devil himself. You have to be damned smart to take a rise out of them; some of them are very brave and take big chances, sometimes with good results. But I think their bolt is shot at last. Probably by the time you get this letter, you will be reading news that will bear out what I say. There was a time that whenever we sent over two shells, they sent back thirty or

forty, but things are rather reversed now, and will be even more so before long. It is not so much in numbers that they have the advantage, but in the appliances of trench warfare, such as powerful field glasses, rifles with telescopic sights, and a hundred other things of the kind.

One night I went out to patrol the ground between the German lines and ours. Of course, that is the trickiest and most dangerous thing we have to do. I was crawling along the ground, flat on my stomach, passing over the top of skeletons and partly decomposed bodies; some of them, when you touched them crumbled to pieces, leaving nothing but a head grinning at you. Of course, all this time shots were whizzing past me like rain.

I can tell you there is no need for warm clothes on the coldest night on this job, and the nights are bitterly cold. To make matters worse, we had a very heavy rain lately, making the trenches about two or three feet deep in water.

I must cease fire now, and as the men always say in every letter they send home, "hoping this finds you in the pink, as it leaves me at present."

\* \* \*

## SPOON RIVER ANTHOLOGY ·

(A Review)

BY STELLA COMYN

**O**NCE in a decade in American literature there appears such a book as Edgar Lee Master's *Anthology of Spoon River*, tearing the sentimental veil of hypocrisy from our lives and revealing things as they are, in their bitterness, pettiness, ugliness, horror,—and beauty. Those who deny Walt Whitman the laurel crown will not admit Masters a poet, but those who know truth is beauty will hail him as one of the few realistic American poets of our time.

The plan of this book of poems is unique. We get the true inner histories of the individuals of a community, each revealing his naked soul in a series of epitaphs. The blind, the lame and the halt, who seemed so strong, so upright, so honorable in the flesh are here. And the true, the sweet, the noble, who appeared so false, so weak, so

\*Spoon River Anthology, Edgar Lee Master. New York, The Macmillan Co. Price, \$1.50. Order from MOTHER EARTH.

helpless among the living. And with what poignancy and power are life's little ironies shown in this free, unshackled verse.

After the deluge of sugar coated, puritanic American writings, Masters' history of Spoon River comes as a relief, and leads those who believe in the future of American letters to hail him as a master realist—one who has given us an unforgettable, living record of human beings, mixed together by Fate, in the end at rest at last,

“all, all, are sleeping on the hill.”

There are Benjamin Pantier and his wife, joined in holy marriage, Benjamin who lies with his only companion in life, his dog Nig, and who

“in the morning of life . . .knew aspiration and saw glory,  
Then she who survives me, snared my soul  
With a snare which bled me to death.”

And she;

“Suppose you are a woman well endowed  
And the only man with whom the law and morality  
Permit you to have the martial relation  
Is the very man that fills you with disgust.”

And Daisy Fraser, the town prostitute, despised, mocked and reviled, who

“Never was taken before Judge Arnett  
Without contributing ten dollars and costs  
To the school fund of Spoon River.”

The poetess, Minerva Jones, hungry for life and love, betrayed and killed by an abortion, and her father, poor and downtrodden, “who crept like a snail through the days of my life” yet “I was purer blooded than the white trash here.”—Doctor Meyers, who loved his kind and failed to help Minerva, indicted and disgraced.

Our heroes and patriots suffer no less from Masters' searching pen. Knowlt Hoheimer runs away and joins the army because he stole some pigs. He, too, lies on the hill under a marble figure and asks,

“And this granite pedestal  
Bearing the words, ‘Pro Patria’  
What do they mean, anyway?”

And all the time, even on the hill, Lydia thinks he ran away because he was jealous of her and “back of every soldier is a woman.” Harry Wilmans, who enlisted, inspired by the patriotic speech of the Sunday school superintendent:

"And I went to war in spite of my father  
 And followed the flag till I saw it raised  
 By our camp in a rice field near Manila  
 And all of us cheered and cheered it.  
 But there were flies and poisonous things;  
 And there was the deadly water  
 And the cruel heat,  
 And the sickening putrid food;  
 And the smell of the trench just back of the tents  
 Where the soldiers went to empty themselves;  
 And there were the whores who followed us, full of syphilis;  
 And beastly acts between ourselves or alone  
 With bullying, hatred, degradation among us  
 And days of loathing and nights of fear  
 To the hour of the charge through the steaming swamp  
 Following the flag,  
 Till I fell with a scream, shot through the guts  
 Now there's a flag over me in Spoon River!  
 A flag! A flag!"

Nor do the mighty escape, stripped as they are of their garments of pretense and respectability. John M. Church, the attorney, who robbed the widow and orphan, the Bar Association sang his praises, "but rats devoured my heart and a snake made a nest in my skull;" and the State Attorney, upholder of the law, inexorable, driving the jury to hang a madman, father of an idiot. Ezra Bartlett, chaplain in the army and prisons, yet bringing poor Eliza Johnson to shame; Editor Whedon, who was able to see every side, pervert truth, for base designs, in short, to be an editor, lies "where the sewage flows from the village and abortions are hidden." And the shade of Judge Somers inquires pitifully why he "most erudite of lawyers, who knew Blackstone and Coke almost by heart, lies unmarked and forgotten, where the town drunkard has a marble block, topped by an urn?"

And the unwordly failures, who yet like Blind Jack, the fiddler, killed in a runaway, tells of

"A blind man here with a brow  
 As big and white as a cloud.  
 And all we fiddlers, from highest to lowest  
 Writers of music and tellers of stories  
 Sit at his feet  
 And hear him sing of the fall of Troy."

Beautiful and tender woman spirits, too, are sleeping on the hill. Emily Sparks, the school teacher, and her mother prayer,

"The boy I loved best of all in the school?—  
I, the teacher, the old maid, the virgin heart,  
Who made them all my children

\* \* \* \* \*

Work for your soul's sake,  
That all the clay of you, all the dross of you  
May yield to the fire of you  
Till the fire is nothing but light. . . .  
Nothing but light!"

And the pure loveliness of Ann Rutledge, "beloved in life of Abraham Lincoln"

"Out of me unworthy and unknown  
The vibrations of deathless music."

So, out of the chaos, the brutality, the wretchedness of life as we found it and make it, as Masters portrays it, come gleams of light and promise.



## THE BULL OF SAINT MALO

BY REMY DE GOURMONT

(Remy de Gourmont died in Paris, Sept. 28. His thought was a powerful acid which destroyed many of the fallacies of modern civilization. Here is a fable suggesting the Anarchistic attitude. It is from "Le Chat de Misere.")

**C**ONCERNING the bull-fights at Saint Malo, people have not failed to deplore the barbarism of such sports and their introduction into the little town of Brittany. I agree with those who do not see any necessity for this innovation. Neither the natives nor the bathers expressed any wish for bull-fights. But on the point of view of the barbarism of the sport, I am not without my doubts. It seems to me that if the bull of Saint Malo, realizing the fate that menaced him, could talk, he might express himself somewhat in this manner:

"Restrain your tender feelings! I have been given no choice in this matter, but if I were free, I should much rather be tracked down in the ring than to be knocked on the head without words or glory in a slaughter house. Kindly note that at least I have the chance, before dying, of mangling one of those idiots who exasperate me with their red rags, their goadings, and their treachery. I shall be killed in the end, undoubtedly. But I would rather be killed by the stroke of a sword in the heart than a hammer's blow on the head. People may be amused by it all, but at least there will be in the sport



a certain nobility, and I can say that I shall meet death with ceremony. Picture to yourself what happens in the slaughter-house—the poor beast with a leather mask, a rope over his nostrils, making him lower his head to the ground, his skull broken with a dull blow! And all that happening in an atmosphere of heart-sickening odors, on a sticky, bloody floor. Ah! how much more I prefer the arena, where I can raise my head proudly and look at Death face to face. Before weeping over my death, just go and take a turn through your famous slaughter-houses. You will tell me that in the abattoirs we die in the service of humanity, and in the arenas only for its amusement. How do you expect that to appeal to a bull, even to a poor ox or a cow? Long live glory! I would rather die on the battlefield, perhaps with one of my enemies on the end of my horns!”

\* \* \*

## A PORTRAIT OF PORTLAND

BY GEORGE EDWARDS

**O** HENRY thought that every city had a soul. And one of his characters—a tramp—was a poet, who devoted himself to imagining the souls peculiar to all the cities which he visited.

I have not visited Portland, and one could say I have no right to describe her soul unless I had been there, lived there, entered into the spirit of her life. But I have a theory concerning the morality of individuals which, like their souls, can also be applied to cities. It is this: it does not matter what their personal conduct is—that is a matter of taste—it is *what they stand for socially*.

For instance, here in San Diego, there was a lawyer who was hounded out of the Socialist Party on the alleged grounds of having cheated one of his clients—a poor Mexican. In this case the Socialist Party was concerning itself with a thing which was none of its business, for undoubtedly the lawyer had entirely justified his conduct—whatever it was—in his own eyes; people always do. What it should have considered was the fact that in the well-known local labor war a few years since that lawyer went to jail for six months as penalty for testing a city ordinance limiting the freedom of speech on the streets. It was what he stood for socially, what

he was before all the people—that alone should have concerned the Socialist Party. Its persecution on grounds of personal relations was so open to questions of fact, taste, point of view, that nothing but a hopeless muddle could come of it—and it did.

Again, a man once remarked in my presence that Cardinal Gibbons was democratic. He knew him personally: “the cardinal shaves himself, and anyone feels right at home and on an equal footing in his presence.” “But what difference does his personal conduct make?” I asked, “except to the few people who dwell about him? To millions of people he is an active upholder of absolute monarchy, and his aristocratic position is the only thing that effects them. It is by that standard he must be judged. His personal habits are matters of individual taste, and concern very few people but himself.”

Now in this way, socially, both cities and men can best be judged from a distance. A personal acquaintance could do nothing but cloud their social significance. That is why I feel that I, who have never been there, can image the soul of Portland better even than persons who know its streets, its institutions and its inhabitants. Before the world Portland is a prude.

No thinking persons minded very much the facts which came to light a year or two ago regarding the prevalence of homosexuality in that city. They knew that every city includes homosexuals in proportion to its size, and that their natural congregating places are the Y. M. C. A.'s. For it is those institutions which place the greatest emphasis upon sex life in imitating monasticism and the European public schools, by limiting their accommodations to a single sex. But Portland was evidently sensitive about it, and like the old time “ladies” who were properly shocked when anybody mentioned their legs, pretended that she had no such members.

Now, Emma Goldman is socially the most useful person I know, for she devotes herself to going about making these cities define themselves in order that the rest of us may catch a glimpse of their souls. When she went to Portland, as usual on her lecture courses this season, she announced as her closing lecture “The Intermediate Sex: A Study of Homosexuality!” Portland just simply must *not* let her legs be mentioned in her

presence, but what could she do to stop this vulgar woman? What else was she to talk about? " 'Limitation of Families!' Eureka! That is another thing that is too disgraceful to mention. For 'does not Gawd send us the de-er children?' "

But alas, the lecture proved perfectly respectable, altho requiring a little closer concentration to facts and logic than Madam Portland was used to bestowing on any discourse. Indeed, she was not quite sure after all whether the earnest little woman might not have said something objectionable. It was just as well to maintain her dignity.

Again she took up her lecture-list. " 'N-I-E-T-S-Z-C-H-E!' Gracious! Is that a person? No, it must be a place—'Storm Center of the European War.' That can't be very interesting. I think the war is just too horrid, anyway. It has upset all my plans for traveling abroad, and putting the children in European studios—I just can't abide American art. But I would better go to the lecture anyway, and see if I can't stop that awful woman from mentioning my legs."

As luck would have it, when she went she found someone in possession of a pamphlet on "Family Limitation" which described actual materials and formulae—"things that no decent person would read." That was all she wanted, for she had expressly made an ordinance that all obscene literature ("obscene" was such a convenient word, because it is a judgment word, and she could define it in any way she pleased) should be suppressed, and the distributors punished. So Miss Goldman was arrested in the midst of her talk, and, together with Dr. Ben Reitman, was taken to jail and each was held under \$500 bail.

Now there was in that city a certain Colonel Wood, who, to judge socially again, must be about the biggest personality in the town. After much difficulty he managed to secure one of the sums of \$500, and Miss Goldman was released. Next morning he was on hand to conduct the case.

A pleading of not guilty and the denial of an immediate jury trial were the chief events—except that some official announced that Miss Goldman would not speak that night. Then Dr. Reitman rose to the occasion as on many times before, and announced in his turn that

the meeting would take place as usual that night. And it did, tho Miss Goldman found it difficult to talk, "for the hall was lettered with detectives, but by heaven I did not compromise," she wrote.

When the trial came off there was a most remarkable judge. "I never knew there was so intelligent a judge on the American bench," she exclaimed, "he was really quite human." He dismissed the case, not (unfortunately) on the grounds that the literature was permissible, but that it had not been distributed by Miss Goldman at all, and even by Dr. Reitman only to certain personal friends. The comments of the newspapers after the event were scathing in their criticism of the official action in the arrest, agreeing with the judge to the effect that "everybody knows that something is the matter with society, but when anybody has the courage to stand up and criticize it we pretend to be shocked." A certain prudish woman detective who figured in the case was the very personification of old Madam Portland.

But the latter has been compelled to admit that she not only has legs, but they may be mentioned in her presence. As for the de-er children sent by Gawd—that is another matter. She'll first see how the society leaders—especially the wealthy old Miss New York—are going to treat that shameless Sanger woman for writing in plain words on such a scandalous subject.

Of course I know that modern psychology has completely abandoned the word "soul." People *are* what they *do*." The most recent development—the Behavior Psychology—takes that slogan literally, defining persons in terms of actions and attitudes toward action. Instead of a poem, therefore, on the soul of Portland, I have tried to present a portrait of her behavior. I wonder if she would recognize it if she saw it?



### FRENCH MILITARISM

**I**N *Le Réveil* (Geneva) there has been published a series of letters from Russian volunteers in the French Army. The story of the treatment they have received from French officers would be incredible were it not that full names, exact dates, and other details are given in several letters. These volunteers are in the

regiment called the "Légion," where all the officers are taken from the notorious "disciplinary" battalions. For eleven months (nine months of which they had been at the front) these volunteers had been subjected to all kinds of insults and indignities, when matters came to a head on June 17, after a long march from the front. The soldiers were buying refreshments in the town, when an order was given that no wine was to be bought—a kind of order which is seldom obeyed. A bullying sergeant found two volunteers carrying a can of wine, and made it an excuse to arrest them. An officer passing ordered them to be bound, but one of the soldiers (a Polish comrade) ordered to do it refused, and he was afterwards bound with the prisoners. A lieutenant then hit the Pole so that blood came from his mouth and ears, and kicked another bound prisoner on the head. Afterwards the sergeant stripped one of the prisoners naked and subjected him to all kinds of indignities and tortures. On hearing of this, several of the Russian volunteers and one Armenian refused to march with the "Légion," and asked to be transferred to any *French* regiment.

Simply for making this petition, *eight Russians and the Armenian were immediately shot*, after a hurried farce of a trial; eight others were condemned to five years' hard labor, and ten to ten years' "public labor." The pathetic irony of it is that the men shot (according to the letters) were thorough patriots; they died crying "Long live France! Long live Russia! Down with the Légion!"

From *London Freedom*.

\* \* \*

Government by science is becoming as impossible as that of divine right, wealth, or brute force. All powers are henceforth to be submitted to pitiless criticism. Men in whom the sentiment of equality is born suffer themselves no longer to be governed; they learn to govern themselves. In precipitating from the heights of the heavens him from whom all power is reputed to descend, societies unseat also all those who reigned in his name. Such is the revolution now in progress. States are breaking up to give place to a new order, in which, as Bakunine was fond of saying, "human justice will be substituted for divine justice."—Carlo Cafiero.

The tendency of men to leave public affairs in the hands of representatives and chosen officers, leads to the enslaving of the masses under the despotic will of these leaders; therefore keep yourselves free from all official, compulsory, leadership, and let no one prescribe laws for you!

The general welfare can only be secured by labor performed without compulsion; the fruits of which may be partaken of by everybody, without any official or outside restriction.

If everyone would carefully study the life and nature of man, he would find the following truths, which are so very important for the regeneration of society:

That full liberty for the enjoyment of things kills greed. The desires for pleasure are then held in natural limits.

Men will always work voluntarily, without any compulsion, when the fruits of labor come to all alike.

These are no speculations, but facts founded upon numerous careful observations; and on this immovable rock will the anarchistic-communistic society be built.

Only by voluntary labor, the fruits of which shall be freely enjoyed by all, can the general welfare of mankind be firmly and forever established—E. Steinle.

\* \* \*

The work performed by free men for their own benefit will be greatly superior to the work performed under the whip of the capitalist.

Although there will be no courts of justice to patch up at great cost their quarrels, men will agree together; although there will be no police nor prisons, less crimes will be committed than nowadays, perhaps none at all.

Crimes and vices are carefully manufactured by the capitalistic system. The Government and the police foster and abate a good many crimes, prevent none. Men are made criminals and vicious by poverty, ignorance, bad example and hatred resulting from the struggle for life. Educate people to help and love each other; and crime will become an anachronism.

Let us not stop for objections or details. These will be arranged somehow. Great principles are our guide. The great evils of the present society demand a radical remedy; and this is anarchist socialism.—S. Merlino.

## TO OUR READERS

We have begun a two months' tour which is to take us between Philadelphia and St. Louis, as well as various cities on our way back to New York.

Philadelphia and Baltimore have already been visited. Also part of our Washington lectures will have been covered before Mother Earth will reach you. We are there until November 7th at the Pythian Temple, 1012 Ninth Street, N. W.

Pittsburgh, Pa., at Montefero Hall, 2616 Fifth Avenue.  
Monday, November 8th, 8 P. M., "Birth Control."

Tuesday, November 9th, 8 P. M., "Preparedness, the Road to Universal Slaughter."

Wednesday, November 10th, 8 P. M., "Feminism, a Discussion of the Follies of the Woman's Rights Movement."

Thursday, November 11th, 8 P. M., International Meeting to Commemorate the Death of Our Chicago Comrades.

Friday, November 12th, 8 P. M., "The Immorality of Prohibition and Continence."

Admission, 15 cents.

Saturday, November 13th, at Ann Arbor, Woodman's Hall, Main and Washington Streets. Admission, 25 cents.

Detroit, at Turner Hall, 136 Sherman Street.

Sunday, November 14th, 8 P. M., "The Philosophy of Atheism."

Monday, November 15th, 8 P. M., "The Right of the Child Not to Be Born."

Tuesday, November 16th, 8 P. M., "Frederick Nietzsche, the Intellectual Storm Center of the European War."

Admission, 25 cents.

Youngstown, Ohio, Thursday, November 18th.

Chicago, Fine Arts Theatre, 410 South Michigan Avenue.

November 21st to December 5th, 1915

Subjects:

Sunday, November 21st, 8.15 P. M., "Preparedness, the Road to War and Disaster."

Tuesday, November 23rd, 8.15 P. M., "The Right of the Child Not to Be Born."

Thursday, November 25th, 8.15 P. M., "The Message of Anarchism."

Saturday, November 27th, 8.15 P. M., "Sex, the Great Element of Creative Art."

Sunday, November 28th, 8.15 P. M., "The Philosophy of Atheism."

Tuesday, November 30th, 8.15 P. M., "Victims of Morality."

Thursday, December 2nd, 8.15 P. M., "Nietzsche and the German Kaiser."

Saturday, December 4th, 8.15 P. M., "Birth Control."

Sunday, December 5th, 8.15 P. M., "Beyond Good and Evil."

Admission: Orchestra, 50 cents; Balcony, 25 cents.

I will also have five Yiddish meetings at Workman's Hall, West Twelfth and Miller Streets, Friday, November 19th; Sunday, November 21st, 3 P. M.; Friday, November 26th; Sunday, November 28th.

Friends, the success of our meetings depends upon your help. Help distribute cards and sell tickets. All mail will reach me care of The Little Review, 834 Fine Arts Building.

EMMA GOLDMAN.



**CAPLAN-SCHMIDT DEFENCE FUND**

Per Alexander Berkman

Previous total (as per report October Mother Earth).....	\$1,076.61
St. Louis, per J. Bluestone.....	41.00
Tom and May Forrester, Los Angeles .....	10.00
James Myers, Kansas City, Mo., per M. E. F.....	5.00
From Rangel-Cline Fund, per M. G. Heidelberg, N. Y.....	15.00
N. Y. C. S. mass meeting.....	40.00
Joint Board Cloak and Skirtmakers' Union, New York.....	100.00
Ind. and Agr. Co-operative Ass'n., New York.....	3.00
Dvinsker Bund, Branch 75, New York.....	1.00
Wm. Shapiro, Boston, Mass. ....	1.00
Ushepeler Benevol Ass'n, New York.....	2.00
Elise C. Albert, Subscription List, Pittsburg.....	4.25
Sophia and Myer Hornstein, Subscription List, London, Can.	13.00
Mollie Rosenthal, Subscription List, London, Can. ....	7.00
Minnie Lewisohn, Subscription List, New York.....	12.75
D. J. Zimmerman, Subscription List, New York.....	1.25
Workmen's Circle, No. 288, New York .....	1.00
A family, New York .....	.46
S. R., New York.....	1.00
Per J. M. Bluestone, St. Louis.....	12.00
Mrs. E. G. Kilpatrick, Cripple Creek, Colo.....	5.00
S. Ciccozzi, Victoria, B. C.....	1.00
W. C., No. 455, New York.....	1.00
Leon Stein, Subscription List, New York.....	2.65
Irving Fisher, Subscription List, New York.....	4.40
International Brush Makers, No. 8, New York, per I. F. Fisher	1.01
E. Lieb, Pittsburg.....	1.00
R. Vega, Youngstown, Ohio.....	.50
Carpenters, Brooklyn, N. Y. ....	50.00
Per J. M. Bluestone, St. Louis, Mo.....	20.00
Dora T. Israel, San Francisco .....	20.00
Per Mrs. E. B. Barriger, St. Louis, Mo.....	3.00
Daniel D. Leon W. C. Branch, No. 538, Paterson.....	1.00
Butchers' Union, No. 174, New York.....	10.00
M. Harris, New London.. ..	16.00
Baltimore .....	20.00
Per Blecher, Collection Germinal Group Lecture.....	9.50
Komentitz Litovsker Branch, Arbeiter Ring .....	1.00
Arbeiter Ring, No. 500.....	2.00
Arbeiter Ring, No. 514.....	1.00
Broker Y. M. B. A. ....	1.00
Lubaschiver Progressive Ass'n.....	2.00
Yarmelintz Podolar Arbeiter Ring, Branch 91.....	5.00
United Progressive Club .....	1.00
Brichaner Y. M. ....	.80
Pillnitzer Y. M. ....	1.00
Arbeiter Ring, Branch 368.....	2.00
Arbeiter Ring, Branch 244.....	1.00
Arbeiter Ring, Branch 330.....	1.00
Arbeiter Ring, Branch 246 .....	1.50
Russian Benevolent Society.....	1.04
Albert Pearl Shop Collection.....	1.00
Warshaver Y. M. Collection.....	2.15



Education Club .....	.50
Cabinet Makers' Union .....	2.45
Arbelter Ring, Branch 54 .....	2.00
Arbelter Ring, Branch 280.....	3.00
International Bruch Makers' Union, Local 8.....	1.00
List 29, per Irving Fisher.....	1.00
Plotzer Arbelter Ring.....	6.00
Bed Spring Makers' Union .....	2.00
Astonian Publishing Society.....	7.71
Donation .....	.47
Dr. Gordon, New York .....	2.00
Oshmaner Bros. Mutual Aid and Benefit Ass'n.....	2.00
A Friend .....	.50
Brownsville Painters' Union, Local No. 716, per Judin.....	10.00
Per Judin .....	20.00
Holmer Progressive Workman's Circle, Branch 20.....	2.00
List 43 and 50, per I. Berger, Newark.....	9.15
List 27, Anarchist Red Cross Society, New York.....	13.85
List 28 per Jacobson, New York .....	6.30
List 35, per D. Lange, New York.....	7.30

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\$1,637.10

Correction: In the last issue Pittsburg Collections were totaled 25 cents, by grace of the printer's devil, instead of the correct \$18.25.

September 22nd, 1915.

**Caplan-Schmidt Mass Meeting**

Receipts .....	\$53.00
Collection .....	40.00
Sale of Pamphlets .....	6.00

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\$99.00

\$59.10

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\$39.90

**Expenses**

Rent .....	\$12.00
Music .....	10.00
Advertisements .....	11.60
Printing .....	18.00
Sign .....	1.50
Telegram .....	6.00

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\$59.10

\$40 turned over for publicity work to Alexander Berkman.

**Seattle, E. G. Meeting**

Seattle Open Air Meeting.....	\$11.95
Sale of literature.....	4.00

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\$15.95

\$16.00 turned over to Alexander Berkman.



**BOOKS RECEIVED**

**GREAT DAYS**, by Frank Harris, Mitchell Kennerley.

**PROGRESSIVISM AND AFTER**, William English Walling, Macmillan Co.

**THE IDIOT POSSESSED, Brother KARAMAZOV, CRIME AND PUNISHMENTS**, Fyodor Dostoevsky. Macmillan Co.

**SOCIALISTIC FALLACIES**, Yves Guyot, The Macmillan Co.

**THE THICKET**, Alice Wood, Mitchell Kennerley.

**VIOLETTE OF PERE LACHAISE**, Anna Strunsky Walling, Frederick A. Stokes Co.

**THE CRY FOR JUSTICE**, Edited by Upton Sinclair, The John C. Winston Co., Philadelphia.

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BEN. L. REITMAN, M.D., Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 19th day of October, 1915.

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