



Concerning Respectability. — An Inquiry.

II.

At first, the office of the head of the house is limited to killing game, protecting the women by whom all work is done and by maintaining a conspicuous waste.

The waste advertises to all beholders the extent of the chief's ownership. All these gauds, banners and trappings are made by slaves, which a little later consist of both men and women, and the number of these slaves reveal the owner's prowess. With the savage, that man is mightiest who makes the most display and the most noise.

We have seen how the soldier transfers the priestly office to another. The expedient is a wise one. It keeps in subjection the people who toil. They are awed by those who have power both in this world, and in another. This assumption on the part of the priestly class that can control the destiny of man in another world is a most useful expedient—it furthers the personal plans of the warrior. If a man believes in the absolute ability of the soldier here, and the power of the priest there, why, he is controlled body and soul. The only thing then is so to treat him that he will not doubt nor become reckless and rebel—he must be cajoled to a certain degree, otherwise he would cease to work; for should a large number cease to produce from where then would come the gauds and trappings for conspicuous waste among the respectable class? But alas! this is a far off contingency, for thus far, rebellion and disbelief have only been transient and topical. The office of a priest at first combined in themselves those of counselor, physician, teacher and clerk. Especially was he the accountant, and so we have the word "cleric," "clerk," or "clerk." He was educated and his sole qualification was that he should be able to read and write, which the soldier very seldom could do. So, at first, the only teachers were priests.

For a time in England, men who could read were exempt from official punishment. This is what was meant by "benefit of clergy," so the criminal who interposed the claim that he could read, was examined by a priest. "Can he read?" asked the Judge. "Like a clergyman," was the reply, and the man was set free. Often the Judge could not read, and a sort of superstition attached to the ability—it was like killing a priest, and priests were, until yesterday, exempt, the belief being that a priest, like a king, could do no wrong. This now is not generally believed to be true.

The reason that the office of teacher has not commanded the same honors that the professions of lawyer and doctor have, is because the teacher deals with the young and those without property. The teacher is an honest man, of necessity, and his opportunities for predatory exploitations are limited. His influence on the community is really greater than that of lawyer or physician, but he does not make as much money, and consequently cannot indulge in conspicuous waste. So he is doomed forever to the standing of a semi-menial. There are plans to pension teachers,

as tho they were incompetents, but there are no plans to pension doctors and lawyers—it would be an insult. Lawyers and doctors prey upon the moral and physical maladies of society; and to a large extent, stir up, foment and bring about the ills they pretend to alleviate. The medical advertisements are not to let you know the disease is curable, but to make you think you have it. Lawyers, especially often become wealthy thru wreckage, altho some of the very richest men in America are doctors—I refer to the Pierces, Pinkham's, Kennedys, Beechams, Jayneses, Carters and Munyons. These all indulge in much conspicuous waste and are respected accordingly. But who ever heard of a millionaire school teacher? The disgrace attached to the profession of pedagogy is its poverty—in other words, its inability to indulge in conspicuous waste. School teaching, not being very respectable, is usually followed by young women only until they can get married, or by men only until they can become lawyers or authors.

In passing, it is well to note the fact that it is only within the past generation that woman has really entered into the business of teaching. The result is that she has largely driven man out of the profession, because she is generally more efficient. The teacher is the child's other mother. In a pure state of nature, the child would need no other teacher than its mother, but the economic demands upon the poor and the social demands upon the rich, make a third party indispensable. In the average home, there is woeful lack of love—everybody is so busy! So the child is sent to school, and the other mother gives her mother-love, her patience and her tact to bring about a pleasurable animation—a condition that the average parent cannot evolve, and without which mental and spiritual growth is impossible. The school teacher is considered a sort of a poor relation—a parasite—an anomaly—a kind of hornless cow among horned cattle. She has enough to live on, but neither time nor money enough for conspicuous waste, so she is doomed to yammer without the pale. Her only hope lies in a free society, which does not make conspicuous waste the badge and sesame of respectability.

To a great degree, the office of priest has swung back to its original position of servant. Protestantism has proved to us the uselessness of a priesthood; but the instinct to conserve the archaic finds refuge in a fiction, and we still have the priest as head of a social club, which we call a "church." The man's honors, however, are gone and he is scarcely more respectable than a school teacher. His curses and blessings are alike futile, and men everywhere regard his office as rudimentary—a sort of theological appenda vermiciformis. The social club he represents is a form of conspicuous waste, and this is why we keep him in order that we may be regarded as respectable.

At first, the only men educated were those intended for the priesthood—education for any other purpose of life was preposterous. So we still cling to the priestly idea of educa-

tion—the dead languages, for instance, and attempt to attach to education a sort of mystery and halo. All educated men are supposed to be exempt from useful labor. That common folks should be educated is a trifle strange to us even yet. A few years ago, in America, the only educated men in each community were the ministers, and in many Irish villages, to-day, the only man who can read and write is the priest. We can thus easily see, how, as a class, the priests have opposed education—they fear competition—it curtails their power.

But a gradually growing complexity of society compelled the priests to specialize. The professions of lawyer, doctor, teacher and accountant are all variants of the priestly office, and all, to a great degree, still conserve the archaic traditions. The distinguishing feature of each is that it exempts its members from manual labor. All indulge to the extent of their ability in conspicuous waste, in order to advertise the fact that they do not work, that is to say that they are not slaves. Doctors, lawyers, priests and preachers—for a Protestant preacher is an attenuated priest—dress in a way that advertises the fact, wherever they go, that they do not work with their hands. Their attire is of a kind that really forbids manual labor and makes it impossible for them to do a useful thing. So we have the high collar, the smoothly ironed chimney-pot, hat, the patent leather shoes, the spotless shirt bosom, and cuffs that tell to all that the wearer does not dig in the ditch.

But a few years ago, men of the superior class proved their exemption from manual labor by wearing ruffles that came over the hands, rendering them practically useless. They wore dainty slippers with polished silver buckles or bows, white silk stockings, much dainty and delicate finery, lingerie, which only ladies of high degree are supposed to secrete upon their persons. Corsets were first worn by men, and these corsets forbade any useful bodily effort. To a great degree, thru a more curious substitution, these refinements have been delegated to women. Just as the priest derives his power from the warrior—and, in fact, is a vivacious soldier, and as the doctor and lawyer and teacher are vivacious priests, so have men delegated to women the task of conspicuous waste. The man supplies the materials—she does the rest.

We now know a man's financial standing by the way his wife dresses. His wife is his walking rating in R. G. Dun & Co.'s register. The diamond is the highest form of concentrated wealth, so many men take great pride in supplying their wives with these ornaments for conspicuous display. These things lend to him an honor and éclat among other men. "Just look! There goes Jones' wife!" This is a great gratification to Jones. He works and toils and slaves with his head and wit—not hands—so as to buy seal-skin sacques, jewels, silks, laces, and princely carriages, and a palace with many servants—all for his wife and daughters. It is a vicarious waste, and it serves the purpose—it advertises the prowess of Jones. His house is a palace—it

is conspicuous—it occupies a block, has verandas, porticos, cupolas, and an observatory. It surpasses all other houses in the vicinity. Inside it is filled with curious furniture, statuary from Italy, paintings from France, bric-a-brac from Japan, books from England. These costly and curious things compete with each other for our attention. They are thrust at us from tables, stands, pedestals, shelves, walls, what-nots, mantels, and niches—all asking for our applause and approbation, also our envy. All tell of the power and potency of Jones.

The process of having his slaves make things was too slow—the age is rapid—Jones, by hook or by crook, secures the labor of many men and women and also children. He has mills in various places—he draws tribute from a thousand sources. His income is greater than ever Polynesian Chief imagined or Mogul guessed; but what boots it if the world knows it not?

Jones cannot ride in a palanquin or in a carriage with riders, nor sit on a diwan, fanned by slaves. His success in holding what he has gotten demands eternal vigilance, and so to wife and daughter, he delegates the conspicuous waste, yet retains the honors for himself.

The woman is still man's servant, still his slave—he is using her for his own ends and purposes. Society demands that in order that Jones may be respectable, he must uphold the priestly class—the church—and as he is too busy to attend to the matter personally, he delegates it to his wife.

Then we have another curious thing: Jones is so immersed in business that he is neglecting his own mental state—he realizes this, and his wife feels it. Should he become wholly illiterate, he would lose caste and cease to be respectable, so he further delegates to the women of his household the task of reading books and getting an education. They have leisure—Jones supplies it—and so they join reading clubs, or go to college and do, by vicarious means, what Jones would do if he had the mind and the time.

But it is all for the family, just as the women toiled in barbaric times. The family name is upheld—they are respectable.

That most women take very kindly to this business of conspicuous waste there is no doubt; and woman's aptitude for the part leads one almost to assume that she, herself, first suggested this division of labor.

—The Philistine.

Reflections.

If a woman with children decides to leave her husband, and is determined to take up the struggles of life in order to *live her own life*, she must have cogent reasons for such a step. In most cases the forsaken husband and other busy-bodies immediately set out to find the man with whom they suppose her to be in love. The culprits are put under the ban of some conventional moral doctrine. She has no "right" to break up a home for the sake of "physical gratifications;" for the sake of "the children" she ought to endure all sorts of insults, and suppress all her feelings and desires for freedom. In short, "rights" and desires are to be reserved for the masculine sex only. And the pity of it is that most women stupidly submit to such a state of affairs. In the corner of the kitchen they shed bitter tears, moan and sigh, and endure quietly. They have children and are aware of the difficulties they will have to face if they leave the "head of the family" to eke out a living for themselves. They know that they can expect no sympathy, no moral support, not to speak of material aid, and if, in spite of it all, here and there a woman is courageous enough to face the ostracism of her own "comrades" (don't laugh), and is ready to take up the economic struggle on her own hook, every intelligent man ought to realize that she had found the

"yoke of marriage" unbearable. There is hardly a woman in existence who does not feel intense pain at the thought of separating father and children; and if she takes the step notwithstanding, the evil she tries to escape is certainly much greater than the lack of "physical gratification."

There is still much darkness around us, yet the dawn is already visible on the horizon; and there is hope that the time of mental and material freedom will be realized soon. Around us everything is in a stage of fermentation, and there must be a change for the better. But is it not a sad state of affairs that even among the Radicals there is yet so much prejudice, narrow-mindedness, and so little courage in living up to one's convictions? People read and discuss, but lives remain as of yore. Criticising others, especially the weaker sex, is much easier than acting. "The women are the stumbling-block of progress." "He treats her awfully, but she will stand everything." "Go away from him? Never; she would go back anyhow." "It is prostitution, of course; but don't forget: she is only a woman." "I would be a free man if it was not for my wife." "She wants to be supported." Poor woman, don't you know that Eve is still the cause of all the mischief in the world?

But if this woman, in spite of all her faults and weaknesses, determines to rid herself of the "head of the family," to support herself, to live her own life, do you imagine that the stronger sex rejoices over the fact, and is ready to assist her morally at least? By no means. She rents a house suitable for roomers and boarders, enabling herself thus—so she imagines—to stay at home and look after her children. She naturally tells her "comrades" that she has rooms to rent. See them shrink, these "strong" and squeamish "lords of creation"! "Why, I thought you were looking for a room?" "Well, yes—but you see—your husband may—" Off, coward! "You know Mrs. So-and-So left her husband, and offered me a room?" "Ha—did she?" "Hands off!" compliments another. "You will have trouble." And this is the material that peddles for "freedom and individuality," the sex that the average woman is prone to look up to with admiration and pride! Does he not preach freedom in and out of season? Of course he does, poor deluded woman. But he neither feels what he says, nor does he mean your freedom. That is a horse of a different color. Don't you know that all exploiters and tyrants clamor for freedom—for themselves? It is not freedom that you want—it is licentiousness.

And do you wonder that so many women go back to the hell they thought to escape, when she is met with scorn and contempt by her own comrades,—when she sees that she is being avoided rather than being sympathized with? What difference is it to her whether she lives a miserable and lonely life in or out of marriage? She returns poorer in hope and richer in disappointments. She expected that the heralds of freedom (heaven pity them!) would appreciate her efforts, but they blamed her instead. And after she has been driven back to her "supporter" in despair, she immediately sees the wisecracks about: "Didn't I tell you that she would go back?" "There is a woman for you."

The "husband" carried the victory: she came back, and he accepted her gracefully. Poor, miserable soul. Do you not realize the sadness of your victory? Will you enjoy the embraces submitted to by force of circumstances? Enjoy looking upon a broken heart and a crippled individuality? Wretch, who is the prostitute? And you still clamor for freedom? What a lie!

And the woman wonders how freedom is achieved. She has helped to arrange meetings where the gospel of freedom was promulgated. She rejoiced whenever she noticed new faces in the audience. She hailed

the "social revolution." Freedom was her prayer. She distributed literature: "That will make people think," the speakers said. She often gives her last penny for those that devote their lives to the propaganda, or to distribute to the comforts of those languishing in prisons. She grows, develops, she thinks, and becomes conscious of the degradation and slavery she endures, for she is still the property of an Anarchist "husband." Why, "break your chains—" "freedom must be taken," she has heard it so often said. She will try to ascend the ladder. She makes the first step, and she is pulled down by her own "comrades." And she is bewildered. Where are the outstretched hands, the smiling faces she expected to see? She stands alone. She weeps.

When a heavy rain is pouring down during a thunderstorm, she often imagines seeing the tears of suffering mankind, unhappy women—tears which were shed in the pillows, from whence they ascend into the elements and forming clouds, laden with despair and anguish. Thru the lightning I can see little children crippled mentally and physically—children of unhappy and broken-hearted mothers, who had neither the strength nor happy frame of mind to raise healthy children. All that is conducive to a good mother is absorbed by the petty quarrels and impure atmosphere created inside the narrow life of the martial bonds.

"But," it is asked, "what right have you to 'rob' the father of his children?" I know of no such thing as "right." There is *life*, and *that's my own*. What "right" have you to sacrifice innocent men, women and children in a revolution? It cannot be helped? Well, then. And what "right" have your moral codes to compel children to grow up in an atmosphere pregnant with hatred and strife? Will they learn to love the ideal you profess to believe in? Oh, the pity of it all.

How freedom is achieved? Learn to stand alone, woman. Be yourself, and assert what you think is right. Live up to your ideal in spite of all the "Radical" busy-bodies around you, and you will at least have the satisfaction of knowing that you are doing the best you can. If in this path you find congenial and sympathetic souls who understand you, the better for you; if not, then it is better to be alone than to live a lie. So far most of us abhor conventionality, hypocrisy, and slavery only in theory; in practise we still cling to all that makes up the present system, and hence there is little progress among us.

And will we ever reach the ideal if we continue to hug the prejudices and customs which enslave us,—if we ostracize those who endeavor to free themselves from the claims that cramp their souls? Have you ever tried to penetrate the soul that faces the condemnation of the world in order to relieve herself from mental anguish and torture? How the heart rages in its clamor for freedom? Have you tried to look upon the individual's doings without attributing malice and selfish motives to the conduct of the actor?

And would a man appreciate a woman if she determined to sacrifice her own self for the sake of her husband and children? Why, no. He would look upon it as a matter of course, forge new chains, and on every occasion express a malicious joy that a woman is not capable of being independent.

Let us grasp the hands of those who are trying to ascend the ladder of freedom, no matter what the reasons may be, for only when we shall appreciate those who are endeavoring to live up to their convictions, instead of sneering at their attempts, will we be on the path which shall free us from mental and economic slavery. We are born slaves, still groping in the dark, and will yet often stumble before we learn to walk straight ahead.

ESTHER MINKIN

A "Departure" in Anticratism.

I have received a spasmodic copy of *Liberty* (Whole No. 352), containing a very long article by Steven T. Byington, carefully marked and corrected, as I should infer, also by Mr. Byington. Whether he considers himself to have established any claim upon my attention and courtesy, no one is so well able to judge as readers of *Liberty*. He seems, however, to exercise some influence upon Anticrats, and for that reason his intellectual progress is worth encouraging. The article in question is, from all points of view, a remarkable one. Its treatment of the subject, "The Engenderment of Laws," is inductive enough to have been taken out of C. L. James' "Vindication," which argues that Mr. Byington is learning something, and may, by-and-by, emerge from Anticratism into scientific Anarchism. This I am glad to see. It is written—in the Talmud—that when some tramps stole Mrs. Partington's thanksgiving turkey, she did not oppose "invasion," but hoped they would find it tender. It is not written that they left an insulting message in the place of the turkey, but my benevolence so far surpasses Mrs. Partington's that Anticrats are welcome to leave a message pronouncing my intellectual turkey, buzzard; providing only they assimilate it at last. In the case of Byington, the prognosis is encouraging. He did not get down the turkey without many a muttered curse; but he has made such happy progress in the work of digestion as to have evolved from it an original idea! He not only sees now that organizations to oppose invasion (vulgarly called governments) are the only invaders strong enough to be worth opposing; but he draws the legitimate corollary—that the one law we need to have is a law against enforcing laws! The originality of the effect thus produced by Byington's unwanted diet of facts upon his individual stomach, is at once shown by Tucker's pronouncing it absurd. Thunder and lightning, wherever Anarchism exists we have a law against enforcing laws now; and what is more to the point, a means of enforcing the law against enforcing laws. That is the function of the Monster Slayer. Byington, to be sure, appears to think there ought to be an organization for the purpose of enforcing this new law; which is a great mistake. To organize Monster Slayers would be to make them a government. But the little child cannot be expected to learn everything all at once. He has moved to the top of the Anticrat class; while Tucker remains resolutely at the bottom. Such are the consequences of an unwholesome diet on "Spencerian formulæ," when the thing wanted was a good square meal of turkey-facts! For the cream of the joke is that I always date my own conversion from some muddled sort of Anticratism to Anarchism on the day when I wanted to know from Tucker what would prevent organizations to oppose invasion from becoming invaders; and he told me "the dynamite bomb in the hands of individuals." Tucker was a smart boy then. He had not gone stuffing on Spencerian formulæ. You see now what dyspepsia-breeding prog they are. Shun them like respectability.

THE NEWLY-FLEDGED AND HALF-BAKED
ASPIRANT.

"Many a man thinks that it is goodness which keeps him from crime, when it is only his full stomach. On half allowance he would be as ugly and knavish as anybody. Don't mistake potatoes for principles."—CARLYLE.

"Man, we are taught in our childhood, is a sociable animal. Above all, he is an animal amenable to discipline. He marches in a flock, like sheep. Only the sheep is less stupid. It does not create its own shepherd."—HENRY MARET.

Defends Anarchy.

F. D. Cummings objects to the principles of freedom as expounded by Mr. Pentecost, being taken as the principles of Freethought. Evidently Mr. Cummings is one of the inconsistent "Liberals" who believe that people have a right to think freely on religious questions, but should be jailed if they think freely about anything else. Mr. Pentecost is logical, standing for freedom in all things. Mr. Cummings thinks he has a right to reject Christianity, but denies others the right to reject Christian rites and institutions.

What does freedom amount to which allows a man to reject Christ as a king, but hangs him if he rejects the kingship of Edward, William, Nicholas, or Theodore? How is it that Mr. Cummings is so sure that no one has a right to tax him to support a church, yet has a perfect right to tax him to support jails, schools, and custom houses? that no one has a right to forbid him to work on Sunday, yet has a right to prevent him from working any day, unless a part of his earnings are surrendered to non-producers? According to law, it is a crime right here in Massachusetts to sell food and clothing. One does not have to go to Italy or Russia to find examples of political tyranny. Why should a man be forbidden to sell to one who wants to buy? Simply because somebody wants to monopolize trade. Monopoly founded on force is the fundamental principle of government. The Anarchist disputes anyone's claims to a right to monopolize anything.

Mr. Cummings understands that an Anarchist denies to government the right of existence. Yes, just as Mr. Cummings denies to government the rights of existence for the purpose of robbing him of his religious freedom, the Anarchist denies to government the right of existence for the purpose of robbing him of any freedom. Mr. Cummings is just pipping to get out of the shell of superstition. The Anarchist is already hatched and growing. What difference is it to an individual whether he is cast into prison for doubting the divinity of Jesus or for criticising organized crime? The church and the government are alike in one thing. Neither one wants to argue. Their only argument is the shotgun. They cannot answer the Atheist or the Anarchist, so they believe in killing them. Mr. Cummings speaks of mental and moral rot. It must be a strange mental condition a man gets into when he talks about one's sacred right to choose the church he will attend, but denies him the right to choose a school teacher, doctor, or merchant. The display of inconsistencies which Mr. Cummings makes trying to show that Freethought consists of denying men and women the right to think and act, looks to me very much like mental and moral rot.

The fundamental principle of Freethought is the right of private judgment in all things. Mr. Cummings speaks of Anarchy and Free-love. One might as well say government and policemen. Free-love is one of the principles of Anarchy, just as the policemen is one of the functionaries of government. I agree that it is entirely fitting that Anarchy and Free-love be embraced by the same person, for it is also entirely fitting that the governmentalist embrace monopoly enforced by the policeman's club and the soldier's musket. Does Mr. Cummings know of any kind of love except free love? Whoever fights against free love fights against all love. Meddlesome laws are fast driving love from the human mind. What an everlasting shame that love should be debased by business and the desire to rule! Whether men and women love each other or not they may mate if the lawyer or priest sanctions it.

Mr. Pentecost is doing more than any other man in the country to place Freethought on a logical basis. It certainly is very unbecoming in any man who calls himself a Freethinker

to unite with foul Christianity in forcing a system of marriage upon the people which violates every principle of individual liberty and decency, and is fast making the world a cesspool of corruption. Mr. Cummings, the "mental and moral rot" is the governments' own child.—J. A. WILSON in *Truth Seeker*.

American Freedom in Practise.

"Eighty striking miners were marched on foot from Berwind to Trinidad recently by a troop of cavalry. The men had all refused to register at Berwind, and have their descriptions written for future reference, according to the order issued a few days previous by Major Hill.

"The men were brought to military headquarters here and photographed in groups and registered according to the Bertillon system, after which they were turned loose. They had been marched a distance of 20 miles over mountains in a scorching hot sun.

"Several fell by the roadside from fatigue. They were given water by the military authorities when they arrived here, but no food. The strikers were all orderly, and made no outward sign of the suffering they must have endured.

"All men arrested are Italians and have created no disturbance whatever. They were either living at home or in strikers' camp. One man, thru an interpreter, told the following story of their trip: 'A troop of cavalry, eleven in all, on horseback, herded us like cattle, and started from Berwind about ten o'clock this morning. The troop drove us as I see men drive cattle, and they repeatedly struck us; several times when men would lag behind they would run their horses against them and compel them to run or stagger out of the way to keep being killed. The troops cursed us all the time; it was like pictures I see in American newspapers of Russian Cossacks running over people in Siberia. One Italian about sixty years old, became so weak he could not walk, and two of the soldiers struck him on the head until he fell by the roadside, where he was left in the broiling hot sun, and I do not know but what he died. He had been sick, and was not fit to walk, and only got a few miles when he fell. Several men became weak, but they bore up rather than take the blows of the soldiers.

"We were not given anything to eat all day, but were driven to a trough at Bowen, 5 miles from Trinidad, and allowed to drink. After arriving at Trinidad all registered, except three, and they were thrown into jail, and the rest of us turned loose. None of us had any money or a place to go, and we were fed by friends at the strikers' camp at Trinidad, and at the homes of our countrymen. Several of the men will not be able to walk back to their homes for several days."

The above report does not come from Russia or Turkey. It occurred in Trinidad, Colo., a city located in "the freest country on the globe."

One of the "strike-breakers" at the cattle barns, says an Eastern exchange, entered a butcher shop a few days ago to purchase a calf's head. As the butcher was about to wrap it up for him the customer noticed the union shop card. "Say, is that a union calf's head?" he asked. "Yes, sir," answered the butcher. "Well, I am not a union man and I don't want union meat," said the customer. "I can make it non-union," said the meat man, picking it up and retiring to the back room. He returned in a few moments and laid the head on the counter with a remark, "It's all right now," "What did you do to make it non-union?" asked the prospective buyer. "I took the brains out of it."

"No person will rule over me with my consent. I will rule over no man."—WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

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ANARCHY.—A social theory which regards the union of order with the absence of all direct government of man by man as the political ideal; absolute individual liberty.—Century Dictionary.

ATTENTION.

All delinquent subscribers are earnestly requested to renew their subscriptions if they wish to receive the paper. It is due to the negligence of the delinquents that we are forced to issue only four pages.

In New York City Mrs. ANNIE EDELSTADT will visit the negligent subscribers, and we hope she will not spend carfare in vain.

For the benefit of FREE SOCIETY a pleasant afternoon and evening outing will take place Sunday, July 3, 1904, at Smith's Wald Hotel, near Glendale Schuetzenpark. Section 13. Transfers from all Brooklyn cars to Richmond Hill cars.

By the Wayside.

The Sultan of the Sulus in the Philippines has been described as a "depraved and stupid fellow," but judging from a report of a traveler it did not take the Sultan long to find the American out. "He yawned whenever any of the American gentlemen spoke," says Mr. Landor, "and he treated us all as if we were a band of robbers." This shows that the Sultan is not so stupid after all.

According to newspaper reports Chicago policemen are to be indicted for assault, pickpocketing, and blackmail on women, etc., and to divert public attention from their own corruption they arrested a lunatic who was "ordered" (by whom?) "to kill Mayor Harrison and other well-to-do men." He was declared an Anarchist, of course, and thus the police thinks to prevent an over-hauling of their own department.

Recently the Presbyterian saints gathered in Buffalo, and one of the "divines," Robert F. Coyle, alarmed his colleagues by the announcement that "the era of the common man was approaching." Of all the sovereigns King Demos (the people) is most to be feared, this sky-pilot warned his listeners. Is it not strange that even the representatives of the "Almighty" fear the awakening of "God's children"?

Stupidity seems to triumph in the public schools, and the curse of these instructions becomes more and more obvious. "Give us back the rod," is the cry of the New York teachers; and in Brunswick, N. J., a school

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superintendent severely censured a teacher because she had given the children a lesson in botany, in which she informed the pupils that among the flowers were male and female, and that the impregnation of blossoms was necessary for the propagations of its species.

"A sovereign people," says a German exchange, "who in spite of a heavy rainfall gather by the thousands to do homage to the Princess Alice Roosevelt, a silly girl, are mature indeed. They are ripe for imperialism, czarism, and the lash." And a people, I would add, who enjoy the sight of flogging a Negro, as recently happened in Wilmington, Del., where five hundred men and women gathered to see a human being beaten half to death, are already deeply imbued with the spirit of czarism.

Why is it that the foreign bandit who holds an American citizen arouses Uncle Sam to fury, while the home-grown oppressor does business as a matter of course?—Chicago Daily News.

The reason is plain; governments detest murder and robbery on a small scale, especially when the victim is one of those who robbed the poor by the consent of the governors. Had the bandit joined the Vanderbilts, Rockefellers, and other Christian "gentlemen," and had robbed the American producers of a few hundred millions, the American war ships would be at his disposal for protection. But a man who goes into the robbery business for a few shabby dollars is not appreciated by the "captains of industry" in this country.

The radicals who before and during the Spanish war hailed the "benevolent assimilation" of Cuba, should at last come forth and prove to the sceptics that their claims have been vindicated. I still assert that the Cubans, i. e., the protestarians of this god-ridden island, will find no occasion to rejoice over the change, for the American eagle has so far not distinguished itself by its tenderness and kindness in the pursuit of prey. Its avaricious and ferocious traits excel those of the double-headed monster of Russia, as far as the hunt for prey is concerned, as is again evinced by the machinations of capitalism upon the helpless victims in Cuba. "Friends and relatives of General Wood of the United States army, and former governor general of Cuba," says a newspaper report, "are selling to Wall Street stock in the Cuban Sea Island Cotton Company. Promises of 80 per cent. annually on the investment are made. ... It is represented as such a good thing that it is promoted in whispers" by prominent financiers. At whose expense such "remarkable dividends" are made, can be guessed from Samuel Gompers's report. He says:

"I saw men working in the sugar refineries in Porto Rico fifteen and sixteen hours a day for 40 cents a day. Even this small wage is not paid in cash, but in checks payable at the company's stores.

"I have seen women and girls selecting coffee from twelve to fourteen hours a day for 15 to 20 cents a day. In many cases I found out that the laborers did not know what they were going to get until they were paid. The whole question of wages was left to the employers.

"I never saw more ragged people in all my days. I never saw so many poorly fed men, women and children. I never saw so many hovels and shacks, where ten or twelve people herd together in one small room.

"I saw more misery and hunger stamped upon the faces of the men, women and children of Porto Rico than I have ever seen in all my life, and I hope I may be spared from seeing the like again."

From this it can be easily seen why General Wood was so zealous in his endeavor to civilize the Cubans, and why he at present is engaged in subduing the obstinate Moros in the Philippines "at any cost." "Cheap labor" and "profitable markets" are the ideals of American capitalists, and these they pursue at the point of the bayonet and the muzzle of the gattling gun. And this is all

there is to that "benevolent spirit" which so ostentatiously pretended a desire to free the Cubans from the Spanish yoke.

INTERLOPER.

My Development.

When I perceived that laws and the guardian of laws had only the purpose of compelling me, as a proletarian, to live and act in accordance with the arbitrary demands of these laws, and when I became conscious of the fact that my whole life would be given up to such tyranny and systematic pillage, my inner self revolted and I loudly protested against such shameless presumptuousness.

Once I was on the stage of protest, my thoughts became more and more animated, my discontent was growing and became louder day by day; I began to rebel and repudiated existing institutions inch by inch. In this stage of negation, which in its incipency was only of an instinctive nature, I finally reached a state where nothing remained of the dismal glory of dominating governments—archies.

I could no longer recognize the Church, the institution of the State, nor the value of a party and its rigid rules of organization, laws, statutes, programs, declarations of principles, or codes of morality. I threw everything overboard, and began to find myself. When I found myself after great pains, I realized at the same time that there was only one condition in which tyranny and exploitation are impossible, and where man can reach a stage of perfection in which he can command and obey himself. This condition is called freedom. This recognition was invigorating, but I was not yet free. There was still much to overcome, for instance, all sorts of passions—needs they are partly called to-day—servile views, prescribe prejudices, phenomena which, like the furious elements, often dashed upon me as tho they would crush me. But my tenacity and will-power conquered after a hard struggle. And only then could I ascend a higher stage of development, and finally live a free life.—Johann Otten

Ingenuous people may think that it was a matter of conscience which prompted Grover Cleveland—one of the big-bellied men of the nation, who now take the place of great men and speak before the students of Princeton. They may suppose that when he attempted to justify his attitude during the great strike in 1894, he was anxious to vindicate himself to some extent. These well-meaning people know the arch-knave Grover very little. Such scruples have never bothered this man who was richly blessed with worldly things when he left the presidency. In spite of the vigorous protests of the governor of Illinois in 1894, he sent United States troops to Chicago, in order to demonstrate to the capitalists that he was one of their most ardent guardians and protector, and now he reminds the possessing classes what he has done for them before. Not that he has the ambition to be nominated for the presidency for the third time. He is too cunning to undertake such dangerous game. But he demands the gratitude of the law-abiding citizen for the services he rendered them in crushing rebellious labor. And the compensation he expects is trifling indeed. He only desires to be consulted as to the candidate for the presidency, and that his partisans work for the politician of his choice.—Chicago Arbeiter Zeitung.

"Good men must not obey the laws too well."—EMERSON.

"Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!"—PATRICK HENRY.