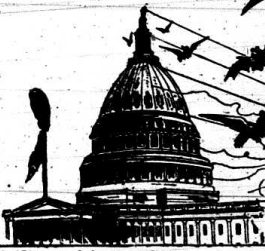


The Firebrand

FOR THE CONQUEST OF THE CONGRESSES OF IGNORANCE AND SUPERSTITION.



An Exponent of Anarchist-Communism: Holding that Equality of Opportunity alone Constitutes Liberty; that in the Absence of Monopoly Price and Competition Cannot Exist, and that Communism is an Inevitable Consequence.

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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.

Only Three Grains of Corn.

Give me three grains of corn, mother,
Only three grains of corn;
It will keep the little life I have,
Till the coming of the morn.
I am dying of hunger and cold, mother,
Dying of hunger and cold,
And half the agony of such a death
My lips have never told.

It has gnawed like a wolf at my heart, mother,
A wolf that is fierce for blood—
All the livelong day and the night beside,
Gnawing for lack of food.
I dreamed of bread in my sleep, mother,
And that sight was heaven to see—
I awoke with an eager, famishing lip,
But you had no bread for me.

How could I look to you, mother,
How could I look to you,
For bread to give your starving boy,
When you are starving too?
For I read the famine in your cheek,
And in your eye so wild,
And I felt it in your bony hand,
As you laid it on your child:

The queen has lands and gold, mother,
The queen has lands and gold,
While you are forced to your empty breast
A skeleton babe to hold,—
A babe that is dying of want, mother,
As I am dying now,
With a ghastly look in its sunken eye,
And famine upon its brow.

What has poor Ireland done, mother,
What has poor Ireland done,
That the world looks on and sees us starve,
Perishing, one by one?
Do the men of England care not, mother,
The great men and the high,
For the suffering sons of Erin's isle,
Wheth' they live or dye?

There is many a brave heart, mother,
Dying of want and cold,
While only across the channel, mother,
Are many that roll in gold;
There are rich and proud men there, mother,
With wondrous wealth to view,
And the bread they fling to their dogs to-night
Would give life to me and you.

Come nearer to my side, mother,
Come hearer to my side,
And hold me fondly, as you held
My father when he died;
Quick, for I cannot see you, mother:
My breath is almost gone;
Mother, dear mother! ere I die,
Give me three grains of corn.

—ANON.

Pictures.

In a room, brilliant from the rays of incandescent lamps, furnished with the most elegant and softly cushioned easy chairs and divans, its floor covered with a Turkish carpet that sank under the feet when trod upon, sat a man. He was attired in a fine silk dressing gown, his feet encased in richly

bejeweled slippers. As he sat in his chair, occasionally puffing a two-bit cigar, comfortable as man can be, a storm raged without. But what cared he for storm or shine; around him all was bright and warm. He need but press the button and seryants, trained to unquestioning obedience, stood ready to minister to his comfort. And he was happy. As he sat musing a smile would occasionally play around his lips, for he was thinking of his exploits amongst the ladies of upper tendum only a few nights before.

And thus he sat picturing to himself scenes of the past. Anon the storm beat down fiercer and rattled the shutters to the windows of the room in which he was sitting. This riot of the elements only added zest to his pictures of gayety, because the contrast between the comforts of his home, and the inclemency of the weather without. But as the wind howled by, it moaned around the corner with one of those peculiarly human wails, his thoughts suddenly turned to the other scenes. As a sudden gust of wind swept by with a shrill cry he started from his chair and gazed out of the window for a second. Then he turned again in his chair and began to puff away at his cigar, for, strange as it may seem, weird sensations crept over him. Before him loomed a picture. But oh, how different was this picture from the one which a few moments before had caused him to smile. He shuddered as he saw a pale anxious face, with pleading eyes looking straight at him.

He closed his eyes to escape that vision, but the pale face and big eyes, full of fearful pleadings still haunted him. "I was cruel," he said. Then arousing himself he said: "Pshaw, I acted lawfully, any other man would have done the same." And a cold stern look came over his face as he took up the evening paper and began to scan the market reports.

The storm howled around a miserable cabin, and the cold wind whistled through the cracks, carrying snow with it. Sitting huddled in a corner of the one room was a man and a woman. Dreary indeed was the room, with no light but the pale glare of a few embers that smoldered in a cracked cook stove. Chilled with the cold and discouraged by the storm they both sat speechless.

A tiny nickle clock was ticking away the time, and its tick, tick, tick alone broke the monotonous silence within, while fiercely raged the storm without.

Presently the woman's head sunk lower and lower, and although shivering with cold, she fell asleep and heard the storm only in her dreams. As the man sat wrapped in a ragged overcoat, he saw visions of other days rise before him. His memory recalled with startling vividness scenes of by-gone days. Bitterly did they contrast with his present surroundings. He thought of the days when he toiled, and was glad, for he had enjoyed the rapid flow of blood as his muscles moved in accord with the directing of his brain. Then, too, having accomplished the work in hand he was wont to spend pleasant evenings, out under the soft moonlight, or sitting by the ruddy fire, with her who now

sat sleeping near him. Bitter was his agony, he turned from this picture to look toward her, now so thin and emaciated.

His thoughts then turned to the one who, at this same time, we have seen sitting in such comfort. "Damn him," he muttered, "after I had toiled so hard and honestly, and been thrown down by sickness, he took advantage of a law that he had his friend Ben, introduce into the legislature, and here is the result." And again he saw a stern face and heard the words, "I have acted lawfully, any other man would do the same." And a fierce fire burned within him, and he forgot that he was cold.

It was one of those lovely moon-light nights in June. The air was warm and soft. On the piazza of a family hotel sat a couple chatting gaily. Presently one of them, the lady, begged to be excused and went within the hotel. As the man sat gazing out upon the greensward and rooftops he fell to musing. Before him rose visions of glory. He saw the convention nominating him for office; saw the crowd cheer as he addressed them, and he grew eloquent about patriotism and the glory of our country and justness of its laws. But a shadow came over his brow, for before him loomed an opponent; one who aspired to the same place he was seeking. In his imagination he saw his opponent fixing the delegates to the convention. He saw him using money, making promises, deceiving and corrupting all whom he could approach. He shuddered at the thought of such action, but the picture of fame and glory which had just enthused him came again before him and he bit his lip hard and thought: "I will do it."

Out under the trees, where the moon filtered its rays down between the branches, lay a man. He was poorly clad and did not look happy. As he lay there with his head resting on the root, memories of the past, painted pictures which he could not shut out, vague pictures of happier days floated dimly before him, but were succeeded by visions of gloom and suffering. In his mind he again saw a dingy room, and heard the storm howl by. He saw the faint light of dying embers and how one whom he had loved had fallen asleep, never to wake again, as the snow filtered through the cracks, making miniature mountain ranges on the floor. And bitterly again rang in his ears the words of the minister who performed the last ceremonies over his lost companion, "The lord gave, the lord has taken away, blessed be the name of the lord." And again he warmed with an inward fire, and he resolved anew to strike a blow at the monster that had crushed his hopes and made his life miserable—a long drawn agony. Before him loomed an array of officials—the embodiment of the State—and he said: "Here is my enemy; here is the enemy of mankind. I will make war on the State."

In the courtroom were gathered a crowd of curiosity seekers. The judge sat in his chair, far above the rabble, and around him, at respectful distances, were many attorneys. The first case called was one ballot-box stealing. One man had already been convicted, but a rising politician was now on trial as

accessory. He was one of the élite of the city. A society man. After some show of formal dealing with the case in charge he was acquitted. The next case called was a charge of resisting lawful arrest. The accused stood before the bar but refused to plead. When asked if he wished for council he said: "I do not recognize the right of this court to try me." And turning he started from the room. "Stop that man," yelled the judge. But just as he started to give the bailiff orders concerning the prisoner, a terrific explosion occurred in the room, and that judge let no more politicians go unpunished, nor yet did he ever again try to punish the down-trodden for resisting arrest. HENRY ADDIS.

The Inquisition at Work.

SINCE our Christmas number I have been arrested by the Government at Washington, also again by the local United States authorities in Los Angeles, on what charges I do not know. But the fact remains that I am under bonds for one thousand dollars to appear at the call of the inquisition and answer to crimes I have never committed. As a matter of course you can infer why I am in such a position, 1) and it proves that no man's liberty is safe in the United States to day. That any man who dares to express an honest opinion or raise his voice in behalf of humanity or condemn by words the doctrines of the antiquated religious superstition, his liberty is in jeopardy, and any man or class, whom he may oppose can and will use the power of the Government to crush him. And if you are poor you have no redress even if you may be innocent. You suffer in reputation, business, and your peace of mind; it may ruin you in life, drive your family to starvation, render you homeless. All this is naught to the federal inquisition. It still keeps on grinding and oppressing the poor, while the rich with bribery and political corruption go free. The cowardice of the United States government is something appalling when you stop and think. When you read or see the thousands of poor men who are arrested annually for some small so-called crime, such as chopping a few sticks of wood on government land, haul it twenty miles to sell, and buy a sack of flour to feed his hungry family, he is condemned to six month's imprisonment in some bastle and his family left to starve. So it goes down the line, all the poor must suffer, but when the mighty and rich commit a great crime against the government, do they suffer? No! Money, power, politics, religion, society, masonry, all are brought into active operation and he goes free. Go back to the days of France, previous to the falling of the bastle, men and women who were innocent, were incarcerated in jail for life, torn away from their homes and families in the dead of night never to see them again; and such acts and general oppression of the poor, brought about the downfall of the bastle and freedom for the French nation. 2)

Again, my case is based on the same system as an imperial decree issued by the czar of all the Russias, who signs an imperial mandate to arrest instantly a subject or citizen, condemn him without a trial or jury to death or imprisonment for life. Such is the action of the government to-day in my case. Every person asks what have you done? Why have they arrested you? I cannot tell or answer that question, but I can surmise much. First, I have openly denounced the present existing form of government. I have given my full sympathy towards the men who were murdered in Chicago on Nov. 11, 1887. I have condemned the bankers and their robbing system. I have denounced the rich gold bug sheneys. I have showered sarcasm and ridicule on so called society. I have exposed the rottenness of all so called orthodox religions. I have fought by words and writing all monopolies; have attacked the police system with its rottenness and corruption. I have assailed Czar Glass and shown the public that his career has been foul. I have written an article on Judge Ross anything but complimentary, but still true. I have passed my unbiased opinion on Masons and masonry: I have always resented the abuses and unjust discriminations always in force against the poor. I have always spoken the truth, kept myself

1) To those of our readers who are not in position to know, we will say that the christmas number of the Non Partisan contains an exposé of the dirty work of Rev. C. C. McLain, and portraits of the girls he had drank wine and had a "good time" with, and a short account of their lives and of McLain's orgies with them.

2) The Captain is mistaken. All the great dailies would combine to crush him, were he editor of a daily paper, just as some of the weeklies now fight him. H. A.

honest, never accepted a bribe or solicited money. I have never in my long life been charged with abuse or libel. I have given away all I ever had to those who suffered, and above all I have dared to expose the holy deposed hypocritical Rev. C. C. McLain and his co-partners who masquerade under what is known as the Parkhurst League. I have shown them up in their true character. I believe that it is now as necessary to revolt in 1896 as it was in 1776. These unjust arrests are only the indications of the coming storm, it is the grave-digger digging his own grave. Freedom with a bridle on is not freedom, and certainly my continuous arrests prove that freedom has ceased to exist in the United States. But the fates have decreed that certain men have to place themselves in the vanguard to pioneer the thoughts of freedom for the many, and when in battle must struggle for victory and stand the brunt of the battle or meet with disaster or death. Let my friends and supporters buy a daily paper and give me the editorship of it, then you never would see or hear of Captain Janes being arrested, because should they arrest the editor of one daily, and convict him, then every editor in the country would meet the same fate, for they would band together for mutual protection. 1)

But as we have the ill will of all the daily papers and the petty jealousy of the weeklies, we stand out and alone against one and all, they being too cowardly to express their honest opinions to their patrons and the public, and too despicable to speak one word in my behalf. But they stand by and see one man do all the fighting without raising their voices or saying one word of praise or condemnation. It is perhaps better that I should stand alone, as I will have no traitors to contend with. Let the end be what it may, liberty or imprisonment, I will meet it as a man and as I have done all my life. With this ends one chapter of the modern inquisition of the United States of America. —[The Non-Partisan.

Why I Want Property.

(Continued from last weeks issue.)

I was going to make a concession at this point, that at any rate it would be easier under Communism for me to get my books in the first place. But the more I think the less sure I am of this. The books that are now in the hands of other students would not come into my hands any faster under Communism, I hope. It could increase my supply only in so far as it would tend to distribute among students at once the books now in the hands of traders, of which I might hope to get my share. But this more rapid distribution of books will result in my being more likely to find, when I call for a book printed two or three years ago, that the warehouse is out of stock. Still the prompter distribution would be on the whole a gain if it put the books in the hands of those who would use them. But the trouble is that they will be largely taken up by persons who have little serious use for them, but want them to gratify some slight curiosity. You must remember, gentlemen, that there will be fools. If Communism will put an end to the race of fools no further argument is needed to prove its desirability, but I have heard nobody make that claim for it yet. Now one of the uses of Commercialism is that it helps to keep books out of the hands of fools and in the hands of those who really want them. The fool realizes that he can have only as many things as his pocket-book will buy, and that if he gets anything that he does not want he must go without something that he wants more. Therefore he does not in general buy many books unless he is the kind of fool who really wants books, or a millionaire; and when a book—especially a book for students—is published most of the copies get into the hands of those who care much for them. Under Communism the tendency would be, if the book contained anything to attract fools, that it would go into the hands of the first who passed by and saw it, whether they seriously cared for it or not. This would make it harder for the real student to know where he could get a book than now, when he knows that for several years after it is published he will be able to get a copy from the publisher; and this will be quite as great an obstacle to his getting it, I guess, as the price is under Commercialism.

1) When was the French nation ever free? The revolutionists thought that the repudiation of the kingdom would remove the evils they were afflicted with, but they have experienced since then that the change of masters did not and will never free the nation. But the attainment of all governments and authority will free the nations an make such outrages the Non Partisan has to combat impossible. A. I.

Now please remember what I am talking about, and do not call all that I say hosh because you think some minor point is nonsense. I am not trying to make out that there is no legitimate place for the Communistic publication of books, nor even that there should be private property in most books; consequently it is no flaw in my argument if I have failed to prove either of these things. I simply claim that it is better to maintain private property in some books, and that every one should be allowed to maintain all the private property he chooses in such books as he has acquired as property by his labor; and I have stated that my main reliance is on the argument about my notes, while the others are subordinate, though to my eye valid. I do not see how any one can with any pretense of reason deny me the right to keep my own notes; neither do I see how any one, acknowledging this right, can fail to see that herein he is acknowledging private property; neither do I see how he can deny that the maintaining of a certain amount of property of this kind will be highly useful to some honest people.

It remains to be seen how far my position is representative of that of people generally. First, as to my tastes. The degree of my fondness for books is doubtless beyond the ordinary; but society tends—and an improved society will tend much faster—to increase the number of people with such tastes. In this respect, therefore, I represent the man of the coming free society better than the average American of to-day does. Of course I do not mean to say that with better opportunities the coming men will all take to studying languages. Some will take to natural science, some to art, some to sport. I think I could give reasons for believing that the very best of telescopes, staves and racing yachts, will never be common enough to let everybody have all he wants without restricting the supply for others; but I have reached the same result in what I thought a safer way by considering the tools of my own trade, of which I have special knowledge, and then inferring that the same principles will work the same way in regard to the interests of others. In one or two passages Mr. Holmes seems to acknowledge that in certain extreme cases it will be well to maintain private property—for instance, I suppose, in the finest telescopes. If not, I must think that he has not appreciated the tremendous amount of labor required for the full gratification of what are called the higher tastes, and the fact that such tastes will be far more general in a better society.

Next, it is pertinent to compare me with others as to my facilities for supplying my wants in the present society, if my case is to help determine the interests of society as a whole. I am sure that the average American hand-workman of moderate skill gets as good pay as I and is out of work as little. The reason why I have half a ton of books is simply that, getting \$300 a year and cheap board (I haven't averaged that) I spend from \$75 to \$100 a year of it on books. I am quite sure that most of the bachelors in the country could do the same if they chose. Of married men I do not speak, because I am basing this article on my own experience. If the testimony of others can show that what is best for me will not be best for the majority, I will try not to be a hog.

Somebody will dismiss my article by saying it is brag. I would remind him that I have nowhere claimed that my life is in any respect better than the worst life on earth, nor implied such a claim by any part of my argument, except in the one place (which is not my main point) where I say that tastes like mine are destined to become more general. I simply claim that according to Anarchistic principles I must be allowed to live my life, as well as others to live theirs; and I have talked especially about my own because I know most about it.

Finally, as Mr. Holmes has given warning that his utterances on this occasion must be criticized not as representative of a school, but solely as his personal views, I would give the corresponding warning that what I have here said is directed solely at Communism as explained by Mr. Holmes, and that if any one replies by showing how some other conception of Communism would meet my objections, his article will properly be considered an attack on Mr. Holmes' position, not mine. STEPHEN T. BYINGTON.

A BURGLAR has the same right to put in the plea of "rights of property" to protect his tools that a corporation has to protect their means of filching from the people.—[Facts.

Ye Songs of Samuel.

I've a patent apparatus,
Johnny Raw, Johnny Raw,
Which enjoys a legal status,
Johnny Raw, Johnny Raw.
It has cogs and wheels and pinions
Which are worked by legal minions,
It has done gigantic service threshing straw,
Johnny Raw.

Don't imagine this invention,
Johnny Raw, Johnny Raw,
Was conceived with such intention,
Johnny Raw, Johnny Raw,
For it's no base vulgar patent,
It has virtues highly latent,
'Twas designed to grind out sober men by law,
Johnny Raw.

Then, it has all late improvements,
Johnny Raw, Johnny Raw,
One to sixteen silver moventents,
Johnny Raw, Johnny Raw,
Shoots out coin or single-tax,
Meanwhile grinds a minions ax,
Thus do moderns turn off honest men by law,
Johnny Raw.

You must surely crave this patent,
Johnny Raw, Johnny Raw,
With its charms, (intensely latent)
Johnny Raw, Johnny Raw,
Here's a chance for honest boodle
Selling stock to ev'ry noodle,
Lucky chap to be on earth now, Johnny Raw,
Johnny Raw.

SAM FONOGRAF.

Note and Comment.

OUR German, French and Italian co-workers of San Francisco have arranged an entertainment and dance for the benefit of the propaganda. The entertainment will take place the 30th of January at the "Vorwaerts Turnhalle" (310 O'Farrel St.

A GREAT workingmen's entertainment, with concert and ball, has been arranged for the benefit of the Berkman's rescue fund by the German and Bohemian groups of Chicago. The ball will take place at the "Vorwaerts Turnhalle" (251-253 W. 12th St.) at 3 o'clock p. m. Speeches in Bohemian and German will be made.

FROM a private letter we learn that "Proletaren," the Anarchist paper published at Copenhagen, Denmark, was lately confiscated by the Danish government, and that the editor, J. Moller, is under arrest. He states that the paper is not published now, and thinks that the Post Office takes all mail addressed to it, as he does not receive it, and understands that some of the exchanges are still being sent. Exchanges please copy.

THE county clerk of Pierce County published the statistics of marriage license taken out of his office in the last years with following result.

"1890-707, 1891-592, 1892-617, 1893-522, 1894-468, 1895-412, 1896-363."

These figures explain everything to a plain thinker but not so to our leading moralists and "scientific" investigators of the "social problem" who have come to the conclusion that the bachelors are getting too bashful to be nuptial candidates. I am, myself, a bachelor and confess to you that I am able to manage my own business without a license. It is quite time to be convinced about the uselessness of your marriage laws altogether, and leave unmolested the natural selection. A. K.

WHEN a bomb explosion occurs somewhere, thrown by a poor worker that has nothing to lose but his chains, and an individual is killed by it, all papers howl and lament about the outrages of the Anarchists, who assassinate innocent people and destroy property. But when Anarchists in Spain are tortured in a manner of which the history of the so-called dark ages have hardly anything to show as cruel and barbarous, and such cruelties are practiced for the only reason that those men are Anarchists, for believing in a better society. They were fed on salt fish without giving them any water, hung up by their feet, their lips were cut, their testicles were pressed in a screw, etc., etc., to make them "confess." Some "confessed" under the pressure of such tortures, and on the ground of such confessions they were sentenced to death. Oh, tremble you accursed scoundrels! There will come a time of "judgement" and

then you will weep, and pray for mercy, which I hope will not be given. A. I.

L. EMERICK, who dubs himself "public educator," writes a long string of words on "Saxology," and finishes with the following, which contains in a more pronounced form, all that precedes it. To save space we leave off all but that part that announces his position. It not only contains his position but all his argument. Here it is:

"Monogamy is based on the intellect and the affections, subordinating the physical love while polygamy is based on physical love wholly, and from its operation the world has received all its sex plagues, its diseases, and the diseases of women to-day are evolved because of the subversion of love's triune function.

"Let love exist and liberty will come to all of us; Let sex love exist and health, joy and human beauty is here."

I consider the above assertion as pure assumption, foundationless, and indefensible. Intellect revolts at monogamy, for no person's affections attach themselves to any other one person, but are constantly finding affinities in various persons. Monogamy stands, a hideous, grinning monster, denying the right of the affections to make their existence known. Instead of it subordinating physical love, every student of sex matters knows that the denial of free association of the sexes leads to excesses in what he terms "physical love." Monogamy, and the unavoidable reaction against it—prostitution—is responsible for the ills which he attributes to Polygamy. The subversion of love's true function, is indeed the cause of these ills, but Monogamy, and all other forms of regulation and repression, is the direct cause of the greater part of this subversion. Who hinders love from existing? By all means let love exist, and leave the one in whom it exists free to express his love in such manner as he may desire, and can find congenial associates to assist him. Free all persons from outside restraint in the expression of their love and then we may expect "health, joy and human beauty." H. A.

Gods.

It is pitiable to see those who profess to be free, displaying their slavery. It is equally pitiable to see those who profess to have discarded all gods erecting unto themselves objects of worship. Such is the mental state of many of the adherents of Secularism, and this frame of mind is fostered by such papers as the Truth Seeker, and such public orators as John E. Remsburg.

I considered it a local affair when W. W. Jessey, in a speech at a Thomas Paine Anniversary, pointing to a portrait of Paine, said, "we worship that man." But I find the tendency to glorify certain men, by the Secularists, growing so pronounced that they can truthfully be accused of deifying them. What else could you call it when a child, a member of a Secular Sunday School, was taught to pray, on bended knee, in quite orthodox language, to Thomas Paine's portrait.

Just at present their glorification is set toward S. P. Putnam, and it would not surprise me to see him enshrined amongst their tutelary deities; his picture hung on the wall of their halls—and the Liberal University—to be worshipped and prayed to. Not only the Truth Seeker, but all the other organs of Secularism I have seen, have been making frantic efforts to prove that he died the death of the righteous, and was not caught with his pants down. "However that may be, matters but little to me." One thing however, I must oppose, and that is the unjustifiable glorification of him, and the falsehoods that are being told to make him appear great—with a big G. In a late issue of the Truth Seeker, J. E. Remsburg would not only have his readers believe that Putnam was "spotless" socially, but that he never drank liquor. I don't know whether Remsburg has lost his sense of smell, as a result of a case of Kansas Catarrh, or whether he wilfully misrepresents, but one thing is certain: S. P. Putnam had been a constant user of liquors for many years; that he has often written in high praise of certain wines he had drunk in various places, and it is now reported that a bottle of whiskey, partly empty, was in his pocket among his other things, when Miss Collins' room was entered

on the fateful morning. In face of all this, the denouncers of "christian misrepresentation" boldly proclaim him as a man who never used liquors.

How long at this rate will it take to deify him?

But perhaps Mr. Remsburg has hopes of some day being counted among the immortals, and is now defending and glorifying a fallen hero, that he may be remembered with the greater honor when he shall fall by the wayside and be enshrined in the pantheon of the Secularists.

Such is the mental condition gaining ground among the Secularists, and I see no remedy but remorseless criticism and ridicule. The disease is terrible: the remedy must be heroic. H. A.

Echoes from our Exchanges.

SWITZERLAND. More than 75,000 signatures demanding by "referendum," a law to introduce the "Federal State" banks into the commercial and industrial circles, and over 30,000 for the state ownership of rail-roads have been already obtained. There are plenty of pamphlets and newspapers distributed at large to explain to the "liebe Mitberger" (dear citizens), the advantages of state monopoly over the private institutions.

The whole bureaucratic and official clique is in favor of state ownership of banks and railroads, and why not?

There are going to be plenty of fine jobs to be distributed among relatives and dear friends, to increase the arrogance against the poor people.

Here is an example of how the people are served in the model republic. Look at the post office! The whole of Switzerland is not large than King and Pierce Cos., Wash., and still a postal stamp for internal revenue costs 10 centimes, equal to 2 cts. American money. If the Swiss government should have control over the United States do you think you could mail your letters for 2 cents over such a vast territory as North America? I should say not. For many years the public has been clamoring to reduce the tariff for letters to 5 centimes, but it is all in vain, the congressmen, county, city and communal officers use freely their franchise and use it even so far as to send their washing under the stamp "official;" they don't want a cheaper price; it don't cost them anything. They don't care for the public comfort.

The postal department derives a yearly profit of over two million francs, but it goes to accommodate the officials and not the public. As to overwork, the Swiss mail clerks are even worse off than the American, but the postmasters are equally well paid and invested with the same authority.

FRANCE. Here is a sample of conditions in the country with the largest per capita of money circulation. The following statements are from the "Office du Travail."

At Roubaix 5,000 dyers and other skilled workers were forced to accept a reduction of 20 per centon their wages, and only work four and five days in a week.

Meanwhile the Socialist congressman from that district gets 25 francs per day, and steady pay to be sure; this shows a nice picture of equality and fraternity (?) when it comes down to practice among the State Socialists. It pays even now in these hard times, to be a reformer of that kind.

At Lyons, hardly a third of the artisans are now employed. There is such misery that the city was obliged to distribute bread among the needy.

At Bordeaux, three-fourths of the lithographes are unemployed. The barrel makers were obliged to accept a heavy reduction on their piece work.

In the large iron-works at Saint Chamond the wages were reduced 50 per cent last year.

At Saint Etienne the workmen in the passamentry establishments are payed 1 franc 25 centimes per day, and the foremen 1 franc 50 centimes which is in American money, 25 and 30 cents respectively.

In the department of Tarn, less than one half of the workmen in the textile industry are employed at very reduced wages.

As a result of wheat speculation the price of bread was raised in many departments to 10 centimes on a Killogram.

There were twenty-four strikes in October, 1896, and twenty-two in October, 1895. The number of strikers was 3,829. The results are very small: Three succeeded partially, eight modified the transactions and six of them were lost altogether.

BELGIUM. There were seventeen strikes during October last, 1,926 workmen tried to shake off the

chains of slavery. Eight strikes were in the textile industry, and five in the mines.

ENGLAND. There were fifty-five new strikes during October last, the number of strikers was 11,000; fifteen strikes were in the construction trades, the rest of them were in the mining and textile industries. Twenty-one succeeded, ten partially improved their conditions, seventeen totally lost.

In a single day, during the second week of October, 320,654 persons applied for public assistance. This would show 207 paupers to every 10,000 of the total population in thirty-five urban districts "selected" as typical. (From the Labor Department.)

This shows plainly that the American gold does no good to the English workmen. England, the headquarters of financiers, the flower of industry and trade, has in full splendor, the capitalistic blossom—misery.

TRANSVAAL. The republican government of Transvaal decided the native Caffres have to continue to carry a "tin sheet" distinction on their hands. The capitalistic system is decidedly the same all over the world. A. KLEMENCIC.

RUSSIA. In St. Petersburg some workmen issued the following leaflet:

"To the workers of the Baltic factory. Comrades, beautiful things occur in our factory. Many workers are thrown on the street on account of lack of work; even workers that have worked for a decade are not considered.

"Our charitable-minister of finance, Witte, declared last summer in his appeal to the weavers, that the interests of employers and employes were equally dear to the government. We see that. In the Baltic factory, belonging to the government, we are tortured to death through extra work, when there is lots of work, and when the work decreases we are thrown on the street without any explanation. What does this signify? Comrades, how long will we endure the outrages of the government? To-day one is shut out and tomorrow the other. . . . We all have a common fate: to work till our strength is exhausted, to be afterwards starved; we produce all wealth in order that a horde of parasites can live at the top of the pot, and the government can engage in war and keep hundreds of thousands of soldiers, policemen and spies against ourselves, against the producing people. No, comrades, we will not any more bear such "order" with folded arms.

We, the Russian workers, begin also to tear off the net of ignorance and slavery, which the manufacturers and the government have woven around us. We know that we can defend our rights against our oppressors by rising as one man, and can only better our condition through a united mutual struggle. Let us, then, unite for the struggle; let us gather our scattered strength; let us establish treasuries, and battle till the hour of our liberation arrives."

Literature.

VALUE AND AN INVARIABLE UNIT OF VALUE is the title of a new book by William A. Whittick. It is published in cloth and paper, and contains one hundred and thirty pages, printed in large clear type, on good paper, and is neat and tasty. The cloth bound volume is well bound and substantial.

In the book-Mr. Whittick shows the fallacy of a material unit of value, and that such a unit must of necessity be arbitrary and ideal. He scores the flat lunsy and repudiates all government interference. In money matters, but stops one step short of repudiating all financial humbugery, and concludes that with his Invariable Unit of Value, and a system of Mutual Banking, prosperity would dawn upon the world and all the sons and daughters of men rejoice in its life giving rays.

The book is written in the authors own peculiar style, is rather wordy, but deliberate and logical. If we continue to hold things as "mine and thine," and conduct commerce, then his plan is desirable, but to the Communist it is only another attempt to continue undesirable conditions.

Price; Paper 50c. Cloth \$1.00. Order of W. A. Whittick, 868 N. 25th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

HENRY ADDIS.

Labor Annual.

We are in receipt of The Labor Annual for 1897. It is a Year Book of Social, Economic and Political Reform. It is a neat volume of 272 pages and contains the portraits, in half-tone, of many who are

prominent in the labor movement and labor Journalism.

This is its third appearance, and is an indispensable hand-book to students of, and workers in the most important questions of the day. Its full and unique Directories of Journals and organizations, of Lecturers and useful addresses, its comprehensive indexes, its Biographies and innumerable other contents, should commend it to all busy men and women. As an up-to-date reference work, it will be of extreme service to students, reformers, and thoughtful folks of all classes and schools.

It deals with the labor question, and notices the labor press of the entire globe.

Both the publisher (Labor Press, Manchester) and the editor are to be congratulated on the issue of so useful a work, and we sincerely recommend our readers to order a copy at once. Order of Joseph Edwards, Wallasey, Liverpool, England. Price, postpaid 31 cents.

Clippings and Comments.

The State of Florida beats the record of the world for fiendish cruelty in its phosphate mines, according to J. Syme Hastings, in the Knights of Labor Journal. Convicts there (90 per cent. for offences against property) work underground, on cornbread and raw pork, with a ball and chain. The effect of the phosphate is to make them deaf and blind, eating out their teeth and hair. We suppose that Weyer (assisted by Cleveland) could scarcely be surpassed as a monster of cruelty, but Florida seems to have done it, while Georgia, Mississippi, Alabama and Tennessee are not far behind in their treatments of convicts leased to owners of land, coal mines, etc.—(S. F. Star.

All this is done by that glorious institution called the State—Government, backed by the votes of the people of that State. Let the people withdraw their support from that barbarous institution and such cruelties cannot continue.

Receipts.

Marcus, McKea, Meyerson, each \$1.00. Ullman, 75c. Lawton, 50c. Brown, 30c. McGill, 25c. Frank, 10c.

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which is higher than the constitution, demands that they should be cured, not killed. The many one-idea methods, mental and physical, that profess to cure and which sometimes relieve pain, is evidence of this. The Philosophical, Scientific, Psychological and Physiological Method cures after these chance methods have failed even to alleviate. This method is all that its name implies, it cures all forms of disease, of either male or female, from whatever cause arising, including the so-called incurables. Free trial. Write now. R. G. Lamont, 68 St. James Place, Brooklyn, N. Y. When writing please mention The Firebrand.

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The Plants will be sent all over the United States.

DR. FOOTE'S PLAIN HOME TALK

EMBRACING MEDICAL COMMON SENSE.

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