

# Freedom

A JOURNAL OF ANARCHIST COMMUNISM

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## The Labor War in America.

### HOW THEY SETTLE STRIKES in the ROCKIES.

A Special Letter from Colorado.

The following letter has been received by comrade Turner. It gives a graphic account of a fight by the Western Union Miners in Colorado. The place is in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, on the Pacific side. The hills mentioned are mountains twelve to fifteen thousand feet above sea level; the town of Telluride is in a basin itself over 8,000 feet above the sea. The Rio Grande Railway (narrow gauge) connects it with Denver, which is some three hundred miles N.E. In the big machinists' struggle hardly yet over, the steel workers' strike still on and the coal miners, etc., in the Eastern States, expected, this fight has evidently been missed by the ordinary papers.

It is interesting, if ironical, that the following was written on July 4, "Independence day" (written with a capital I).

Tom Boy Mill, Smuggler Colo., U.S.A.

DEAR JACK,—Knowing you are always interested in labor troubles, I thought I would just write a little account of the past day or two.

I think when I wrote you last April I told you the miners at "Smuggler" mine were out on strike, or likely to go out. The mine was sold in 1899, for a large sum, to the company that owns Calumet and Hecla, the biggest copper mine in the world, in Lake Superior country. It put in a new Superintendent (an Englishman named Collins) and expended a great deal of money on a new mill and new appliances for economising labor, and introduced a contract system among the men which caused them to have to bid against each other for contracts to get work. Now, in mining, almost more than any other kind of work, it is difficult for anyone to tell how hard the rock may be six feet further in than where they start, as the ground is sometimes very solid and hard to work; then within a few feet it may change to loose or cracked formation that will break out very easy. In consequence, sometimes the men made big wages, at others very small. As the Union has established \$3 a day as a minimum wage, they said the company must pay their men not less than \$3 a day whenever the amount earned under the contract came below that sum; or, what the Union very much preferred, work the men by the day. Collins would not do either. He said that interference with the right of the company or the men to contract was an infringement of their liberty, and showed by his books that the average wages had been very much over \$3 a day. The Union retorted: Then why kick at paying us by the day when, by your showing, we are asking for a reduction of wages? So they all (about 300) went out. I think it was in May. Most of them got work elsewhere in the neighbourhood very soon. The Union started a free boarding house in town (Telluride) and one at Smuggler (two miles up the mountain), so that the non-union men could not say they had to get work to live. The company managed to hire about thirty bullies and gamblers from town at \$5 a day to come up to guard the mine, got them sworn in as deputy-sheriffs (sort of special constables); but could not get enough miners to make it worth while to try to start the mine. They hired a number of men (about thirty) who were not miners, paid them \$3 a day to sort over some old dumps, and got the newspapers to report the strike settled, hoping to get men to return to Telluride and others to come on from outside. The Union pickets met the trains, however, and had no trouble to persuade the men who came that the strike was still on and not to work at Smuggler. When men would come over the range (mountains) and down to Smuggler, the pickets would meet and talk to them, while the bullies employed by the company would try to hire them at \$5 a day. Several times small disputes resulted in the bullies beating the Union pickets over the head with their heavy six-

shooters; and as they were well armed and only one or two pickets there, they could not do much about it.

Attempts were made by the Union to get Collins to arbitrate. It got State Senator Buckley (himself a large mine operator) and several others to talk with him to try and compromise the matter; but of no avail. It was estimated last week that the company had about 75 men working on the Smuggler properties—guards, cooks and all.

Finally they sent Collins an ultimatum to settle it before ten o'clock at night, July 2nd, or take the consequences. His only reply was to send up enough rifles for every man at work.

The next thing I heard was about eleven o'clock (midnight lunch time) the night before last, July 2nd (I am working nights, 1st to 15th of every month), while at work I looked out and saw numbers of men going down the trail, past the mill, carrying rifles, pick handles and revolvers, also giant powder (dynamite); and, on inquiring, found they had come from Ouray and Silverton, and lots of "Tomboy" men with them, going down to Smuggler to drive all the scabs out of the basin. I should say there were 400 of them. All the wires leading to town were cut at 11 o'clock. The men from the mines the other side of Smuggler had all the trails blocked, and the plan was to drive the scabs up past the "Tomboy" over the range and out of the county. All night long I could hear the rattle of rifle firing, and every little while a big explosion. At daylight I went outside and found H—— looking for men. He said every man had left the mine at 11 o'clock and there was not a man to dump ore to the mill. Looking down at Smuggler we could see, on the hills on either side, lots of men and could hear the firing of rifles like firecrackers. At 7 o'clock, on going off shift, I found some of the "Tomboy" men coming back to go to work so as to keep the mill running, and learned they had been shooting into the "Smuggler" buildings all night (it had been a lovely clear moonlight night, and had driven out the men from the office buildings into the tunnel (of the mine); had blown up the dining-room buildings, and that, if the scabs did not come out and surrender by night, they would blow up the mine and every one of them.

Well, the firing kept up till noon, when about 1 o'clock the scabs hoisted the white flag and the Union men brought up about 40 of them past here, escorted them to the top of the range (you remember the place where we went over together to the lake) and started them on their way to Silverton, where the miners will see to it they don't stay longer than overnight. Another lot were taken over the Ouray side.

The casualties were 1 Union and 3 Non-union men killed that are known, and about 30 wounded but only 4 or 5 seriously. There may be some dead in the cellar of the building blown up. The ambulance was kept busy all the afternoon taking down the dead and badly wounded, though the Union men who had only flesh wounds preferred not to go to hospital. The scabs who could walk at all were only too glad to keep up with the main body of them. Collins was in Denver and came on in a special train; but has not so far come up the hill. His brother-in-law, the foreman at "Smuggler", was among the badly wounded, shot through both arms and will lose one. His younger brother started up while the fight was on, but a bullet rather close to his head made him turn back.

This evening armed men are all over the hills looking for a few of the scabs who are in hiding, and they have just taken two past here on their way over the range, as they don't want them to go down to Telluride for fear they might join a sheriff's posse or be witness at a trial, if one comes off, about it. It is fortunate there were not more of the Union men killed, as their numbers made them reckless and if it had been daylight it is likely many of them would have been shot at the start. That would have resulted in their setting fire to the buildings that have cost the company over a million dollars (£200,000) including machinery.

The men were not disguised and do not seem to be worried in the least about trouble with the authorities. I hear Collins

left on special train again last night, and have no doubt he has gone to Denver to try and get the Governor to send in some soldiers.

Will try and get some papers and send you from time to time and let you know the outcome. Some think there will be more dead found among the timber (trees on the mountain sides).

All well here.

Yours, etc., — — —

## PARIS CONGRESS REPORTS, 1900. COMMUNISM AND ANARCHY.

Report by P. Kropotkin (conclusion).

On the other hand, it has been proved to conviction that work in common, Communist production, succeeds marvellously. In no commercial enterprise has so much value been added to land by labor as in each of the communities founded in America and in Europe. Faults of calculation may occur everywhere as they occur in all capitalist undertakings; but since it is known that during the first five years after their institution four out of every five commercial undertakings become bankrupt, it must be admitted that nothing similar or even coming near to this has occurred in Communist communities. So, when the bourgeois press, wanting to be ingenious, speaks of offering an island to Anarchists on which to establish their community,—relying on our experience we are ready to accept this proposal, provided only that this island be, for instance, the Isle de France\* and that upon the valuation of the social wealth we receive our share of it. Only, since we know that neither the Isle de France [Paris] nor our share of social wealth will be given to us, we shall some day take one and the other ourselves by means of the Social Revolution. Paris and Barcelona in 1871 were not very far from doing so—and ideas have made headway since that time.

Progress permits us to see above all, that an isolated town, proclaiming the Commune, would have great difficulty to subsist. The experiment ought, therefore, to be made on a territory—e.g. one of the Western States, Idaho or Ohio—as American Socialists suggest, and they are right. On a sufficiently large territory, not within the bounds of a single town, we must someday begin to put in practice the Communism of the future.

We have so often demonstrated that State Communism is impossible that it is useless to dwell on this subject. A proof of this, furthermore, lies in the fact that the believers in the State, the upholders of a Socialist State do not themselves believe in State Communism. A portion of them occupy themselves with the conquest of a share of the power in the State of today—the bourgeois State—and do not trouble themselves at all to explain that their idea of a Socialist State is different from a system of State capitalism under which everybody would be a functionary of the State. If we tell them that it is this they aim at, they are annoyed; yet they do not explain what other system of society they wish to establish. As they do not believe in the possibility of a social revolution in the near future, their aim is to become part of the government in the bourgeois State of today and they leave it to the future to decide where this will end.

As to those who have tried to sketch the outlines of a future Socialist State, they met our criticism by asserting that all they want are bureaus of statistics. But this is mere juggling with words. Besides, it is averred today that the only statistics of value are those recorded by each individual himself, giving age, sex, occupation, social position, or the lists of what he sold or bought, produced and consumed.

The questions to be put are usually of voluntary elaboration (by scientists, statistical societies), and the work of statistical bureaus consists today in distributing the questions, in arranging and mechanically summing up the replies. To reduce the State, the government to this function and to say that, by "government," only this will be understood, means nothing else (if said sincerely) but an honorable retreat. And we must indeed admit that the Jacobins of thirty years ago have immensely gone back from their ideals of dictatorship and Socialist centralisation. No one would dare to say today that the production or consumption of potatoes or rice must be regulated by the parliament of the German People's State (*Volksstaat*) at Berlin. These insipid things are no longer said.

The Communist State is an Utopia given up already by its own adherents and it is time to proceed further. A far more important question to be examined, indeed, is this: Whether Anarchist or Free Communism does not also imply a diminution of individual freedom?

As a matter of fact, in all discussions on freedom our ideas are obscured by the surviving influence of past centuries of serfdom and religious oppression.

Economists represented the enforced contract (under the threat of hunger) between master and workingman as a state of freedom. Politicians, again, so called the present state of the citizen who has become a serf and a taxpayer of the State. The most advanced moralists, like Mill and his numerous disciples, defined liberty as the right to do everything with the exception of encroachments on the equal liberty of all others. Apart from the fact that the word "right" is a very confused term handed over from past ages, meaning nothing at all or too much, the definition of Mill enabled the philosopher Spencer, numerous authors and even some Individualist Anarchists to reconstruct tribunals and

legal punishments, even to the penalty of death—that is, to reintroduce, necessarily, in the end the State itself which they had admirably criticised themselves. The idea of free will is also hidden behind all these reasonings.

If we put aside all unconscious actions and consider only premeditated actions (being those which the law, religious and penal systems alone try to influence) we find that each action of this kind is preceded by some discussion in the human brain; for instance, "I shall go out and take a walk," somebody thinks, "—No, I have an appointment with a friend," or "I promised to finish some work," or "My wife and children will be sorry to remain at home," or "I shall lose my employment if I do not go to work."

The last reflection implies the fear of punishment. In the first three instances this man has to face only himself, his habit of loyalty, his sympathies. And there lies all the difference. We say that a man forced to reason that he must give up such and such an engagement from fear of punishment, is not a free man. And we affirm that humanity can and must free itself from the fear of punishment, and that it can constitute an Anarchist society in which the fear of punishment and even the unwillingness to be blamed shall disappear. Towards this ideal we march. But we know that we can free ourselves neither from our habit of loyalty (keeping our word) nor from our sympathies (fear of giving pain to those whom we love and whom we do not wish to afflict or even to disappoint). In this last respect man is never free. Crusoe, on his island, was not free. The moment he began to construct his ship, to cultivate his garden or to lay in provisions for the winter, he was already captured, absorbed by his work. If he felt lazy and would have preferred to remain lying at ease in his cave, he hesitated for a moment and nevertheless went forth to his work. The moment he had the company of a dog, of two or three goats and, above all, after he had met with Friday, he was no longer absolutely free in the sense in which these words are sometimes used in discussions. He had obligations, he had to think of the interests of others, he was no longer the perfect individualist whom we are sometimes expected to see in him. The moment he has a wife or children, educated by himself or confided to others (society), the moment he has a domestic animal, or even only an orchard which requires to be watered at certain hours—from that moment he is no longer the "care-for-nothing," the "egoist," the "individualist" who is sometimes represented as the type of a free man. Neither on Crusoe's island, far less in society of whatever kind it be, does this type exist. Man takes, and will always take into consideration the interests of other men in proportion to the establishment of relations of mutual interest between them, and the more so the more these others affirm their own sentiments and desires.

Thus we find no other definition of liberty than the following one: the possibility of action without being influenced in those actions by the fear of punishment by society (bodily constraint, the threat of hunger or even censure, except when it comes from a friend).

Understanding liberty in this sense—and we doubt whether a larger and at the same time a more real definition of it can be found—we may say that Communism can diminish, even annihilate, all individual liberty and in many Communist communities this was attempted; but it can also enhance this liberty to its utmost limits.

All depends on the fundamental ideas on which the association is based. It is not the form of an association which involves slavery; it is the ideas of individual liberty which we bring with us to an association which determine the more or less libertarian character of that association.

This applies to all forms of association. Cohabitation of two individuals under the same roof may lead to the enslavement of one by the will of the other, as it may also lead to liberty for both. The same applies to the family or to the co-operation of two persons in gardening or in bringing out a paper. The same with regard to large or small associations, to each social institution. Thus, in the tenth, eleventh and twelfth centuries, we find communes of equals, men equally free—and four centuries later we see the same commune calling for the dictatorship of a priest. Judges and laws had remained; the idea of the Roman law, of the State had become dominant, whilst those of freedom, of settling disputes by arbitration and of applying federalism to its fullest extent had disappeared; hence arose slavery. Well, of all institutions or forms of social organisation that have been tried until this day, Communism is the one which guarantees the greatest amount of individual liberty—provided that the idea that begets the community be Liberty, Anarchy.

Communism is capable of assuming all forms of freedom or of oppression—which other institutions are unable to do. It may produce a monastery where all implicitly obey the orders of their superior, and it may produce an absolutely free organisation, leaving his full freedom to the individual, existing only as long as the associates wish to remain together, imposing nothing on anybody, being anxious rather to defend, enlarge, extend in all directions the liberty of the individual. Communism may be authoritarian (in which case the community will soon decay) or it may be Anarchist. The State, on the contrary, cannot be this. It is authoritarian or it ceases to be the State.

Communism guarantees economic freedom better than any other form of association, because it can guarantee wellbeing, even luxury, in return for a few hours of work instead of a day's work. Now, to give ten or eleven hours of leisure per day out of the sixteen during which we lead a conscious life (sleeping eight hours), means to enlarge individual liberty to a point which for thousands of years has been one of the ideals of humanity.

This can be done today. In a Communist society man can dispose of at least ten hours of leisure. This means emancipation from one of the heaviest burdens of slavery on man. It is an increase of liberty.

\* Paris and surrounding districts—TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.

To recognise all men as equal and to renounce government of man by man is another increase of individual liberty in a degree which no other form of association has ever admitted even as a dream. It becomes possible only after the first step has been taken: when man has his means of existence guaranteed and is not forced to sell his muscle and his brain to those who condescend to exploit him.

Lastly, to recognise a variety of occupations as the basis of all progress and to organise in such a way that man may be absolutely free during his leisure time, whilst he may also vary his work, a change for which his early education and instruction will have prepared him—this can easily be put in practice in a Communist society—this, again, means the emancipation of the individual, who will find doors open in every direction for his complete development.

As for the rest, all depends upon the ideas on which the community is founded. We know a religious community in which members who felt unhappy, and showed signs of this on their faces, used to be addressed by a "brother": "You are sad. Nevertheless, put on a happy look, otherwise you will afflict our brethren and sisters." And we know of communities of seven members, one of whom moved the nomination of four committees: gardening, ways and means, housekeeping, and exportation, with absolute rights for the chairman of each committee. There certainly existed communities founded or invaded by "criminals of authority" (a special type recommended to the attention of Mr. Lombroso) and quite a number of communities were founded by mad upholders of the absorption of the individual by society. But these men were not the product of Communism, but of Christianity (eminently authoritarian in its essence) and of Roman law, the State.

The fundamental idea of these men who hold that society cannot exist without police and judges, the idea of the State, is a permanent danger to all liberty, and not the fundamental idea of Communism—which consists in consuming and producing without calculating the exact share of each individual. This idea, on the contrary, is an idea of freedom, of emancipation.

Thus we have arrived at the following conclusions:

Attempts at Communism have hitherto failed because—

They were based on an impetus of a religious character instead of considering a community simply as a means of economic consumption and production;

They isolated themselves from society;

They were imbued with an authoritarian spirit;

They were isolated instead of federated;

They required of their members so much labor as to leave them no leisure time;

They were modelled on the form of the patriarchal family instead of having for an aim the fullest possible emancipation of the individual.

Communism, being an eminently economic institution, does not in any way prejudice the amount of liberty guaranteed to the individual, the initiator, the rebel against crystallising customs. It may be authoritarian, which necessarily leads to the death of the community, and it may be libertarian, which in the twelfth century even under the partial communism of the young cities of that age, led to the creation of a young civilisation full of vigour, a new springtide of Europe.

The only durable form of Communism, however, is one under which, seeing the close contact between fellow men it brings about, every effort would be made to extend the liberty of the individual in all directions.

Under such conditions, under the influence of this idea, the liberty of the individual, increased already by the amount of leisure secured to him, will be curtailed in no other way than occurs today by municipal gas, the house to house delivery of food by great stores, modern hotels, or by the fact that during working hours we work side by side with thousands of fellow laborers.

With Anarchy as an aim and as a means, Communism becomes possible. Without it, it necessarily becomes slavery and cannot exist.

## LIFE:

A DRAMA IN ONE ACT.

SCENE: A London Street. Young strapping chap with a bronzed face, a cowboy hat and a nonchalant manner.

He soliloquises thus:

"To think of it. To work for years to make a competence and to bring comfort to my parents in their old age. To find him—or, rather, not to find him—and her, dear old mother! Thrown out of work—too old, they say; unable to pay rent, and then to be thrown on the streets by a dog of a landlord. Yes; I have heard it from those who have seen it; the poor wretches without food, shelter or bed to sleep on; left on the cold mercies of the street. How I wish I'd been there! I should like to get that landlord by the throat! But there; the property has changed hands half-a-dozen times since then; and, after all, the landlord may know nothing about it. He may even be a limited company "without a body to kick or a soul to damn," as I once heard a Socialist say. I used to sneer at one time at those levelling chaps; but they were right. It's not industry that wins: it's luck and trickery—and downright robbery. The man who works—poor dad and mother! they worked hard enough, God knows! Curse the rotten system! And where are they now? In the gutter or, perchance, in a paupers' grave. Oh! if one could but shoot or stab the devil that made

this cursed city Revolution! the sooner the better, say I; I'm ready for the barricades." [Walks slowly away.]

Two old people come along. Their clothes are in rags, their faces wan, their hair grey, their walk tottering. They sing, or rather mumble: "Jesus, lover of my soul," and look around from time to time to see if any kindly passer-by will give them alms.

Two very well-dressed ladies pass along. The younger stops a moment, takes out a silk purse and gives them a copper. The elder waits impatiently for her and says testily: "How can you give money to such people. It is drink, you may be sure, which has brought them where they are. It only encourages vile habits." The younger replies: "Well, Aunt, what can one do? They look so sad, and I'm sure a little kindness will not do anyone harm. I really cannot help doing something for the poor suffering people I see." "You silly girl," says the elder; and they pass on.

A little later, three workgirls come along, shouting, laughing, evidently out for a spree; they sing: "The rowdy-dowdy crew." One of the girls stops them against the old people. "Let's give the old 'uns a 'brown'," she says, "Here, catch it dad." And with a laugh and shout they pass on.

A tall gentleman with gold *pince nez*, prosperous air, and a look suggestive of literary pursuits next passes. He carries a book, the title of which reads: *Herbert Spencer's Philosophy*. He looks at the couple through his *pince-nez* and walks on soliloquising, "I nearly gave way to an impulse then. But, of course, it is much better to let them starve, repulsive as it is to one's feelings. As Spencer says, it only encourages the survival of the unfit and degraded. Some one has to go down, and it is much more desirable that the least intelligent and most feeble should succumb than the better class of people." He goes off with a thoughtful air.

A parson follows, with a clerical hat and white choker. He walks rapidly along, stops opposite the couple and feels in his pocket. They wait expectantly, and he gives them—a tract each. They look at him with a look of surprise and disgust; but he moves off with a self-satisfied smirk.

A news lad next rushes along, shouting with all his might: "War declared! Outlanders to be freed from Boer tyranny!" As the sound dies away, a stout and prosperous individual with a massive gold watch-guard, evidently a stockbroker in the city, comes up. The old people, who are still moaning "Jesus, lover of my soul," accidentally brush against his coat. He turns on them a look of savage contempt, mutters a curse and passes on.

Then follows a rough, dirty-looking chap, evidently a laborer, carrying a dinner basket. He stops a moment, opens his basket and takes out a piece of coarse bread wrapped in some newspaper and hands it to them.

They take it thankfully and munch it greedily. "Got no 'oof, mate," he says, "but you're welcome to what I have," and walks away.

Then is heard the resounding tramp of a policeman. He comes steadily along, his portly figure and air of importance heralding his approach for miles. "Move on, there!" he says sternly, "Move on!" The poor old people hurry their steps, and he majestically marches on.

Follow two gentlemen eagerly talking; they take no notice whatever of the old couple. One says: "But what is the Council doing, anyway?" "Doing," replies the other, "we have already built a fine new work-house, and then we're building public baths; but, of course, if working people will be so drunken and reckless, how can you possibly help them?" And they walk on.

The young colonial now reappears, still evidently deep in thought. He catches sight of the old couple. "Ah," he says, "poor old folk! they make me think of my own parents. Perhaps my old mother and father are even now walking the streets like this. I'll just give them a surprise. Won't they be taken to, when they see this?" [Takes a sovereign from his pocket.] He moves to them and puts it in the old man's hand, who mumbles thanks; then looks at the coin and appears thunderstruck. "Hi! Hi!" he cries, "this is wrong," and the old woman looks after him also. He turns round with a smile to tell them it is all right. Then his eyes meet the old woman's. "Mother!" "Fred!" And they fall into each other's arms.

RED CAP.

## Libertarian Literature.

We have received the following papers and pamphlets:

*El Productor*, Calle de Ferlandina, No. 49, 10-2a, Barcelona, Spain. [This is the paper mentioned in *July Freedom*, whose editor will be glad of "copy" in English or any language.]

*Le Travail*, Socialist and Trade-union monthly of workers of the Canton d'Argenteuil. 117 Grand-Rue, Argenteuil, France.

*La Campaña*, Socialist, Correo num. 5, Casilla 20, Santiago de Chile.

*A Lanterna*, Anti-clerical and anonymous. Rua da Quitanda, No. 2, San Paulo, Brazil.

*El Siglo XX*. Published by "Society of Resistance," Santa Rosa 136, Santiago de Chile.

*Tegen de Kerk, Eene Dwaling*, Pamphlets published by the *Ontwaking*, Deurnestraat 15, Antwerp.

*Razon O Fe, La Ley del Contraste, Sueños y Realidades*, Pamphlets by S. Suñe, Barcelona.

*El Cantor de l' Ideal*, pamphlet. F. Cortiella, Barcelona.

*De Ontwikkeling van het vakvereenigingsleven*, Pamphlet published by *An Archie*, Kerkstraat 360, Amsterdam.

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## NOTES.

### HUMAN LIFE AND CAPITALIST GREED.

The annual return of railway accidents just issued indicates pretty clearly at what rate railway directors estimate the value of the workers' lives. The total of killed and injured amongst railway servants for the past year reaches 631 and 15,698 respectively, being an increase of 47 killed and 116 injured over the total of 1899. Clearly the railway companies are beginning the new century in the good, Christianlike spirit of bringing not peace but a sword. It is no exaggeration to say there is, today, war everywhere; and nowhere more cowardly, cruel and bloodthirsty than in the economic field. For let it be remembered that the above figures give an average of killed and wounded twice as great as the year's returns for the war in South Africa. It is almost too obvious a statement to make that human life counts for nothing in the capitalist's statement of profit and loss. But that is really why nothing is expended to prevent this loss of life and limb. Now let us suppose for one moment that these figures represented the loss to the companies in horseflesh. A horse, in this instance, may be valued at from £35 to £40. Taking the lower estimate and remembering that an injured horse is invariably a dead loss, we find the companies would be losing between them £571,315 per annum. If a human being was only as valuable as a horse we should not have to wait long for "automatic couplings" and other precautions against accidents. Of course, the railway workers will be told to demand more legislation. But fancy asking Salisbury, Balfour and Chamberlain to think of *them*, when they don't care two straws about the lives of women and children in South Africa nor for the wounded who have returned from the war!

Such is the advantage—and the cost—of a society organised, not by brigands, but by capitalists without whom we should not be able to live!

### THE COST OF "LOVING A LORD."

The House of Lords—that gathering of titled imbeciles who can be very mischievous at times like these—have recently had two occasions of distinguishing themselves. They took full advantage of the opportunity: in the Russell case of giving us an item in the vein of farcical comedy; and, in the Trade Union appeal, of perpetrating a piece of mischief that the British working man may reflect upon at his leisure. And soon, we are thinking, he will have plenty of "leisure" to perform the operation; for, if he *will* "dearly love a lord," and if he *will* trust to legal methods to gain his "rights," he must pay for it with slack times, low wages and dear living. For these little incidents, if he only knew it, are really serious battles in the class war. It needs no very keen vision to see how this decision over the position of Trade Unions as suable bodies for damages in cases of picketing arms the capitalist to the teeth, and breaks the back of a strike movement at the very beginning. Now the strike is the one means of defence and offence that remains to the worker against the capitalist exploiter and oppressor. Political action may go to the devil, as it invariably does, but the strike is the trusty weapon that can deal a blow at the pocket of the employer, which is his vulnerable point in such matters. Look what the American strike is costing the Steel Trust, and remember that even the State itself if it so wished could not deal such a blow. Now the workmen of these islands have got their Armageddon to fight, and while their enemies are arming and closing up their ranks, the majority of the wage slaves—and unfortunately mental slaves at the same time—are backing up the British Empire, and swallowing the lies of a press that in a year will be hounding on the military to shoot them when they strike for bread.

### EMILE ZOLA AND ANARCHISM.

An Italian journalist reporting an interesting conversation with Zola, states that the latter when speaking on his book, *Travail*, said to him: "In my book there are reflections about all the social systems, idealist and materialist, Marx and Saint Simon. As for me I am much more Anarchist than Socialistic; not, however, an active Anarchist. I speak of philosophical Anarchism, which evidently approaches more nearly the truth, and is humane and noble."

The anger of the French Collectivists emphasises more strongly than anything we could say the immense significance of the above statement. The man who by his courage and initiative did such service in the cause of justice over the Dreyfus affair, was an Anarchist. And the despicable Millerand, the politician—and a real enemy of the people, is a Collectivist!

### EPISODES IN THE LABOR STRUGGLE.

When one considers all that happens in those "labor troubles" called strikes, whether in England, on the Continent, or in America, one may be excused for asking how it was the Earth ever came to be infested with such abominable people as the working classes. It is true they are useful in procuring all the wealth and luxury for the rich, but at what a cost of worry and anxiety to their employers! They are not content to work and take what food they can get to keep their strength up, but they are impudent enough to clamour for some of the joys of life, and they go so far as sometimes to try and influence others of their class against becoming blacklegs. In England, as we have just pointed out, they are to pay dearly for this privilege; but, in Virginia, Judge Jackson issued an injunction forbidding it. But we will give the news as it reaches us in the columns of *Justice* (Wilmington, Del., U.S.A.):

A posse of United States Marshals were fired on and driven out of the district by striking coal miners at Matewan, W. Va. The marshals were serving notices of an injunction issued by Judge Jackson forbidding any conversation between strikers and non-union men. The county sheriff withdrew his deputies because he believed the injunction too sweeping.

After this, all we can say is: 'Tis a pity that in the *origin of species* no type of being was evolved that could have toiled and suffered and died in the noble cause of the capitalist, whose life of luxury, ease and sublime elevation would have flowed mellifluously on, undisturbed by any cries of anguish from a dumb race of slaves bred and born for the creation of wealth. Nature has been unkind to the exploiters of this world.

### "LIBERAL" CALUMNY.

Writing in reference to the alleged killing of wounded at Vlakfontein by a man in a pink pugaree who was a German, the *Daily News* adds "perhaps an Anarchist." Now we believe the *Daily News* desires to be distinguished from the *Daily Mail*; but such a statement is just what would emanate from the latter rag—if there was anything to be made out of it. For ourselves, we don't need the love of the *Daily News*, nor of the goody-goody "Liberals" who hang round its neck; but surely it can stand its ground in regard to the war without resorting to such base methods as to wilfully calumniate those who have a far higher ideal of justice and humanity than itself. We in our turn, would ask: Were those lancers who killed the wounded at Elandslaagte Anarchists? Is Kitchener, who is responsible for killing the wounded Soudanese, an Anarchist? And the whole gang of conspiring capitalist cut-throats at home who are responsible for the war, are they Anarchists? No. But we will tell the *Daily News* who are: Emile Zola, who fought for justice against a criminal government; and Kropotkin, and Tcherkesov, and Reclus; and Louise Michel, who demanded the liberation of her would-be assassin; and thousands of others who, if they remain unknown, none the less fight and suffer in a cause that is "humane and noble," and whose lives if light could be thrown on them would compare very favorably we will not say with political knaves and mercenary butchers, but even with the editors of "Liberal" newspapers.

### Annual Picnic.

MIDLAND COUNTIES ANARCHIST COMMUNISTS.

Bank Holiday, Monday August 5, comrades will meet at the bridge over the River Derwent, in front of Chatsworth House, at 2.30 p.m., and after a general chat will walk to Rowsley for tea.

Owing to the different times at which the trains arrive, a General Meeting will not be attempted at Rowsley Railway Station in the morning; but each group of comrades as they arrive will doubtless find others there to meet them.

As there are many places in Rowsley where hot water, tea, etc., may be obtained, each comrade is expected to make his arrangements as to food and refreshment. For further particulars apply to A. Barton, 12 Olive Terrace, Owlerton, Sheffield.

## A VISITOR FROM LUNA.

I am a native of Luna. By what means I reached this earth I shall not, in this brief narrative, explain. It is evident that I *am* here, this writing being sufficient evidence thereof.

In the ancient, powerful and glorious kingdom of Dementia (whose flag has braved, ten thousand years, the battle and the breeze) I was introduced as a native-born citizen by my parents (and by gracious permission of the Royal Clerics) in the year of Sanctity 72,942. One year previous to my birth, my parents had purchased a right to become parents from the above-named Royal Clerics; therefore I was legally introduced into Luna.

Before I was one month old, I was carried to one of the offices of the Royal Clerical Emporium, where my parents purchased the right to confer on me the name, TCEJ BUSA. The Royal Clerics performed a solemn ceremony suitable and essential to the occasion. They lubricated my nose with oil, and publicly informed Jupiter, Saturn and Mars that I was a legal person, with a legal name, and that the regular fees required to establish any person in such a legal position had been duly paid to, and pocketed by, the only genuine agents of the only genuine Emporium.

Jupiter, Saturn and Mars are (as all true Lunatics profess to believe) three persons of one substance, power and eternity. Saturn is the breath of Jupiter, and Mars is the breath of Jupiter and Saturn. Mars is of one substance, majesty and glory with Jupiter and Saturn, very and eternal Sol. There is but one living and true Sol, everlasting, without body, parts or passions; and this one Sol—having no body nor parts—is composed of three persons: Jupiter, Saturn and Mars. Such is the foundation of the simple, logical and sublime belief, of which the King of Dementia is the Protector.

When Sol created mankind he declared the work to be good; yet, strange to say, mankind are born physically imperfect. Of course, this is not Sol's fault; but it is due to the obstinacy of mankind, who malevolently assume imperfect forms previous to their birth. I was no exception to this lamentable rule, for I had stubbornly caused myself to be born with two ears. In spite of the legality of my conception, I was born in sin and shapen in iniquity. I, alone, was to blame; for the marriage of my parents was sanctified by the Royal Clerics, and Sol, our Creator, cannot err (PELTILENO TROFLLI NEWTEH ILLIMYT SLOOFNO).

When I was six weeks old, an order was issued by the King of Dementia and delivered to my parents by one of his Detective Agents, commanding the removal of my left ear, according to law; and my parents (who were not associates of the "silly clique of anti-amputators") obeyed the order, and paid the fees.

[It is necessary to explain, that a learned Royal Amputator had discovered that cutting off the left ear was a certain preventive of boils. A patient might suffer internally from poison or from the accumulation of waste matter, and might die in consequence thereof, but no boils or pimples could appear on the skin after the left ear had been amputated—successfully.]

My left ear having been ("successfully") removed from my head, I had surmounted the third step of legal subjection. I was a legal inhabitant of Luna; I had a legal name; I had a legal constitution. If I died before reaching the age of discretion, I should be transformed into a MIBUREHC—and I couldn't die of boils.

When I was six years old, I was sent to a school, in which I was taught to spell, write and cipher. I learned how to spell my name, but was never told what I was or whence I came. After a time, however, I was informed by some boys that I was found in a cabbage field, and mother confirmed the statement. When I asked my Sunday-school teacher, he told me I was made of dust; and when I asked him who made me, he said it was Sol.

Now I was an exceedingly precocious boy, inasmuch that I was often spoken of as the meddlesome question-asker, and I asked many questions about Sol. I asked where Sol was; and some told me he was in Heaven, and others said "he is everywhere." Then I asked: "Is Sol *alive*?" and was answered, "Yes, He is the ever-living Sol." "But," said I, "he—he can't *move*! There is no place to move to when he is everywhere to begin with." Then I was reproved, and told that something very dreadful was sure to happen to me.

At another time, I asked: "Is Sol a *person*? Has he—has he got a *head*?" For that question I was punished, and was told to pray to Sol to give me faith and knowledge; but I retorted: "If *you* have prayed and got the knowledge, why don't you tell me if Sol has got a head and legs and things like we have?"

Often, I wanted to pray; but I had no idea of the being I was told to address. Praying to the air, merely, seemed like praying to nothing. Then I reasoned—for, alas! I was an unregenerate boy and was tempted by the omnipresent, everlasting Serpent. I argued thus: "If Sol is everywhere, he cannot have any *shape*; and I cannot think of such a being." Then I tried to pray, and I said: "Help me, oh Sol, of whom I know nothing—of whom I cannot even think."

The fourth step of legal advancement was "Ratification." At the solemn ceremony of nose-oiling, my parents had pledged their word that I believed all the articles of the Saturnalian faith; and in consideration of that pledge, and of other reasonable, faithful and veracious pledges (and a pecuniary fee) the Royal Clerics had declared me Regenerate. Alas! I was a miserable little sinner, a downright heretic!

The inhabitants of the kingdom of Sundia did not profess to worship Sol, as we did; but were idolatrous Heathen, who worshipped the universe; and therefore our king sent an army of our people to conquer the Sundians. Our soldiers killed many thousands of the Heathen, and

burned their towns; but, after a few months, our army was driven from the country with the army of the enemy following closely behind. When our army in its retreat passed through the town I lived in they set fire to it, to destroy it, so that the enemy might not get possession of it. My parents died in the conflagration. I was having a day in the country, and thus I escaped.

The people talked of "the enemy" almost unceasingly; but I could not help thinking that our greatest enemies were the King of Dementia and his hired agents, and I laid to their charge the murder of my parents.

I was adopted by an uncle, for whom I worked several years. I toiled hard for scanty food, and was told that I should be grateful for the opportunity.

In Dementia, every square yard of land is owned as private property, except such portions as are occupied by roads, streets, prisons and a few other small government properties, and I found that I had no legal right to live *anywhere*, except in prison, unless some private owner of a portion of the land of my birth sold me permission to live on his portion. And how was I to get the means of purchasing such permission? I had no legal right to compel any private individual to hire me as his servant. I was a legal person, with a legal name and a legal constitution, but I had no *legal right to live* except in a prison, a poorhouse or a lunatic asylum. I hoped to find equitable statutes on this planet.

The legal right to own the land of Dementia as private property is based upon conquest. The proprietors are the heirs of foreign soldiers who invaded Dementia, drove the people off their farms and destroyed their villages. And our King (by the grace of Sol) claims to be a direct descendant of the chief of the invading, conquering, devastating army of murderers, and the lineage is considered honorable. I hoped to find wiser ideas on this planet.

During my nine years of servitude in Dementia I felt rebellious towards society and its statutes. I felt that I was under no moral obligation to respect the statutes. I had entered into no contract, and therefore could not break one. I had not even been asked or even permitted to endorse the statutes. They were not in conformity with the laws of Sol, as revealed by Nature, and were not even in conformity with the laws of the Book of Sol—the book which Dementian society professed to reverence and implicitly believe. The book emphatically recognised the right of the people to live by free labor. It commanded that the land should be equitably shared amongst the people. It forbade usury, and it denounced kingcraft and priestcraft. I hoped to find more honesty and less hypocrisy on this planet.

Loyal Dementians told me I should honor the King. But why should I? He has never done anything of use to me, and I have never heard that he had ever done any noble or brave work. He has occupied much of his time in destroying innocent little animals, and in gambling and wine-drinking.

The only inventions I can remember that have been introduced by the royally-patented nobility are:

- The Game of Spellakins.
- The Game of Tiddledewinks.
- The Game of Pony Polo.
- The Game of Dove Killing.
- The Game of Knocker Wrenching.
- A Pipe to smoke in Bed.
- Transparent Cards.
- A Walking-stick, with a Dagger concealed therein.
- A Double-headed Coin, for Tossing with.
- The Game of shooting large animals from a Safe Place.

There are other similar pastimes, such as the hunting of weak animals by troops of red-coated and red-faced men, assisted by many large dogs.

There are in Dementia two regular political parties, called the Tops and the Bottoms. In the Tops are nearly all of the land-usurpers, and the Bottoms party works for the interests of the money-profiters. Both parties are Royalists, and neither of them has any desire to emancipate the disinherited working people. I hoped to find the People governing on this planet.

I did not blame our King, or his gang of lords; he correctly represented a majority of the people, for most of the men drink, gamble and love cruel sports. When Dementia is fit to have a nobler representative as its figure-head, one will be peaceably chosen—not as governor, but as chief servant.

I have seen on this planet you call the Earth, some countries named "Republics" over which there should be imperial dictators until the people are better qualified to elect legislators than the people of England and America are today.

Some of your kings resemble our king of Dementia, and some of your Presidents are more oppressive than the most despotic of your kings. When the people are fit for freedom they will be free; and then they will not need either President or King. And I think that until you are fit for freedom you had better keep your kings and provide for them a larger revenue than their richest subjects receive; for it is well that your kings should be placed above the reach of bribery.

I have heard of a country in which the people live naked and unashamed; where there is no hypocrisy, no usurer, no spirit-dealer, no prison, and where there are no locks or bolts; a country in which all men and women do their share of the little work that is needed where there is no war or usury and all work and share equitably. I am going to that country, and I hope I may be permitted to live and die there.

Farewell, you people who are mad with avarice, boastful of robberies, saturated with superstitions, rioting in vicious luxuries, adulterators, peculators, pilferers, falsifiers, disguisers, equivocators—all you who

fear the truth and who are ashamed of the light. Farewell, also, you who have been degraded by destitution and tortured by the scorn of the usurers. You will get your reward, and so will they. Farewell to you who are preaching the true gospel—to all the brave pioneers: your noble work will not be in vain. You are sowing the seed, and the seed will bear fruit, and multiply. If it were possible to stay with you, I would stay. But the gods are with you, and you will find some of the fruit of your work in the heavens that are not now visible to you.

Farewell, you hired Clerics, and you hired killers of men. Farewell, you most pitiful usurers. Farewell, you tinselled kings!

TCEJ BUSA.

[Translated by WM. HARRISON RILEY, Lunenburg, Mass.]

## INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

In Spain the struggle for freedom has two aspects: the religious and the economic. Not many days since, at Seville as at Corunna, strikers have been sabred by the police and attacked by infantry and cavalry, an actual battle taking place in the streets. At Seville the Governor and Chief of Police have each been severely wounded. In the country districts of Andalusia exasperated proletarians set the fields on fire, with the result that in some places there will be no harvest; the same thing has occurred in Cordova. As to the anti-clerical agitation, it continues pretty general throughout the peninsula. The *Daily Express*, of London is at present the only paper which troubles itself to report foreign labor news, strike and anti-Jesuit items; with regard to the last, its Spanish correspondent writes: "Saragossa presents a strange spectacle. All the churches are closed and the bells silent. Many priests are leaving the town and those who remain move about disguised as civilians. The Carlists who head the clerical manifestations are hiding in their homes for fear of being lynched. Close-shaven persons dressed in black are compelled by the populace to uncover their heads in order to ascertain if they have the tonsure. A shower of stones greets the priest who dares to come forth in ecclesiastical garb. The gendarmerie are busily employed in protecting the clergy while infantry guard the palace of the archbishop, the monasteries, churches and schools. The clerical journal, *Noticiero*, has suspended publication." As Saragossa has ever been the most clerical of all the religious cities of Spain, the events now taking place there prove effectually that the people are determined to uproot the tyranny of the Church. Let us hope that Capitalist tyranny will soon be served the same way. At Havana (Cuba), Solidarity meetings of the revolutionary Anarchists, organised by Palmirio de Lidia, editor of the *Nuevo Ideal*, and by the revolutionary papers *La Defense* and *Alerta* (organ of the Federation of Cuban Workers) have been held.

The paramount question in France just now is that of the approaching general strike of miners, which in a revolutionary sense occupies more attention than the results of the platonic demonstration of the French Peace delegates. On July 10th, the delegates of the principal Labor Federations assisted at a congress held in the Paris Labor Exchange. After much deliberation and discussion the following resolution moved by Marmonnier was adopted: "Upon consultation with the various federations which answered our call, we declare that perfect agreement exists amongst all workers as to the utility of a general strike of the miners, and in consequence of the encouragement received look for substantial results for the entire proletariat." At a reunion held later the following Order of the Day was unanimously adopted: "The Miners' Congress makes (1) an earnest appeal to the solidarity of miners upon the question of the Referendum; (2) Considers the time to have arrived when the International General Committee should be advised of the decisions taken respecting a General Strike, and (3) Submits that the question of a minimum wage should be settled after the manner of the Federation of Southern Mines which has now fixed its minimum wage."

T. del M.

At Monza, the scene of Humbert's execution, the Italian Trade Unions will hold a congress in September on absolutely non-political and parliamentary lines. The actual truth regarding Bresci's death will probably never be known; but there seems a growing belief throughout Italy that it was due not to suicide but to murder. It is argued by those who know, that suicide in an Italian jail is no less difficult to accomplish than in an English one, and when it takes the form of strangulation the time required for the preparation and carrying out of the act, owing to the constant supervision is practically not to be had. Bresci's cell, moreover, was built not only to ensure special pain and discomfort to its victim but also special supervision, which last according to official statements was exercised every ten or fifteen minutes. Bresci in his despair may have touched the hearts and won over one or more of his prison guards, thus being accorded a quiet twenty minutes in which to die, such things are not beyond belief; but the universal idea is that he was deliberately strangled in order once for all to frustrate any design of escape, did he or others harbour such, and to kill the public sentiment which in consequence of his brutal treatment was daring to question the justice of his sentence.

The Russian comrades in Paris have lately been exercised over the expulsion of one of their number named Pauli, who had been living there quietly for two years and who although innocent of creating agitation of any sort was arrested and expelled at apparently the demand of the Russian government, which, terrified at the recent spirit of revolt shown at home, is taking its revenge upon every hapless refugee or friend of refugees upon whom it can focus its all-pervading

eye. In the case of the one named, the Russian police agents, it is said, wrote anonymous letters to his comrades denouncing him as a *mouchard*, and giving samples of his writing; this being done apparently in order to sow distrust and prevent too great an outcry when his expulsion should be decided upon. On some of his friends demanding the reason for the last, they were told there was a heavy case against him. As the *Temps Nouveau* remarks, "we opine that his *dossier* comes from the same source as the letters and consists of documents of equal authenticity. This new trick of the Russian government to obtain expulsions by false statements does not astonish but makes us fear for the future, since it constitutes a precedent; it will always be possible to fabricate letters and acts proving participation in revolutionary or terrorist agitation or matters of ordinary crime and thus obtain decrees not only of expulsion but of *extradition*. Revolutionists everywhere should take notice of this and protest strongly; it is owing to the want of active protest and public opinion that the custom of expelling foreign refugees is growing fast in France and may develop into a practice of extraditing on false documentary evidence." This is quite possible; to get an undesirable, however inoffensive, into trouble, is a pet maxim of the police everywhere. The *Daily Telegraph*, which seems periodically to suffer from a malady familiarly known by its initials when recording blood-curdling and impossible Anarchist or Nihilist plots, has just coined the following: "Several of the inhabitants of Nijne-Faguilsk and Kombra in the Perm government of Russia, among them a policeman and a priest, have received packets by post from an unknown sender. The policeman came into possession of a very elegant cigar-case, but as he pressed the spring a violent detonation occurred, and he fell dead. To the priest a small case was sent apparently containing a watch. As he was on the point of opening it he remembered the policeman (Alas!) and stopped in time. Other persons who received similar presents handed them over to the police. They were opened with great caution and found to be filled with nitro-glycerine. They were, in fact, small but very ingenious infernal machines." Between them, the *D. T.* and *Pall Mall Gazette* make lively reading when one wants to know what the Nihilists and Anarchists are *not* doing.

In Belgium Dr. Henault continues his vigorous campaign against the Labor Party, persuading many Labor organisations to withdraw their allegiance and exert their energies entirely against Capital, leaving politics severely alone. He has met with great success. In Germany also the libertarian movement advances apace. The new German Anarchist Federation, of which we spoke lately, has progressed rapidly since Easter. There are now, according to a press telegram, thirty-two cities connected with it, and the official publications have 20,000 subscribers. Well done brothers. July 1st was the 25th anniversary of Bakunin's death; we notice that *Neues Leben* is publishing a brief account of his life and writings by a well known comrade thoroughly conversant with both, who has made it a labor of love to collect every item concerning the pioneer of Anarchism. The comrades in Berne laid a wreath on Bakunin's grave in memory of the anniversary, and *Neues Leben* appeals for sympathisers on all sides to assist in renovating his tomb or making it as symbolical as the beautiful memorial to the Chicago Martyrs in America. A Committee has been formed in Berne for the purpose.

## A PIONEER'S LOVE-PROBLEM.

We print the following extract, not, of course, as being in accordance with Anarchist ideals. Far from that. But we imagine it will indicate a method, amongst savages, of settling family matters which compares very favorably with "civilised" means as depicted in the divorce courts.

There seems to be considerable love expended among the members of an Ona family. It is kindled with the first days of childhood, and is still burning at a ripe old age. It is, however, a love which is never appreciated by a white man, nor is it ever tendered to him except for little spasmodic periods. Nothing illustrates this point better than the experience of the pale faced new-comers. Everybody who goes as a pioneer to the Cape Horn region is a bachelor. All buy, borrow or steal wives when they decide to settle down upon a gold mine or a sheep farm. The Indian women, it must be confessed, are not unwilling to be bought or stolen, but they are not to the white man what they are to the copper faced rival. In the Indian household she may be but one of several wives; she can claim but a small share of her husband's affection; she must work hard, is poorly dressed, and is always half starved; but she prefers this life as a steady thing to the entire heart of a pale face, with the luxuries which he brings her.

One miner, a man with considerable experience and a collegiate education, gave me the following story bearing on the behaviour of the women of Fireland:

"The Ona girl is a queer and unnatural being; she may live with a white man, or even be lawfully wedded to him, but tender sentiments like love for her white admirer never enter or leave her dusky bosom. I came here ten years ago and struck a pay dig. I hadn't time to go home to look for a new, or to bring out an old sweetheart. Some Indians always remained unfriendly; but a few came with good intentions to the camp; these would now and then leave one or two of their wives for me to feed and dress, and in this way I learned to like them. One day there came to the camp an old couple with a young and bewitching daughter. She was only fourteen years old, but in form and manner she was just the jewel a gold digger would be likely to pick up. I knew a little smattering of the native lingo and began to talk love to the girl.

at once; she didn't seem to understand me. All the tender and nice things I tried to say seemed to be wasted. I talked to the parents: they quickly understood me, but they said a red woman might admire and respect a pale face, but the warm fire, which was the principal charm of an Ona woman, was never kindled by a white man.

"In a short time I had learned to love the girl; and she didn't seem to hate me, so I asked the parents if they would not leave her with me for a time while she might learn to like me; but they objected; whereupon I determined to steal her. After a lonely walk one evening in the forests, she agreed to be stolen. When the family left for the mountains, I followed, and picked the apple of my eye. Things went almost happily—the honeymoon was a short dream, and the parents, for a long time, did not come to disturb me. I congratulated myself upon the success of my theft. Later, however, I learned that the parents knew about it all the time. I dressed the girl in expensive clothes, for which I had sent three thousand miles; fed her full three meals daily; built a nice warm hut, and did nearly all the camp work myself. She had not been fully dressed before, never had more than one meal a day, sometimes not more than one square fill in a week, and at home she always worked like a slave, shivering out a miserable homeless existence in the forests. I showered her with luxuries and kind, gentle treatment.

"By this means, and by another which I shall mention presently, I was generally able to keep her as a permanent fixture about my household. About once a week, however, she found it necessary to go into the forests to gather certain fungi, which she said were necessary for her health. At first she returned promptly from these little jaunts and she always seemed livelier and refreshed by the recreation; but later she remained away one or two days at a time. This absence I could not endure; so I sought the reason for it, and found she was meeting a big manly young buck. I could not blame her for being enamoured with him, for I admired him myself. I took him into our camp and, ever since, there has been peace, and restfulness, and divided love in our wild home."—From: *Through the first Antarctic Night*, chapter 8, "A Race of Fuegian Giants." By Frederick A. Cook, 1898-99.

## INTEGRAL EDUCATION.

The word "integral" applied to education, comprises the three terms: physical, intellectual and moral. It is more complete in that it indicates some continual relations between these three divisions.

Integral education is not the forced accumulation of an infinite number of notions about all things; it is the culture, the harmonic development of all the faculties of the human being: health, vigour, beauty, intelligence, kindness.

It rests exclusively on experimental realities, and takes no account of metaphysical conceptions that are based on imagination or sentiment alone. Education is an art illuminated by a concrete science, applying to human training the data of all the abstract sciences, and notably of biology and sociology.

Formerly, as today, the educators of the old school proceeding from ideas founded *a priori* on tradition, on some pretended revelations of imaginary beings superior to man, thought they knew everything. The great science of integral educators is to know that they know little; but what they do know they know well, and they are in the true way of discoveries.

Physical education comprises muscular and brain development; it satisfies the need of exercise of all our organs, passive and active, a need indicated by physiology as a law.

To follow this development and to learn to guide it with prudence, they have commenced a series of observations, of experiences, of anthropometrical measurements. These useful practical studies will occupy some special laboratories, and will be pushed very far by a truly scientific instruction.

The exercise of the senses, the calculations relative to games, to physical exercises of every kind, running, handicrafts, etc., touch intellectual education, some parts of which are often considered repulsive on account of the unskilful manner of approaching them, are in this way made attractive.

Intellectual education bears on two kinds of absolutely distinct matters: questions of opinion, variable, disputable, often causes of quarrels, of antagonisms, of rivalries; questions of fact, of observation, of experience, to solutions identical for all beings and allowing of no differences of opinion.

To diminish as much as possible the number and importance of the first for the benefit of the second is the great desideratum.

The study of nature in nature, of industry in the practice of the workshops, of sciences in the laboratories and the observatories (theoretical study in the books only coming after the inducement given by the real practice, to complete, to arrange the elements which the latter has furnished), gives to the brain a harmonious development, well balanced, and a great correctness of judgment. From this agreement in the appreciation of real facts there results, necessarily, a tendency to agreement on all the other questions, the true social peace, so rare an exception in our age.

For all branches in which dogmatic teaching preponderates, such for example as the means of communication of thought (languages, writing, music, plastic arts) to employ the most rapid practical processes, systematically neglected by officials who, not having invented them, have no personal profit in causing them to be applied: rational, phonetic, perfect

writing (the shorthand of Aimé, Paris), straight and simple writing, Robertson's analytical method for the acquisition of languages, the model method of Galin Paris-Cheve for music, exercises of diction, conferences with discussions, theatre, collections, museums of all sorts, of natural history, industry, mathematics, etc.

Not to forget that physical and intellectual education ought to comprise science and art, knowledge and practice. A true integral man is at the same time theorist and practical man; he re-unites the two qualities systematically separated by official routine, comprising on the one hand primary and professional instruction, and, on the other, secondary and superior teaching: he is at once the brain that directs and the hand that executes, the scholar and the workman.

There remains moral education.\* Although its importance is supreme, we have not space to detail at length the programme of it. It is that morality, the same as reason is a resultant, it is part of the whole. The part of teaching is here of small account. Let the child assimilate to himself, in the measurement of his intellectual development, the notion of individual equilibrium and development, of social justice and reciprocity; but moral education is, above all, the work of influence, the consequence of a normal existence in a normal medium. The physiological law is one of the principal elements of it; next, in another order of affairs, the general direction given to the thoughts by the sum total of the teaching. From the first, the exclusion of false and demoralising ideas, of deceitful prejudices, of alarming impressions, in fact of everything that can throw the imagination outside the truth, into trouble and disorder; absence of unhealthy suggestions, of incitement to vanity, the suppression of the causes of rivalry and jealousy; the continual view of calm, well-ordered, natural things; a life simple, occupied, varied, animated, between work and play; the gradual use of responsibility, the example of the instructors, and above all, happiness.

It is here that we must place, by virtue of an element of this moralising medium, the co-education of the sexes in a constant, brotherly, family-like intercourse of children, boys and little girls, which gives to the whole of their morals a particular serenity, and far from constituting a danger, becomes, in the wise conditions in which it ought to be established a guarantee of preservation.

This education, so truly liberal, is immediately applicable to children of good general average. Certain temperaments of prudent reserve are useful, at least temporarily, for ordinary children from their birth, or in consequence of the demoralising education which they may have already received in a corrupting medium. As to the inferior children, backward, degenerate ones, they are moral invalids who must be cared for with compassion, from whom we must hardly expect anything. We must undoubtedly take precautions, with all possible humanity, that they do not injure the others; but we must take care to guard ourselves from believing that we have a right to punish them for a nature for which they are not responsible.

The only ones to blame, unwittingly also, are the parents who have foolishly called them into life.

To give birth only to children who have the greatest possible chances of being happy and useful, is a veritable new dogma. Only well born children will derive all the benefit possible from integral education.

Good birth, then, is the first and most important chapter of human regeneration, of which the second, *good education*, has just been sketched here.

A generation well born, well brought up, will arrive without trouble at the necessary understanding to attempt and succeed in *social organisations* based on science, on the liberty of each one. This will then be the definite era of human happiness, of which the acquisition is summed up in three words: *good birth, good education, good social organisation*.

PAUL ROBIN.

## A Healthy Sign.

It is refreshing to notify the noble sentiments of a society which has as its avowed object a more humane treatment of criminals. According to the *New Age*, these principles were embodied in a resolution which was passed at the annual meeting quite recently:

"That constant watchfulness is the duty of the public in regard to the criminal law and its administration; and lenient treatment and sympathy are more effectual than severity to reclaim offenders and promote the admitted diminution of crime."

This organisation, known as the Romilly Society, has Mr. Hopwood, the Recorder of Liverpool, (one of the most humane representatives of the law) as its hon. secretary.

We cannot allow to pass unnoticed the efforts of all spontaneous and independent organisations which in any way make for human progress in all its varied phases; and we are cognisant of the fact that all progress worthy of the name is the result of the spontaneous and independent activities of small minorities, not of those placed in authority.

Therefore, we regard this as an omen which deserves the respect of all who love humanity; for it is evident, by the above Resolution that "lenient treatment and sympathy are more effectual than severity," that the members of this important body have little faith in punishment as a deterrent from crime. And we agree that the less men see of prisons the better; in fact, we have often pointed out the degrading and

\* Manifesto to partisans of Integral Education. 1893.

brutalising effects of these modern Bastilles upon the unfortunate creatures encased within their walls. They are only pest-houses, which nourish and foster the worst passions of man. Consequently, we think that human sympathy, with rational scientific treatment, will be more effectual than any system which destroys and suppresses those elements which make man a social animal.

So that, after all, the claims made by those who can scan the horizon of the future are making headway. Humanity cautiously and unconsciously makes an attempt to follow in their footsteps. While, of course, we admit that this resolution does not mention anything about the iniquitous social conditions which make crime possible; we say that environment is the responsible factor. As Quetelet said, "Society prepares the crimes, the criminal is the instrument who executes them."

Still, we think it a good sign to see an organisation with such a noble object in view, inspired by humane feeling and intelligence which raises man from the level of the brute. R. M.

### BALANCE SHEET.

The Spanish comrades request us to insert the following:

| RECEIPTS.                       |        |                           |         |
|---------------------------------|--------|---------------------------|---------|
| Subscription List of the French |        | Tickets sold by Pierre    | 2 2 0   |
| Libertarian Group               | 2 0    | Ventura                   | 2 5 7   |
| Italian list, per Corio,        | 6 0    | Cailes                    | 1 12 6  |
| Italian Group, per "            | 4 8    | Corio                     | 6 6     |
| List of the Seccion Varia of    |        | Addition by Italian Group | 2 6     |
| London                          | 16 10  |                           |         |
| List of Cailes                  | 11 6   | Total receipts            | £8 10 1 |
| EXPENSES.                       |        | BALANCE.                  |         |
| Rent of Hall                    | 2 5 0  | Receipts                  | 8 10 1  |
| Artists' effects                | 15 0   | Expenses                  | 4 9 1   |
| Printing                        | 1 2 0  | Surplus for benefit of    |         |
| Sundries                        | 7 1    | Spanish comrades          | £4 1 0  |
| Total                           | £4 9 1 |                           |         |

The sum of £4 1s. changed into Spanish money amounts to 133 Pesetas.

JEAN VENTURA,  
(Treasurer for the Seccion Varia of London.)  
J. MANUBENS (Secretary).

## FOR FREEDOM.

(To the tune: *Handwerksburschen Abschied.*)

True hearts ye that can love  
Whose life with song is thrilled  
Glad hearts wearing with joy  
Your crown of dreams fulfilled,  
Can ye take your ease while the helpless call?  
Can your joy be full that's unshared by all?  
Or noble lives be lived except in Freedom?

Come, then, rouse to the call  
That all true hearts must heed,  
Who stands faint and afraid  
Is friend to hate and greed;  
There are deeds to do ere we enter in,  
There is love to crown, there is life to win;  
Come one and all, strike heartily for Freedom.

Fair, fair will be the days  
When Earth shall know no thrall,  
Bright and wonderful days  
Of life and love for all  
When the sun shall shine as he turns in mirth  
O'er every land round the world's wide girth  
On comrades living joyfully in Freedom.

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