



Everybody is patriotic when
he is satisfied.

A wise man is one who knows
that he does not know.

When two politicians call each
grafters, take it for granted
that they are both right.

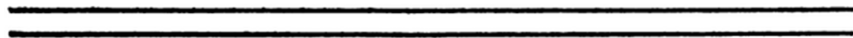


Why?

MRS. FRANCES MOORE, Publisher



Volume 1, Issues 1-2
Winter, 1913



Instead of a Biography

Like most anarchist women, we know very little about Frances Moore, or Frankie. She walked into history sometime around 1900, a single mother lost in the metropolis of Chicago. We know she was Irish, but not the date she was born, and if the contents of *Why?* are any indication, it's possible she resorted to sex-work to feed her three daughters.

The Chicago she lived in was the hellish nightmare described in *The Jungle* by Upton Sinclair, a toxic meat-grinder only alleviated by the goodness of people like Jane Addams, whose Hull House took in single mothers like Frankie and taught classes to young immigrant workers like Lucy Lang, one of Frankie's future friends. In fact, Lucy and Frankie likely met in connection with an anarchist newspaper called *Free Society*. As it turned out, both of their future lovers were working on this periodical with the Isaak family, recently emmigrated from San Francisco.

Among this family of Ukrainian anarchists was an Italian, also from San Francisco, and his name was Enrico Travaglio. Sometime during 1900, Frankie decided she liked this *printer's devil* and entered into a *free union* with him. Within the year, she likely met Emma Goldman, Hippolyte Havel, Julia Mechanic, and a host of other anarchists soon to be arrested in connection with President William McKinley's assassination.

After a Polish anarchist named Leon Czolgosz shot the President on September 6, 1901, our Frankie found herself in the middle of an assassination conspiracy, but rather than run for her life, she waited for Enrico to be released from jail. The police seem to have never suspected her existence, and once her lover was released, she and her daughters moved with him to rural Spring Valley, Illinois, then back to Chicago, then all the way across the continent to the port of San Francisco, arriving there in 1902.

Again, we know almost nothing about Frankie's life on the wild Barbary Coast, but we do know that she had three more daughters with Enrico, who resumed publishing his long running *Secolo Nuovo*. Their eldest daughter was Leah, born in 1903, and soon after her sister Iris was born, although these are the only names of the daughter's history records. Aside from having children, all we know of Frankie's activities in San Francisco comes from Emma Goldman, when she explains that Frankie was *motherly and sweet* when she *played hostess to us in her respectable home*. After parsing through Emma's hyper-dimensional chronology, it becomes clear this respectable home could only have been in San Francisco, likely its Latin Quarter.

We know nothing about this home, just that it housed six daughters before it burned to the ground in the Great Earthquake and Fire of 1906, leaving the family alive but homeless. They soon moved eastward to the delta town of Stockton where Enrico began publishing a paper called *La Terra* aimed at local farm workers, the majority of them immigrants. Once again, we know nothing of what Frankie did in Stockton during the three years that followed the earthquake, only that around 1909 her lover Enrico left her and their children to pursue a romance with one Juliette Verrell, another woman we know nothing about. As the saying went back then, *free love for free lovers*.

This romance took Enrico to Portland, only this romance didn't work out,

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prejudice and for mercenary motives—the pogroms in Russia, the horrors of Congo, the tortures of Montjuich, the lead cure of Milan and St. Petersburg, the famine stricken population of India and to come closer at home, our barbarous lynchings in the South. President Cleveland when asked to enter an official protest against the horrors of Kishineff, wisely remarked, “Let’s look after our own Kishineffs.” That’s what we say, let’s quit getting after the Turk and put a stop to our own infamies.

Society would do almost anything, even resort to barbarian practises, rather than acknowledge its own blunders. Ignoring the latest conclusions of scientific men who assert that the anti-social tendency in the so-called criminal is the result of a defective social organization, and following the example of many other backward states, a bill has been introduced in the Washington legislature providing for the ignominious practise of sterilizing criminals and other unfortunates. What standards are to be applied in judging these human beings as unfit? That of the lawmaker, emulator of Torquemada, whose sole aim is to perpetuate ignorance and inequality, or that of the enlightened social revolutionist who is striving to abolish the causes of crime by demanding opportunity for all, insisting upon the education and enlightenment on sex problems, and is endeavoring to encourage a greater sense of mutual obligation between society and individual? Sterilization for crime, or the crime of sterilization? Which?

Books and Pamphlets

“Free Speech for Radicals,” by Theodore Schroeder. Published by the Free Speech League, 56 E. 59th Street, New York City. Price 25 cents. This excellent pamphlet is a resume of various articles and speeches on this pertinent subject. It seems almost incredible to think that while in every other country liberty of expression is undoubtedly in the ascendant that it should remain for our “free” America to forsake its revolutionary traditions and exercise a degree of censorship worthy of a Trepoff upon what is written and spoken in behalf of human progress. Mr. Schroeder with able argumentative power issues a timely warning to those who still cherish the invaluable acquisition that has cost our forefathers untold sacrifices, urging greater agitation and more education on all tabooed questions. His plea must not remain unheeded, before the last vestige of freedom is wrested from us. In our opinion the most efficient means to secure freedom of speech are to write and speak freely.

The Syndicalist, formerly The Agitator, is now published at 1000 S. Paulina St., Chicago. Comrade Fox is to be congratulated upon his resolution of moving to a greater center of activity. Home was founded by good folks who wished to escape the deleterious influence of modern civilization and to be consistent with the revolutionary principles expounded, he has come to the realization that you can’t fight by running away, and with added enthusiasm and greater purpose in view, has sallied forth to the city of martyrdom to attack our friend the enemy in behalf of the great cause of Syndicalism. Success to our brother who has outgrown his short pants.

The only thing that is sacred in this country is business.

and somehow or other he ended up in Tacoma around 1911. Most anarchist historians seem to agree that Frankie and the girls moved up north to be with him, specifically to the anarchist commune called Home, just south-west of Tacoma. What no one knows for certain is exactly when Frankie and the girls arrived in Home, but given all the facts, it’s likely they were in Washington State before Enrico settled in Tacoma, and that it was Frankie who drew Enrico to Home, not the other way around.

One can only imagine their relationship, especially with six daughters, half of them now teenagers stuck on an anarchist commune in the middle of nowhere. They must have had a lot of time on their hands, especially with Frankie disappearing at random, but by 1910, the commune of Home was at the height of its population and glory, a place most children and teenagers would find to be perfect in every respect. In fact, historically, only one child of Home would truly ever complain about it. Unlike this single outlier, the Travaglio girls didn’t seem to care that their mother was a free woman, known to vanish into the woods for days on end.

Shortly after arriving at Home, Frankie and her daughters posed for a group photo with the other communards. The photo was taken inside their Liberty Hall, a two-story behemoth built with their own hands, encompassing a print-works below and a schoolhouse above. The photo was taken up in the school, and in the lower right we can see clump of dark haired girls positioned around each other like Russian dolls, unpacked but strewn in random order. It’s impossible to know exactly who they are, not yet at least, but that’s not the point. Above them, to the left, is a row of older women, encompassing the heart of the group, and among them is Lucy Lang, smiling like a loon. Her friend Frankie Moore is likely in this row, standing just above the Russian dolls, her eyes fixed intently at the camera.

Sometime in late 1910, our Frankie helped a dynamiter named David Caplan hide out on Bainbridge Island. He was charged with providing the dynamite which blew up the *Los Angeles Times* building that same year, and by January of 1911, Frankie and others from Home helped secure him a shack on five acres, only it was forty miles north on Bainbridge, so not really close at all. All we know of this time period in Frankie’s life comes from her future son-in-law Radium Lavene, who told the anarchist historian Paul Avrich that David Caplan *was hiding on Bainbridge Island on the Sound, and Frankie (Frances) Moore was keeping house for him there.* This went on for about a year, and when Caplan snuck into Home to see his wife and children, it was likely Frankie who guided him through the woods.

Caplan and his family had gone to Chicago by the summer of 1912, leaving Frankie with time to do something other than tend a wanted dynamiter, so she began spending more time at the IWW print-shop in Tacoma on 1423 South Washington Street, a place run by a man named Sam Hammersmark and her former-lover Enrico Travaglio. It’s possible that Frankie and Enrico rekindled their romance at this point, but who can say? Regardless, at some point towards the end of 1912, Frankie and Enrico decided to release an anarchist newspaper titled simply *Why?*, and when the first issue was released in January of 1913, the publisher was named Mrs. Frances Moore.

This pamphlet in your hands contains all two of the *Why?* issues published by Frankie before Sam Hammersmark took over. Inside is an overwhelming and constant

humor, along with a certain tenderness, but all wrapped in a giant ball of devilish, anarchist sarcasm. If the two voices in this early paper are indeed just Frankie and Enrico, it's clear why they liked each other, given how funny some of the articles are. Only one text can be concretely attributed to Frankie (the intro to the first issue), while precisely zero can be attributed to Enrico, and the sole contributing author listed in the table of contents by their full name might very well be an invention of either Enrico or Frankie.

If any event pulled her away from *Why?*, it was the return of David Caplan in the spring of 1913, shortly after Frankie passed the publishing over to Sam Hammersmark. It's likely she took care of Caplan over the next few years as he posed as a barber in downtown Bainbridge by day and retired to his five-acre chicken farm at night. He would remain there anonymously until a son of Home named Donald Vose sold him out to the Burns Detective Agency in 1915, an act of betrayal which plunged the entire commune into a decline that ended with Home's dissolution in 1919.

We know from her son-in-law Raidum Levene that Frankie eventually parted with Enrico and her other lovers for good when she married one Bill Cotterell. According to a Home resident, *Bill Cotterell owned one of the first teams of horses in the community and for years did most of the wood and draying for Homeites. Bill loved all the children and enjoyed making them happy. He would stop his team and lift the youngsters up on their backs and give them a ride...little wonder that there is a tender spot and a loving memory of Bill in the hearts many of the boys and girls of that generation.* It appears that Frankie also had a soft spot for him, and she stayed with Bill until her death sometime in the 1920s or 1930s. Like everything about Frankie's life, even her death is unclear.

Frankie disappears from history after this, but not her eldest daughter, Leah, the only one of her children that history remembers. First she marries her childhood sweetheart Radium Lavene, a local boy from Home, but this doesn't last forever and she leaves him to marry Arthur E. Briggs, a lawyer, teacher, and radical leftist who served on the Los Angeles City Council from 1939 to 1941, during which time he was called a *communist* for defending people like *gentle dynamiter* Tom Mooney. Leah had a daughter with him (Mary) and Arthur died in 1969, shortly after Leah's father Enrico Travaglio passed away.

After marrying a racecar driver in 1960, Leah's daughter Mary had three children, two of them twins (b. 1964), and according to this hot-rod enthusiast, she was the only woman who could keep him off the track, and they raised their family together until her untimely death in 1987. It appears Mary's children had children, making those children Frankie and Enrico's great-great grand children, all of whom are part of Generation Z. Aside from their grandmother Leah, history has no record of Frankie's other daughters. In fact, it's not even clear when or where Leah died, but last we know she was living in the Los Angeles area, just like her first husband Radium Lavene. He moved to Los Angeles at some point and passed away there in 1991, having been born in 1903, the same year as his first love, Leah Travaglio. It's unknown if they ever saw each other again in the shadows of Hollywood, just as there's no record of what happened to that wild matriarch of their family, the incomparable anarchist Frankie Moore.

We hope you have enough of an outline to see Frankie as a real person, an anarchist you might meet today, and the pamphlet before you comprises practically all of her published works. While there are few names attached to these articles, we hope you can hear her voice in there, and we hope it's loud.

fare of his patients. Dr. Queralto, an eminent liberal-minded physician, in the press, branded this act as barbarous and inhuman, devoid of scientific purpose, whereby he was arrested, tried and given a long sentence in exile. Numerous scientific, political, and workmen's clubs have championed Dr. Queralto's cause and demand his immediate release. Will any member of the medical fraternity on these shores do likewise and protest against the sterilization of the unfit?

As figures do not lie, the recent investigation against the money trust has brought forth some interesting features. The First National Bank of N Y., established in 1863 with a modest capital of \$500,000, has up to this date paid no less than \$80,000,000 or 18,500 per cent in dividends to its stock-holders. A mere trifle indeed. Yet this respectable sum is looked upon as legitimate prey by the champions of identity of interests between capital and labor. The trade-unions who are so reluctant in endorsing any revolutionary measure and prudently and sheepishly consult industrial and market conditions before advancing any claim to higher wages and better conditions might glance at these figures and draw, if not money, some timely conclusions.

If the sentiments expressed in the press are to be taken as criterion, all civilized nations, in the drastic unfoldment of the Balkan "controversy," have unreservedly taken sides with the allies against the "terrible" Turk. In support of their resentment, it is being adduced that he ought to be driven out of Europe for his immorality, for his fanatical and cruel persecutions against the christian, for his disregard for the much-heralded benefits of western civilization. One noted writer has ventured the opinion that beneath this out-burst of moral and religious "suasion" lies an economic cause—the hog trade (or leather?)—while others assert that the belligerents who have lined up against the Ottoman empire are being used as a cat's paw by the powers—Russia especially—to secure a commercial outlet into the Mediterranean. Whatever the reasons may be, one thing is certain, that the wise Turk has realized for some time where the artful wiles of European diplomacy lead to and is defending his territory against all odds. However, since the immaculate white folks prefer to ascribe the cause of the war to pure and simple moral reasons, they need to be reminded that they are treading on dangerous ground as Turkey might consistently retort by pointing out the frequent outrages perpetrated in the name of civilization upon innocent and defenseless people, through sheer ignorance, race

day is never in the eye of the Venezuelan living in the land of plenty; and hence the thrift, selfishness and utter disregard for the neighbor's rights are not conspicuous on the shores of the Caribbean. The hurry and rush of our life, that leaves so many nerveless wrecks at forty are absent from their free and careless life; these curses add neither balm nor beauty to human kind.

The Spanish-American is a philosopher; music and art mean much more to him than to us; he is imaginative, and poesy appeals to him. Freedom to him is an ideal thing, a bird on the wing; with us it is a caged canary, safely locked up to be looked at. We make a fetich of law and order; the Venezuelan does not care to be misgoverned, insulted, and robbed under forms of law. While we bear legal outrage and law-made annoyance with the patient endurance of an ass, the Venezuelan draws his sword and destroys both the bad law and the evil law-maker with one blow. Hence the ease with which he enters upon war and revolution. When he learns like us to love dollars better than ideals, order more than freedom, law more than justice, mammon more than man, chaff more than wheat, he may attain our higher civilization. Meantime we have a sneaking regard for his ways.

Backward and Forward

In appreciation of his famous work on the inorganic life of the earth, the academy of sciences of St. Petersburg has conferred the Achmatov prize to Lukashevitch, the well known revolutionist recently liberated from prison for his alleged complicity in an act of terrorism against Alexander III. It is evident that in the czar's domain science is not completely subservient to the autocracy as in this country where professors of liberal views are uncereminiously kicked off their chair in our universities for merely expressing their disbelief in the existence of a supreme being. In Russia, men of science are crowned with laurels, here, we starve them.

The press of western Europe is to be commended for its endeavor to arouse public sentiment in behalf of Dr. Queralto of Barcelona, under severe sentence for having denounced an act of extreme cruelty performed upon an unfortunate stricken with tuberculosis who applied to a medical institute for relief. The doctor in charge, a religious fanatic, upon examination discovered a revolutionary motto tattooed on the patient's arm, and violating all professional ethics and disregarding all consideration for his ailment, immediately proceeded to remove it, thereby inflicting serious wounds. The board of directors of this institution congratulated the cruel doctor for his interest displayed in both the spiritual and physical wel-



Why?

**ACCURSED BE MAN WHO SILENCED CHILD'S
FIRST INQUIRY, FOR HE LAID FOUN-
DATION OF ALL TYRANNIES**



Vol. 1

JANUARY, 1913

No. 1

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Why?

January, 1913

MRS. FRANCES MOORE, Publisher

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Application for entry as second-class mail matter made at the Tacoma, Washington, Post-office.

ly observe that in the process of evolution our ears have gradually become smaller, and we have developed two sturdy legs—to kick and kick damned hard. We are one with the masses.

The time is not only ripe for a change, it is rotten ripe.

Why They Oppose Civilization

Uncle Sam, through its immigration department, is giving vent to a long-standing grudge against Cipriano Castro, and if he succeeds in brushing aside all legal impediments, he will have the ex-president of Venezuela deported as an undesirable citizen. Castro, it will be remembered, defied European and American governments, who with their bully-like attitude, claimed for the capitalists of their respective countries the ownership of various mining industries. This imposition was resented so strongly, that Cipriano started a sort of a diplomatic rough-house that eventually culminated in a war-like demonstration by the powers, and to avoid the possible gobbling up of the coveted territory, he finally consented to resign.

The press, as usual, in dealing with this incident, strives to belittle and cast ridicule upon Venezuela and the sympathetic nature of her sons in order to magnify and extoll the merit that we ought to possess ourselves. Having resided in that beautiful country for a short while, we can assure our readers that for a poor devil it has many decided advantages over us. Happy, contented, hospitable, the humble Venezuelan is a king beside our sweating, toiling men, women and children, urged to age and decrepitude by the resistless forces of industrialism and the haunting spectres of hunger and poverty.

While we have become blue and bilious with the greed and vulgarity of the times, her kindly people still cherish the primitive virtues of hospitality and brotherhood, their object in life is not death and accumulation. Climate and environing conditions have united to preserve the freshness and virility in her people. Industrialism and commercialism, the twin curses of our civilization, are practically unknown, her sons depending on her fields and forests, her pastures and her mines for the measure of prosperity she enjoys. Fruit and flowers are everywhere; a fertile soil yields bountiful harvest under moderate work; a bland and balmy climate makes hard and unremitting toil a folly. Cold and hunger, the potent allies of plutocracy, are unknown. Gaunt, red mills, whose wheels grind out at once pauperism and plethora, are fortunately few, and the hard conditions of our industrial civilization, are happily absent from their land. The dreadful, future rainy

fuller and more complete life with renewed vigor and added potency. No one takes heed, no one responds to its earnest entreaties and enjoys the grand and majestic spectacle—the young are slaving in the factory and the old are in the church.—From the Yiddish.

The Philosopher and the Masses

“I think, therefore I am.”—Stirner

“I think that I am!”—Some of his followers

No matter from what phase we look at it, we cannot reconcile ourselves to the attitude some philosophers assume toward the masses. We are one with the masses. We are asses, you say. You have wasted oceans of ink to magnify many of our shortcomings, you have unbridled your tongues to make sport of our seeming ignorance, but what tangible effort have you expended to make us evolve from our asinine state? You have risen to lofty spheres on the wing of thought, at our expense, you are too distant and far-removed from us; you cannot understand even in the slightest degree the vicissitudes of our existence; you have segregated yourself from toiling humanity and therefore you have lost the art of communicating with us. You have excluded us—that’s why we have severed all allegiances with you.

Confronted by sheer want, we developed the only asset society requires of us—brawn, but beneath our rough and uncouth exterior, we, too, harbor the hope that some day we will be free. We have gleaned our experience from actual defeat; privations, sufferings taught us the inestimable value of solidarity, and with this precious acquisition we have accomplished much for ourselves—we are still in the making.

A thought has dawned upon our mind. A gleam of hope lends vigor to our efforts. We are becoming conscious of our strength, and to attain final and complete emancipation for ourselves we must broaden our sympathy, our scope, extend our field of endeavor so as to include all our brothers of misery and toil. You have held aloof from us so long that you cannot even perceive the spirit of restlessness and discontent pervading our ranks.

We have created a philosophy with our own calloused hands. It is simple, yet vibrating and direct. It needs no revision from scholars, for it contains the seed that we alone hold the power indispensable to its fecundity, bathed by our own tears, nourished with our own red blood.

Perchance, in the pursuit of your calling, you may eventual-

Instead of a Program

A FEW WORDS of introduction may not be amiss. In undertaking the publication of *Why?* we do not lay claim to fill a long-felt want in the radical movement, and from the outset we will dispense with the task of outlining a definite program. Programs usually imply a strict adherence to a prearranged plan, and since ideas and conceptions, like all manifestations of life, cannot be crystallized but are in themselves subject to evolution, we deem this method of procedure both logical and consistent. It is obvious, then, that ideas prove their worth, their soundness, only when they receive sanction from human experience and are not found wanting.

The world, today, is crammed full with ideas of innovation, we lack the element indispensable to give them propelling force. Every movement is pestered with self-styled philosophers and “superior minds” bent on formulating plans for others to follow. Plentiful are the invertebrates who justify their apathy, their lassitude, their lack of purpose in life by magnifying some real, but mostly imaginary shortcoming in those who with patient endeavor are striving to make this world a trifle better than they found it.

And it cannot be denied that in this drama of human emancipation that is slowly but surely unfolding in our midst, we have not only to contend with the stubborn resistance of those who hold the good things in life, and are necessarily vitally interested in defending their privileges, not only with the gullibility and supineness of the masses, but with the hypercritical and inactive spectators who can never find suitable channels of activity; eternally at variance with prevalent methods and tactics, lost in the winding ways of metaphysical abstractions, they prove the insignificance of their position when confronted with tangible and constructive problems.

Borrowing a familiar phrase of our good friends the Syndicalists, it is not whether the “boring from within” policy is advisable or preferable to the “boring from without,” the main question is to get busy boring, from within, from without, upward, downward, east, west, north, south, bore everywhere.

With the prevailing spirit of restlessness and discontent manifest among the people, radicals will find a promising field, teeming with latent possibilities, to propagate our ideas. Conscious that the world’s evolution is not impelled by mere abstractions but by human effort, we must summon our enthusiasm and our determination to give impulse and revolutionary character to the vague and indefinite aspirations of the people, so that in

future we may not lament a repetition of sad mistakes and have our efforts rendered abortive by nefarious schemes of crafty politicians.

Modest, both in form and in substance, we present this work as an expression of what can be done and of what we are doing.

What I See

I do not see so much of evil in the world
As Ignorance. So long as man will hug her phantom form
Within his aching breast,
And drink the effervescence of her smile,
Just so long must he feel the hunger
And the craving of that wisdom
Which his soul must yet attain,
Lest it forever die.
The pains that come to him are guide posts
In the roads of Ignorance
Which tell him of the falseness of his route,
And point him to that better path
Where Wisdom walks with Happiness.
The Spirit of the Ages must proclaim the triumph
Of its will; and as the years crowd thick
Upon our heads, so Wisdom crowds upon the heels
Of timid Ignorance, and nations yet will see
The Universal Brotherhood of Man

-Selected

At Madrid, on the 11th of November, they held an imposing, double memorial service: for the martyrdom of Chicago and that of Ferrer, thus catching two birds with one stone.

Why and Wherefore

WHY IGNORE TRADE UNION ACTIVITY? The advocates of one big union, with an over abundance of revolutionary zeal, often lose sight of some stern facts. When they brand present trade unions as the quintessence of narrow-minded, bigoted characteristics, and that in their efforts to secure an amelioration in wages and conditions are often pitted against one another, when they

light it threw into their souls. But yesterday, you blew a breath from your nostrils, and the reverberation is yet rolling around the shores of the world. What would it be if you fling back your mighty torso, and straighten those Olympian shoulder? Is it that of which you are thinking, swaying your head from side to side?

Will you, like another blind Samson, tear up the pillars of the world, encompassing yourself within its ruins?

How shall I, bleak with fear, dare to look upon the faces of your masters, when you have set your thumbs thereon...and lifted them again? Or upon the slender bodies of their women, jeweled with the red blood of your children, turned to rubies, that have turned again to blood?

Oh, Labor, smoke-begrimed, harried of the fire-damp, what corner is there where I can hide from the wrath of you, rising implacable from under the floor of the world!

Is my brain reeling, or do I feel the earth rocking under your frenzied grip?

Your eyes are no longer grey and seal-like; they have turned to flame, and the red fire at your heart is breaking through...Labor, I am watching you, swaying your great head from side to side.

The Call of Nature

Nature is at rest. 'Tis midnight. Peace and harmony supremely reign, the deep blue sky is wonderfully clear. The placid water beneath mirrors the inverted shadows of two tall giants—a churchsteeple and a factory chimney. Suddenly a piercing blast breaks through the stillness of the night, as if to mar the exquisite scene—the factory whistle angrily calling the night shift. Bent figures pass hurriedly by and are gradually swallowed by a huge opening in the building. In a few moments the fleeting steps have vanished, and once again all is tranquil and in repose.

Four o'clock. Another sound is heard, only not so commanding. Its tones are dull and plaintive—the church bells. Again some figures appear on the narrow streets with slow and uncertain step—the old going to church. Then the scene resumes its former quietude.

Five o'clock. On the east, beyond a chain of mountains, a crimson light comes forth with increasing splendor—the dawn. The wind is now blowing gently, ripples stir the water, the leaves on the poplar trees are quite restless. Nature has risen from slumber and unfolds its hidden treasures. The sun, is now high on the horizon, its powerful rays call every being to a

A Song of Progress

These things shall be! A loftier race
Than e'er the world has ever known shall rise
With flame of freedom in their souls
And light of knowledge in their eyes.

They shall be gentle, brave, and strong
To spill no drop of blood, but dare
All that may plant man's lordship firm
On earth and fire, and sea and air

Nation with nation, land with land
Unharm'd shall live as comrades free;
In every heart and brain shall throb
The pulse of one fraternity.

New arts shall bloom of loftier mould
And mightier music shall thrill the skies,
And every life shall be a song
When all the earth is a paradise.

These things—they are no dreams—shall be
For happier men when we are gone.
These golden days for them shall dawn
Transcending aught we gaze upon.

-Selected.

The Awakening

Oh, Labor! you great, slow moving, centuries patient beast, can it be that I see a gleam of fire in your grey, seal-like eyes? Can it be that I feel the cords swelling in your mighty arms, swelling under their bands, those age rusted, blood blackened bonds?

I notice your bent shoulders quivering under the floor of the world, and your great head swaying from side to side. What does it portend?

Not so many moons ago you released your little finger from a building that it was supporting. When the flames thereof shot upward into the night, men hid their faces and denied you, because of the fierce white

dismiss them as a reactionary body devoid of purpose and aim—which is true to a certain extent—they fail to take cognizance that these petty attributes, these shortcomings are not inherent to unions alone, but form the chief prerogative of the majority of human beings. They are a product of an ill-developed, servile, steeped-in-prejudice human nature that we have to overcome and contend with whether within the pale of the A. F. of L. or among human societies in general. How can we expect revolutionary consciousness or development from a body of men when its various components lack these essential qualities? It seems folly to entertain such notions.

The trade unions will evolve from their present state of inertia when, instead of holding aloof from them, the conscious and far-seeing revolutionary minority will undertake to lead these workers, now groping in the dark, to a realization of greater and better purpose.

To ignore all trade-union activity and hold it in “revolutionary” contempt solely because it fails to reach our conception of life or recognize our method of struggle, and dismiss it as ultra-reactionary would be just as ludicrous as to attempt to correct the evils of present society, forsaking its many advantages, by emigrating to some remote and secluded hamlet, awaiting the millenium.

Like all toilers, they need enlightenment, revolutionary education, which can only be imparted to them by being in their midst, and while often misunderstood, struggle with them, demonstrate to them not only how to avoid defeat, but how to broaden their scope by a closer affiliation with kindred crafts, and the moral and material benefits accruing from it. Remember that they have always been appealed through their selfishness and credulity, and if we have not lost faith in human nature, we can do much towards arousing a greater feeling of solidarity—it has been done, it must be done; and then, experience and discontent have never failed to contribute bountifully to the advancement of any progressive cause. In their words, their mistakes are only incidental, not fundamental, and from their efforts and achievements we are all—I. W. W's, Syndicalists, Socialists, Tolstoians, Single Taxers or Individualists—reaping countless benefits.

If the trade unions in this country only show a slight disposition to struggle according to the rules of the game, it is solely due to the fact that radicals have forsaken them for the discussion of Plato, Nietzsche

and Stirner after a six-bit dinner, and corrupt leaders and crafty politicians converted them to a vast arena to draw support for gratification of their political ambition. And, if today they only know how to fight clumsily, let us not withdraw from them the militant minority who can teach them to how to fight with dexterity for a definite aim.

IS THE WORLD GETTING BETTER OR WORSE?

Extremes often meet. The pessimist and the optimist have a point of contact. The former, disappointed in life, avers that all is evil in this world, and, resigned, awaits his doom; while the latter finds everything to his liking, consequently sees no reason for a change. Both impede the onward march of the human race. Verily, if mankind relied upon the contentions of our two extremists it would still be leading an existence similar to the primitive cave-dwellers, or perhaps we would still be puny atoms lost in the nebular space. Both breed inertia, and inertia is death.

However, we have no quarrel to seek with our optimist. Usually, he holds more than his share of the good things in life and some day persuasive arguments will recall him to his senses. Perhaps he's a worker, who when he doesn't dream of becoming president or of amassing a fortune of Cresus' proportions, is merely satisfied with vegetating, thanking the gods he has been allowed the privilege to exist.

It is against the pessimist, the professional calamity howler of roseate hue that we take issue. "Conditions are bad and are liable to become worse," he grumbles. True, the era of peace and plenty for every human being is somewhat distant, yet, for all that we are slowly leading that way. The world is evolving—through human effort only—despite all these discordant objections.

For example:—Kings once ruled by divine power, now it is admitted that they do so only through quiescence of their subjects. Modern science has branded religion a fraud. Not long ago forming a trade union was considered treason punishable by death or by long incarceration, nowadays they go about bringing their message to the workers, unmolested, have a voice in the settlement of wages and conditions, and are often winned and dined by phretoric captains of industry and are even exhorted to join the Civic Federation. Politicians were considered public spirited citizens now they are held in contempt as unscrupulous grafters. Capitalism is today held as a synonym for exploitation. War is deemed nothing short of murder; the flogging of "refractory" children in our schools and of "unruly"

Leo Tolstoi, Educator

Most of us radicals have known Tolstoi as a great artist and philosopher, few, however, are cognizant that during the early period of his life, he has devoted his lofty intellect to the educational question, and strange to say, in no other field of endeavor has he been so free from his characteristic mysticism than in the role of educator. In fact, his views are so practical and rational that they bear a striking resemblance to those advanced by Ferrer and Robin, two confirmed materialists. We may even venture to say that he was the precursor of their system.

The success he achieved at Ysnaia Poliana, where he founded a school in the early sixties, is remarkable for the clearness and simplicity of his method in dealing with children. The government did not take kindly to his enterprise and while it did not openly oppose it, it indirectly caused Tolstoi and his colleagues frequent annoyances and it was abandoned after a few years of experiment. Tolstoi has also written several important works on education and his primers, once suppressed by the censor, have finally been adopted by the public schools throughout the empire.

According to the great Russian sage, discipline, programs and merit cards must be banished from our schools as they are the basis of all social iniquity. Discipline engenders dissimulation, hypocrisy and falsehood; programs destroy originality, initiative and responsibility, and merit cards foster envy, rivalry and hatred among pupils. Education must be integral, rational, varied and free. Integral, because it must tend towards the harmonious development of all the faculties and must embrace a complete, synthetic order of knowledge—intellectual, physical, manual and professional. Rational, because it must be based on reason and science, and not upon faith; dignity and independence shall displace pity and obedience; it must destroy all gods as the eternal and absolute cause of slavery. Varied, as it must favor the coeducation of both sexes so as to encourage a broad, constant and pleasant relationship, that in itself will be a guarantee of greater consideration and morality of highest order. Free, because it must lead toward the progressive denial of all authority and tyranny in favor of liberty, as the final aim of education should be to make men free and race conscious and must encourage a greater respect for the rights of others.

This phase of Tolstoi's life will prove doubly interesting as his educational views have subsequently been endorsed by the foremost partisans of the modern schools throughout the world.

ourselves of the benefits and experience bequeathed to us by generations gone by, and of the manifold advantages society offers us during our life time. From each according to his ability, to each according to his needs is the only true formula that will withstand the test of time, the rest is merely moonshine borrowed from the bourgeoise code of ethics.

By the Wayside

Dr. J. C. Zeller, president of the University of Puget Sound, in a lengthy dissertation in the local press makes a plea for “revolutionary reorganization of our public schools.” Attracted by the authoritative position of the writer, we read, and were duly disappointed to find therein the same time-worn song with slight variations. In his opinion, the aim of our public schools ought to be confined to the development of those requirements society imposes upon the child. In other words he means to give the youth who frequents our public schools enough knowledge as to render him more able to answer the exigencies of capitalism, a more fit subject for exploitation. Dr. Zeller is a very resourceful pedagogue, where he lacks in originality he makes up in the choice of his revolutionary titles.

Elbert Hubbard is the latest victim to come under the ban of the law for lese morality. We are at variance with much of the stuff he purveys to the patient public, but as champions of free speech cannot take sides with the comstocks who were instrumental to his prosecution. Ideas must stand or fall on their own merits only. However, we will remind the Fra that this latest experience is nothing but a taste of his own medicine. He started off posing as a radical, and like all shrewd and practical Americans, when he realized that it didn't pay, he turned tables, and took a little journey to the home of defamation, directing his caustic attacks against revolutionary principles, catering to the bigoted and prudish element that is now lurking behind the federal indictments.

The thirty-eight men convicted at Indianapolis, after all, are only an advance guard of that giant conspiracy that is being hatched by the world's workers against oppression and privilege; it is a scene in the great drama of human emancipation. Don't lose any time endeavoring to fix the responsibility—we are all guilty

sailors on the high seas is gradually becoming a relic of a barbaric past.

Haven't we greater freedom of press, and a greater standard of life? Why, Clarence Darrow has even recanted his resist not evil policy, and, tempered by experience, is now an avowed direct actionist. Syndicalism has at last been ushered into this country, and by all indications it is bound to have a far-reaching influence upon the American labor movement. Even “The International Socialist Review” has changed for the better; from a sleep-conducive, tedious mass of Marxian incongruities compiled by our friend Simons, it has become quite a live and entertaining magazine, featuring Bill Haywood's powerful epigrams which we read with both profit and pleasure.

Every field of human expression, education, art, literature, sociology have been subjected to the vivifying influence of progress and regeneration; we are constantly discovering new truths, we hold broader conception and greater purpose in life. We have learned to investigate, analyze, reject, think and experiment with our ideas; and when many of these gifts will become a conscious part of ourselves, we'll kneel before idols and lord Mammon no longer, we'll rise and stand like men.

And the mere fact that we, today, recognize the presence of many evils in society and we are endeavoring to seek their remedy, only proves our contention—that the world is getting better—not long ago we accepted all these evils as a matter of course.

INITIATIVE AND DETERMINATION VS. POLITICAL ACTION

When we consider the efforts of so many well-intentioned Socialists and reformers fooling away their time in the political field we wonder whether the lessons taught us by history of yesterday and the stern facts of today will ever remain unheeded. We will not enter into a lengthy dissertation to prove the futility of expecting anything tangible and worth-while from our legislators, we leave that task to the philosopher. A socialist—one who doesn't think that religion is a private matter but a curse of mankind—was extolling the merits of the radical ministry in France who enforced the separation between church and state, dealing a fatal blow to catholicism in that country, adding that the Socialists, when given power, will likewise promulgate many “revolutionary” measures, promote political and economic issues beneficial to mankind.

This is merely verbal assurance. Socialist history, though, is com-

piled by a series of successive compromises to political ambition. Ravenous for power, they threw overboard all objectionable radical features of their program catering to the voter's petty prejudices, bargaining at every turn, offering compensation to the robber class, denouncing expropriation, anti-militarism, sabotage, direct action, brushing aside every essential for insignificant side issues, administering narcotics that have paralyzed the people's mighty will.

What about France, you ask. Yes, it was a great political trick. This progressive country has for a century been known to manifest antagonism towards any sort of dogma or belief in things supernatural, as their literature, drama and art fully confirm. Those foxy grandpas who have the welfare of the French people at heart—and their heart is on their lips—very ably resorted to avail themselves of the existing opposition to oust their formidable enemy, the catholic church. Have they succeeded? Yes, in the large centers where the anti-religious feeling was most prevalent they forcibly ousted the congregations who were already faring out badly for want of followers, and in the agricultural districts, true to their Vandean traditions, the peasants arose in protest and fought the officials with stubborn resistance, which compelled the government to relax its enforcement and finally abandoned its plan, and, today, the religious sentiment in the rural districts is still prevalent and even somewhat intensified by the secular persecutions.

Deductions? One may suffice in this case. Government, by its very nature, was instituted for the explicit purpose of defending the interests of the ruling class, and therefore, it cannot in any way lead in any progressive cause without undermining its own existence. When popular agitation and initiative, after a series of struggles and untold sacrifices has succeeded in securing some ameliorations, it steps in not only to gain the credit but to convert all benefits for its own use.

The more ignorant one is the more he thinks he knows.

THE END OF THE BEGINNING The workers who do not rely upon their own judgment and have no faith in their own power and lack initiative are liable to meet the same fate as a certain community in Siberia who petitioned the czar for the purpose of securing a water-plant. After being pigeon-holed in the various departments of that intricate bureaucracy for a number of years, the petition finally

The workers in addition to the question of hours and wages could very successfully unmask many subterfuges resorted to by manufacturers in order to increase their dividends and dupe the people. It would be an excellent and direct means of agitation, bound to gain public sympathy as it tends toward the preservation of our health, increase our comfort and protect our lives. To our mind, it is not sufficient to prate about the closed shop or its sanitary condition when we overlook the essential—the product itself, often substituted and doctored with dangerous ingredients. A tacit acquiescence on the workers' part is no less than a crime perpetrated against their own class.

While it may seem a departure from old methods it can be done, in fact it has been done and the moral and material effect has been exceedingly gratifying. Of late, a step in this direction has been taken by compositors in Paris, Rome and Milan when they refused to print publications containing articles prejudicial to workers on strike, and let it be said to their everlasting fame, by a goodly number of brickmasons of Mantova when they refused to lend their service in building a new jail—an infamous institution of vengeance to penalize the victims bred by society. And the good work goes on!

IS THIS POLITICAL ECONOMY?

The chap who claims he is entitled to all he produces reminds us of a practical joker who in a gathering of children promised an enormous pie to the one that would fill a tank of water by pailfuls to be poured through a small opening at the top. The youngsters patiently set to work and emptied pail after pail into the tank and were about to give up their task in disgust when a lazy little fellow who had not made the least effort to contribute to the sport, finally filled his pail and poured its contents into the tank and to the surprise of everybody caused it to spill over.

Would he be entitled to the whole pie? By the prevalent laws of the game he would, but common horse sense would suggest that all the kids ought to be entitled to a share since they all contributed to filling the tank.

It is high time that humanity set aside all ambiguous formulas such as the wage system, the belated socialist meal ticket known under the scientific name of collectivism, or the wealth to the producer thereof, since no high-roofed political economist can ever determine, under equality of opportunity, the social value of any commodity, nor the exact amount of effort expended by the single elements composing society. We are all availing

TRADE UNIONS AND OFFICIALISM

Frank Rose knows whereof he speaks when he asserts that the strange impossibility of unifying the forces of organized labor for any industrial purpose is accounted for by the character of the elements, personal and politic, which dominate every revival of militant industrial activity. Industrial movements are always matters of huge public importance, and those who engineer them necessarily become prominent and important in some measure. The vast field which is opened up for the increase and exultation of leaders and officials is alluring not only to men of capacity and probity, but perhaps more so to adventurous and ambitious charlatans.

The more sectional unions, the more official positions, the more sectional animosities, the greater security for official profit and public prominence. In order to give some color to professions of solicitude for “solidarity,” federations are formed and financed just sufficiently to endow more official seats. Ostensibly these federations are centers of fraternal harmony and purpose; actually they are the focussing points of personal hatred and conflicting official ambition.

It would take an immensity of effort and research to accurately state the precise amount which would cover the cost of trade-union officialism, but we do know that nearly twenty-five per cent of the total expenditure of the existing organizations goes in maintainance, and there is good reason to suppose the largest part of this money is absorbed in salaries, fees and other official emoluments.

Is it any wonder that these shrewd chaps who wax fat at the expense of the toilers are opposed to local union autonomy, closer affiliation with kindred crafts and the emancipation of labor? From certain indications, though, it is safe to assume that the time is close at hand when they’ll have to go back to the case—that is, if the circumference of their paunch does not prevent them to reach a cap “F” to capitalize the word “Fakirs!”

THE WORKER AND HIS RESPONSIBILITY

There are two ways of practically demonstrating solidarity; one is by directly making common cause with other workers in time of stress, and the other, equally efficient, by assuming the moral responsibility as to the nature and quality of goods manufactured. The workers, owing to their number, form the greatest contingent among consumers of articles of prime necessity and generally are the ones who suffer from the evil effects of cheap and inferior substitutions, and adulterated food-stuff.

reached that august personage, who being extremely busy with grave court affairs, postponed its consideration until after new years. One day, being in good humor, took it under advisement and ordered one of his ministers to send a committee of engineers to investigate and learn the approximate cost of the project. This committee, after many side pleasure trips, reached their destination. There, a series of banquets and entertainments awaited them, and after a long-protracted orgy, sobered up, and proceeded to carry out their mission. They surveyed, figured, consulted the various bodies of ignoramuses, and finally agreed upon the sum to be expended.

They reported back to the minister of public works, who referred them to the czar. After a long conference and mature deliberation, he finally approved their plans and immediately gave orders to assemble the needed material and have it shipped to the point designated. The bureaucracy issued further orders, gave out contracts, pocketed the graft, organized engineering corps and despatched the whole outfit, which arrived at destination exactly eight years after the original petition had been drafted and sent to St. Peterburg, and found, to their amazement, that the town had increased ten-fold in population, and, naturally, the diminutive water-plant would have proved inadequate to supply the needs of a greatly augmented population.

And so it is with the workers—ever-ready to place confidence in palliatives propounded by saviours of various political shades—yellow, green or scarlet—who may eventually promise that perhaps they will feel inclined to get ready to start to commence to begin to try to see if they will be graciously allowed to secure legal sanction for the solution of social questions, they get the identical result as those simpletons on the banks of the Lena, namely, get left—for they expect someone to do something for them when they are unwilling to struggle and secure it themselves.

The right of free speech is incomplete unless it conveys the right of experiment.

Reaction cannot hinder the earth from moving nor can it prevent the champions of freedom from moving the earth.

WALT WHITMAN AND THE CONSTITUTION

The Constitution of the United States has this in common with Walt Whitman’s “Leaves of Grass,” it is everywhere in general and nowhere in particular. They both contain some vague hints on human rights,

freedom, democracy, emancipation, in the abstract, nothing tangible and positive. We glean from both works exactly what we seek and nothing more. The Constitution serves as a source of inspiration, justification we should say, for almost any line of conduct.

Though divergent in aim, in time of stress, both worker and shirker alike aim to construe their particular attitudes in conformity with constitutional tenets, and since it is not yet agreed what those phrases really mean, they have to scrap over definitions. The shirkers, however, usually care naught for patriotic sentiment; when it may answer the purpose of defeating labor, they brush off the cobwebs from the precious document and flare it vauntingly before the courts, but when its tenets happen to misfit their particular case or their purse, t'ell with it, they are above it, the Hazelton method is resorted to with telling effect. And right they are, they leave consistency and form for the worker, they stick to the substance, and not get off our backs.

The Constitution was never intended to free the worker from his bondage, and all the mellifluous language reflecting but indefinitely upon human rights, freedom and other political sentimentality, served then, as now, as a mirage, or better, as a bait, to induce the toilers to pull the chestnuts out of the fire for our colonial masters who resented any interference in trade matters on the part of King George's government.

And, while the 57 varieties of legal mummies are pondering over the grave and perplexing interpretations of that historical document, and while our literary luminaries are delving into old Walt's ethereal vaporings, let us deal with timely proplems with modern criterions.

TO THE AGITATOR'S DOG, DOOLEY Tell the editor that we are certainly grateful for his sympathy and his understanding for the proclivities of the dog. Heretofore, we were unjustly spoken of in the same breath as the philosopher—a parallel which sounded rather disparagingly to us, for we, unlike these sophists, dispense with metaphysical considerations and tackle parasites with tooth and nail. After all, it is the dog in revolt that makes history, the philosopher, at his best, merely writes it, and often writes it badly.—Fanny and Tipky.

Why and Wherefore

FRAGMENTS OF TRADE UNION HISTORY The workers in their pursuit of better conditions tread on dangerous soil when they vaunt their conservatism and slavish methods of their procedure. Tactics of this nature emasculate them of their power, and eventually leads them to certain doom. The history of yesterday clearly demonstrates that from their inception, the trade unions in Europe and America were organized in defiance to existing laws.

We also glean that hangmen worked overtime to throttle the voices of unruly agitators whom the royal edicts could not silence, while countless numbers of languished in gaol for merely endeavoring through organization to secure a living wage. If the infamous laws for debt were repealed it was due to the persistent agitation and sacrifice of those workers who were placed in the cruel dilemma to choose between submitting to then existing economic conditions or pay the penalty for debts contracted after cessation of toil. If we do not meet the same fate it isn't because the masters of today are made of different clay or have become more susceptible to moral suasion, no indeed, fellow trade unionist.

The laws dealing with trade unions on the same footing with conspiracies still remain on our statute books; if they are not applied and remain a dead letter to a certain extent, it is only through fear of arousing the hostility of the workers.

What are the recent injunctions served against striking toilers, the Taff-Vale decision, or the verdict against the Hatters Union, if not the application of the law holding trade unions responsible for pecuniary loss to manufacturers through strikes and boycott ?

We may deem them decisions of magistrates who seek precedents of days gone by, we may protest, we may even defy them, but we cannot help admitting that it is the law, letter and spirit, nothing short of it!

Therefore, the right of labor organizations to secure a greater well-being has never been granted as a token of magnanimity on the part of our ruling classes, it was always contested and finally recognized only after a series of struggles, by direct action. Any attempt to divert trade union activity into any other channel—political, arbitration or by effecting a compromise with civic federations, or prate about its docility and subserviency to the whims of capital, is to ignore its revolutionary tradition and pave the way for disruption and defeat.

Darrow's Pamphlet on Conspiracies

"Industrial Conspiracies," by Clarence Darrow. Otto Newman, Publisher, Box 701, Portland, Oregon. Price 10 Cents.

A wise man once said that a lawyer is one who gets good people into trouble and bad people out of trouble, our friend Darrow is an exception to this rule as he is known today as one of the most staunch and uncompromising friends of labor and a champion of human rights. And who ought to know what the law really means, who applies it and who comes under its ban, better than the author, whom the vicissitudes of life have placed him on both sides of the bars – on the defence and has been himself accused? Darrow indicts modern society and its institutions, and most boldly asserts that it is always the oppressed, the lowly who are guilty of conspiracy; the haughty, the wealthy, the blood-stained hands are always innocent, for the masters can do no wrong. Wherein he is most successful is in the demonstration of the utter impossibility of securing anything tangible and worth-while from legislation. This cumbersome and complicated machinery with conflicting manifestations of power cannot evolve according to the exigencies of modern times, it has served its purpose, it has fulfilled its mission, it has always been a hindrance to any progressive workingmen's movement--the lowly must finally realize that they can only come into their own through their sole effort and initiative. "Industrial Conspiracies" is a message emanating from the very soul of a great man, written in red blood, teeming with broad human sympathy and understanding. The only feature that detracts from the revolutionary spirit pervading this pamphlet is that the publishers, who, by the way, are socialists and therefore opposed to private property, have protected their interests through copyright. If, agreeing fully with us, they consider this pamphlet an excellent means of propaganda, why limit its field, let it be printed, circulated, quoted freely, plagiarized if need be, so that its revolutionary essence will find its way into the minds of the people in every nook of this earth. Verily, where we need more competition is in the advancement of any cause that will benefit the human race.

War is to be despised as bearer of physical suffering, and for the economic loss it involves, but more so, because it awakens in man a brutal, animal instinct. The most appalling criminal tendency has its complete triumph in the art of warfare.

The Montessori System of Education

"Children should be taught, not governed, and to teach successfully you must love them. He who loves them most is their gifted teacher."

All the world has been hearing about the Montessori method of self-education for very young children and of the wonderfully successful results the system has achieved wherever it has been put to a test. Few, however, are actually familiar with the principles that govern this newest of educational systems, which is really a development of elaborate modern science of child-psychology, and is based upon the work of Wundt and Froebel, the great German students of child mentality, and upon the experiments of Doctors Itard and Seguin, and had its inception in that period of great awakening of thought and deed—the great French revolution.

And what is the Montessori method? Briefly, it is a system of child liberty. The child is allowed to develop itself in the way it desires, the teacher, instead of teaching and correcting, being present merely to observe the child's leanings and to direct them in their proper channels. Originally a system devised for the education of weak-minded or defective children, it has been found to contain infinite advantages over all old-time educational methods for the normal child.

The Montessori method was first used extensively in the so-called Children's Houses of Rome, which form a part of an attempt to solve the housing problem of the very poor of that city. Dr. Maria Montessori was asked to undertake the organization of these infant schools, and it was here that her methods had their first test with normal children. Before that she had obtained marvelous results with the weak-minded little ones who had been under her care and her success with their brothers and sisters who had a full mental equipment was even more marked.

Strictly speaking a Montessori session does not resemble a school or a kindergarten, for the little children seem to be doing whatsoever they choose, without any objection on the part of the teacher. Indeed some persons accustomed to the usual relationship between teacher and pupil, with its foundation stone of discipline, would be likely to think of the teacher as somewhat more lax than need be. They might even describe her as being lazy, for she does not seem to be making any special effort to teach the pupils anything.

The latter appear to be spending their time in playing games. Con-

sequently the sport they are having, running here and there, apparently with-out a single thought of study, needs to be interpreted if one is to appreciate its true worth.

Indeed, the principles on which the method is based lie so deep and are so contrary to accepted notions of teaching that it has to be interpreted to teachers. A great deal of faith in the latent possibilities of human nature is required on the part of the teacher if she is to make a success of it, for to only the few who have eyes to see and ears to hear is its significance fully revealed.

Imagine a school room in which a little tot has the privilege of rising and sitting down and going whithersoever he will without a remonstrance from the teacher, not even a reproving look. Usually teachers have longer and shorter forms for telling our children to sit still and keep quiet. Nor is this the sole temptation which assails the instructor in a Montessori school, for, as a matter of fact, she is not supposed to be his instructor, simply his director.

He is supposed to instruct himself. When he fails in correctly playing the game in which he has elected to engage, the director must restrain herself from saying, "you should do it in this way," at the same time pointing out wherein he has erred. If the teacher is a true Montessorian she will let the child find out for himself, even if he requires a thousand years.

The keynote to the Montessori system is self-education, auto-education, Maria Montessori calls it. When the child's perceptions are developed to the point where he is capable of taking in the game he will take to it as a duck does to water, and all the efforts to drive it into him externally will not make him absorb it any sooner.

That is Montessori's theory and the explanation of the freedom of action in which her system permits the children to indulge. As soon as they are ripe to do a thing they will do it spontaneously.

She aids them, however, to correct their errors and actually makes the mistakes educational, as they ought to be in any psychologically well-directed school. She does not do it by talking to the child about his mistakes. It is the didactic material which tells him, and it does it when he is ready to receive the information.

As sensory culture, or a training of the senses, is the first step in the Montessori method, the child is supposed to be able in course of time to tell intuitively through the use of his senses when he has done the wrong

it stands, is inexorably right. Let's not allow our hypercritical nature gain control, and bellyache about their shortcomings, let's roll up our sleeves instead, spit on our hards and pitch in to help them perfect their work, build a solid structure cemented by solidarity and lead them to further achievements. This philosophy may lack intellectual veneer, but its essence embodies the aspirations of conscious toilers the world over and has at last found a responsive echo on these shores. Welcome it, and become a living factor towards its dissemination.

The gods are passing, never to return. T'is well; when they are gone, men will remain, curious of their own power, their spirit of initiative and self-reliance.

A Human Document

Governor Oswald West recently called at the State Penitentiary and summoning the inmates who were working in the foundry, told them that he intended to inaugurate a new system; henceforth he was going to dispense with the services of all guards in the workshop, and the amount saved in salaries would be devolved to a fund specially reserved to make their existence more tolerable. Every man was to be placed upon his honor, urged to work faithfully without supervision. He told those boys he would give them thirty days to think it over.

One month elapsed, and the spokesman elected by the boys was summoned to the capitol.

"Well, have you decided?" inquired the governor.

"You see, governor, we all appreciate what you are doing in our behalf, and wish to assure you that we are equal to the trust you are placing upon us, but listen, there's R---, the guard on the night shift, he's working his way through the agricultural college. How can he keep up his schooling if he loses his job? We'll better stick to the old way, governor."

Here is one of the many cases where the "criminal" evinces a higher degree of social instinct than the rest of us with "clear records."

cramped by his sitting posture, he goes down the street, into the Gambrius Halle, and between a sip of beer and a pretzel talks materialistic conception of history to some prospective genosse, and finally induces him to vote the ticket on election day and join him at the hall, waiting, patiently waiting, for the rich, the poor, the middle class, the wealth to disappear.

He also has his god—the bewhiskered Marx. Now, don't misunderstand us. He is able to talk about big things—backward. Just broach the subject of direct action and sabotage, and his enthusiasm for conservatism runs amuck, and with a prophetic air, he will quote Jaures, Kautsky, Seidel, Berger, he will tell you all about the benefits of municipal garbage cans, and what his party is going to begin to commence to get ready to do when it polls 500,000,000 votes.

Like our radical friend, he means well, only he doesn't mean the right direction. The truth is that his philosophy is essentially fatalistic, and his mind is befogged with metaphysical notions and places faith in magic wands of unseen source which he calls "evolution."

And what is evolution, if not conscious human effort impelled by our desire to be free and secure a greater share of well-being? Many theories forming a major part of the philosophic equipment of marxism, if consigned to the scrap heap, socialism would be the gainer. Volumes could be written in refutation of the so-called "catastrophic theory." If the rich are getting richer, it is solely due to their being more keenly alive and more alert in safe-guarding their own interests than the poor. While we work, they think of how to exploit, govern, frame laws, organize armies to intimidate the workers, formulate codes of ethics which dominate church, school, press and bless our infernal souls, have even found their way into the hearts of many social democrats.

Let's cease chasing rainbows, and stand on our resources. We have juggled with political programs and "revolutionary" idols long enough, and experience and common sense have taught us a valuable lesson, we have been leading everywhere in general and nowhere in particular. Why lend faith in palliatives of indefinite nature when the solution is close at hand, within reach? The workers, with their practical spirit and after a sequel of persecutions have eventually laid the foundation for their organization. They had no plan in view beyond their own defense. Here and there it shows evidence of poor skill, the bricks are coarse and ill-fitting, the whole frame requires the stroke of a master hand, but the principle upon which

thing. Ultimately he will become a veritable individuality, making discovery after discovery, unawares; he will become a master of a number of fundamental facts and a psychological entity. He becomes a sober little judge conscious of personal dignity because of his treatment as a personality; he goes about his occupation which strikes his fancy with deliberation and self-possession. And success comes to the director who has the wisdom of few words, for the perfection of the Montessori method lies in observation, with no unnecessary words, and those well chosen and phrased and intended to suggest only.

The Montessori method will eventually supersede the obsolete system of pedagogy now prevailing in our schools for it embodies the underlying principle implied in the term "education," namely, "to call out," instead of cramming and stultifying the child's mind, regardless of inclination and fitness with its baneful results. It is unconsciously a challenge to all ethical preconceptions advanced by state, church and school which contend that human nature is essentially evil and that laws and regulations are necessary to hold it in check. The Montessori method, on the contrary, is founded upon the realization that the child's nature to blossom forth its potentiality must be in harmony with itself, untrammelled, complete and free, he will then be happy, and being happy he will be good.

It remain for some innovator, inspired by broad criterion of life, to enlarge the scope of this method by embracing the wide and far-reaching application of integral education as promoted by Ferrer, who so tragically met his death by instigation of modern Inquisitors.

The Awakening?

"I think I hear a little bird who sings
The people by and by will be the stronger:
The veriest jade will wince whose harness wrings
So much into the raw as quite to wrong her
Beyond the rules of posting,--and the mob
At last fall sick of imitating Job."

-Lord Byron

Revolution—a theory translated into practise.

We don't object to your kicking as long as you kick the world towards the goal. No, indeed.

Magdalene Forgives

Magdalene was born a woman, this fact, according to the dictates of man, prohibiting her from every field of life except love. And, therefore, she loved. But her love was as pearls cast before swine; it was abused and thrown aside.

Society, with the unaccountable, contradictory attitude it sometimes manifests, censured her for doing the only thing that it allowed her to do. It gave her no helping hand to overcome her grief. It gave her no opportunity to forget her pain by ministering to the pains of others, or bringing joy to others. She was not allowed to forget her individual misfortunes by depicting in literature or on canvas or in music the lives of the aggregate of individuals.

She was not allowed to forget her own needs by busying herself with the needs of society as a whole. All these paths of endeavor, that of the painter, the musician, the writer, the statesman and the physician, were bolted and barred against her. Only one road lay open, its bed besprinkled with glittering dust to hide the mire beneath.

With a feeling of bitterness, Magdalene took the road, and again Society with inexplicable but doubtless faultless logic, railed at her for following the only course it allowed her to take.

Bitter was her heart and revengefully she followed the road, but the ignominy of it, and her unhealed pain gnawed deep into her heart; her haughtiness and unconcern were a pretence that hid unending hopelessness, and her laughter only served to suppress her tears. On all hands it was said that she did wrong, and Magdalene, loathing her life, longed to do what was right, that she might win a little of the love and respect of her fellows. She sought for a way in which she might atone for the wrong Society said she had done. But she saw no way. She was reviled and shunned, but none showed her how she might retrieve herself.

Then came Jesus, drawing to his side with his words of hope and comfort all the disinherited and disowned. Magdalene flocked to him with the rest and groveled at his feet, so great was her sense of wrong-doing and so strong her desire for forgiveness. When Jesus saw her tears he wept and said, "See ye this woman? I say unto you, her sins which were many, are forgiven, for she loved much." Magdalene did not laugh at the sarcasm; she did not see it. That she should be granted forgiveness because she was placed in a hateful condition, and had suffered for it, in no wise appeared

The Passing of the Gods

Despite our assertion of being iconoclasts, when we are confronted with problems of a tangible and practical nature we disprove our much-vaunted contention. True, we have cast to the winds many idols and dispelled from our minds many dogmas and beliefs so dear to the heart of conservatives, yet, we are not by any means free from their baneful influence as we have created others one jot more in consonance with our ideals. Thus, we perceive the radically inspired zealot prostrate before the majestic goddess revolution.

In his misguided enthusiasm he does not consider that present political, social and economic conditions are a result of centuries of false ideas and misconceptions, ages of tyranny and servitude, when the mind was steeped in prejudice and ill-developed, and that these factors which we recognize as a menace to progress, cannot be overcome or corrected by a single stroke, without a solid and basic preparatory work.

We have been so accustomed to expect benefits from supernatural powers that when we deal with the problem of emancipating ourselves upon this earth, we expect the solution to be handed down to us as a well-deserved gift. When we lost our faith in gods, we reposed it on kings, then on the state and finally on the revolution. We look up to someone, somewhere, sometimes for something just because we have no self-confidence or self-reliance, therefore, we are lost in the winding ways of metaphysical abstractions. Let's not delude ourselves. The revolution, in this sense, cannot be made the panacea for all social ills. Humanity will not wake up one glorious morning, amidst peace and plenty, when the slender irises, clothed by the sun, are swayed to and fro by a gentle zephyr. This moonshine may sound heroic when sung by bards—when they are young—as when they are old and senile from dissipation they sink into oblivion by becoming either poet laureates or social democrats.

Who said social democrat? Why, are you not acquainted with this highly-respected personage, who, conscious of his historic mission, worships fervently and assiduously at the shrine of Moses Marx? You will find him at the hall, occupying the same chair he did ten years ago, reading the current issue of the Milwaukee Social-Democratic Herald, waiting, patiently waiting for the rich to get richer, the poor to get poorer, the wealth to concentrate and the middle class to disappear. When his legs become

READER, WHERE DO YOU STAND?

SOME GOOD FOLKS SAY "WHY?" IS WORTH ONE DOLLAR, WHILE OTHERS CLAIM IT ISN'T WORTH A CONTINENTAL. WE WILL SPLIT THE DIFFERENCE AND CHARGE YOU SIXTY CENTS A YEAR FOR IT, SINCE THEY ALL AGREE THAT IT MAKES THE PHILOSOPHER FEEL LIKE THIRTY CENTS, AND MAKES THE MASSES FEEL AND THINK LIKE SIXTY. SUBSCRIBE NOW! DON'T WAIT FOR THE MILLENIUM.—THE PUBLISHER.

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Why?

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strange to her. Far from doing so, it appeared entirely logical, and led her to undertake a harder penance that she might absolve herself completely. So she went far into the desolation and monotony of the desert.

Many have gone the same road since then, some being driven to it by poverty, others by the neglect, the misunderstanding, or the rank barbarism of Society. A great many die on the road, others enter into the living death of the cloister. Outwardly they all wear an air of brazen defiance to shield the raw wound at their hearts. But down beneath their unconcern they all harbor the hope that at some time there will be a break in the road and they will again be able to step into the ranks of Society and receive their portion of the opportunities and respect of their kind.

One day a Messiah will arise from their ranks and will accusingly point out the real wrongdoer. And the accusations she will make will not be mild. She will show that beneath the heedless feet of an unjust society lie the defiled ideals and the crushed ambitions of a myriad human beings; that there lie also the ruined loves and cheated mother hearts of as many maidens. On that day will society see that it has not merely wronged others, but robbed herself of just so many helping hands. When it takes into its arms the first bleeding and stumbling heart, sustains it with its sympathy and throws wide to it the doors of opportunity, then will Magdalene in the desert forget her pain and rest in peace.—Eleanor Wentworth.

By the Wayside

Sabotage—the only French dish not relished by American epicureans.

Young men enter college to secure a sheepskin and graduate with a sheep's head.

The soap-box agitator is a potent factor in human evolution—for while there is life—there is soap.

Labor Day demonstration—a weak way of showing strength or a strong way of showing weakness.

Lord Mammon has long teeth, lawyers have long claws, preachers have long tongues and the people have long ears.

Do we believe in woman suffrage? Most assuredly we do. If men are willing to make fools of themselves by voting, why shouldn't we allow women the same privilege?

Backward and Forward

Peter Kropotkin. From these columns we join the world-wide symposium and tender our token of appreciation of our beloved comrade in occasion of his seventieth birthday. We cannot say what we admire most, the fecundity of his mind, his sympathetic nature, his devotion to the cause of the oppressed or his broad understanding for the revolte', this we know, his life has been a source of inspiration to us, and for the uplifting influence that his works have exercised upon our mind and upon our actions we are greatly indebted to him. Speed the day when the cause of social emancipation for which he has given fifty years of his well-spent life will be an accomplished fact. Fraternal greetings, Comrade Kropotkin.

Organized vengeance has had full sway when four men swung from the gallows at Salem, Oregon. Towering above the "canaille", amidst the gruesome display of brutality, the figure of one man looms up, crowned by the loftiness of his principle—the prison blacksmith. Inspired by a true sense of human solidarity he chose solitary confinement rather than forge the trap-springs of that infamous implement of murder. It certainly wouldn't be essential to read volumes on social criminology to convince us that the only ethical difference between the "criminal" and the rest of us is that he dwells on the other side of the penitentiary wall. In fact, often, as in this case, the fellow "beyond" is endowed with finer sensibilities and greater consideration for human life than those who arrogate the privilege of meting out "justice" to the victims of an evil social system. Our brother in stripes, greetings.

As a Protean artist Uncle Sam is hard to beat. If it suits his convenience he can change from a rabid revolutionist into a dove of peace with remarkable dexterity. When he needed a certain strip of land for the completion of the Canal, he did not hesitate to finance a revolution in the republic of Panama, and today, with equal ease and greater effrontery, he would be glad to step in and stifle the libertarian aspirations of the Mexican people to protect the commercial interests of a few yankee buccaneers. It is gratifying in the extreme to know that the only thing that deters him from realizing the dream of his heart is the hostility manifested by the people. Uncle Sam, like the proverbial Uncle Jacobs of pawn-shop fame, would do almost anything to make money—even change his faith.



Why?

ACCURSED BE MAN WHO SILENCED CHILD'S
FIRST INQUIRY, FOR HE LAID FOUN-
DATION OF ALL TYRANNIES

VOL. 1

FEBRUARY, 1913

No. 2

I argue in this way: if a man is right, he can't be too radical; if he is wrong, he can't be too conservative.

JOSH BILLINGS.

Statute: the proof, record and final justification of the infallibility of ignorance.

ELBERT HUBBARD.

The U. S. Attorney General, evidently inspired by the wave of political reform that is sweeping the country, is personally conducting an investigation of the business methods of J. Pierpont Morgan. Mr. Wickersham, true to his name and consistent with the ethics of his official position, does not question King \$'s right to his fabulous wealth; he merely wants to satisfy his torpid mind as to how he got it. The Attorney must be bereft of reason if he cannot see that within a stone's throw from his office myriads of half-clad and ill-fed human beings are toiling to create the opulence of Morgan and his ilk. After this investigation we will be none the wiser and not one penny richer, unless Pierpont gets the maximum of the penalty—six months to adjust his books in compliance with the requirements of the anti-trust law.

Tacoma, far-famed for its majestic mountain nearby that bears its name, is again coming into the lime light and can boast the singular distinction of having on its police force an officer who, when not busy rounding up "miscreants," dabbles in social criminology. In a recent address delivered before the Sociological Society he went on record as being strenuously opposed to punishment as a prevention for crime, and denounces prevailing corrective methods as being nothing short of vengeance, tracing its origin to the ancient clans whose custom was exemplified in the biblical expression of "eye for eye and tooth for tooth." In common with modern thinkers, he considers the "criminal" a manufactured product who will disappear only when society will throw ajar the gates of opportunity for every human being and freedom prevails. So far Mr. Falconer's logic is faultless. Where he falls short is in its application. He can say many fine things in behalf of human progress, but as an officer his views on criminology do not deter him from suppressing a peaceable street assembly of workers who are struggling for the advancement of the very cause he so glibly favors in his lectures. He reminds us of a certain steamboat that had a limited amount of steam: when it whistled, it couldn't go, and when it was going, it couldn't whistle. Officer Falconer, evidently, can only whistle

The people do not make any laws, they just vote for them.

A philosopher is a genus homo who has grown so top heavy that he became weak in his vertebræ.

We suggest in case the purveyors of dime novels get short of material for their detective stories to engage the services of Mr. Burns.

The Printer's Devil on Patriotism

PUGET SOUND

I'll tell you that I shall always remain
Amorous of the Sound, and how its water in
Restless change stretches to where my eye
Runs green on pine. Again I stand and feel
The shudder of the pier - the planking braced
By thudding water - while above a tree,
A mountain lifts and cuts the sky. Yes, a
Rising flood in me remembers the salt and sting
The wind blowing my laughter, and the run
And taste of tide.

by Leah LaVene
(Copyright 1945)

The greatest fallacy of patriotism is that it makes us accept and endure certain wrongs that we would otherwise rebel against were they perpetrated by foreign tyrants.

GAVROCHE.

Books and Pamphlets

"Comment Nous Feron la Revolution," par E. Pataud et E. Pouget. J. Tallandier, Editeur, Paris. Prix: 3 fr. 50.

We frankly admit that no one could more ably deal with this important subject than our Parisian comrades, who through their ceaseless efforts have been largely instrumental to the practical success of Syndicalism. To the average American speculative mind of parboiled enthusiasm, this book may seem too premature and extremely radical, yet, to grasp its real significance one must be transported into that great and restless metropolis where this movement had its inception and has already reaped signaled success. While we are discussing the advisability, nay, the feasibility of boring from within or without, the French comrades with their keen sense of perception, their innate spirit of non-conformity combined with a mobility of temperament which readily accepts innovating problems and test their worth in the field of experience, are again setting the pace for the labor world and are boldly formulating plans to bring about the regeneration of society. The authors reveal no novice hand in dealing with this pertinent subject. Their program is clear and well-defined, constructive in every sense of the word. No phase of life is ignored, and every factor, whether reactionary or revolutionary, is fully considered according to its possible effect upon the rising tide of human events. It is a remarkable book which contains every essential indispensable to success, as it is teeming with actual experience, earnest, daring and bubbling over with enthusiasm.

"Syndicalism," by Earl C. Ford and Wm. Z. Foster. William Z. Foster, Publisher, 1000 S. Paulina Street, Chicago, Ill. Price 10 cents.

This pamphlet is very important as it aims to correct the erroneous impression, that the I. W. W. is the exact reproduction of the Syndicalist movement in Europe. It departs from a different premise. The former ignores all trade union activity and fails to avail itself of the good unions have accomplished, while the latter recognizes that unions are fundamentally right, and that they are by no means stationary, that they too are subject to evolution in the same degree as the members composing them absorb revolutionary ideas. The Syndicalist points out, with wealth of arguments, that by segregating the radical from the ranks of the organized, and building up a dual organization, is to foster the identical condition which the I. W. W.'s so bitterly criticize in the A. F. of L., mainly, a further division of the already subdivided workers. This pamphlet conveys more: it opens a new field of endeavor for the radical. There's no earthly excuse for practising sabotage on your activity, or fooling away your time fletcherizing time-worn revolutionary tales, bellyaching about the stupidity of the masses, assuming an air of intellectual "hauteur"; whether you are a member of a trade union or not, the Syndicalist League offers you a steady job, no objection to your working overtime. Get a move on before a gust of wind will sweep you off your feet.



Frankie Moore, 1910

One day Frankie Cotterell called her two little girls, Leah and Iris, to her side and told them that they were getting to be big girls so it might be a good idea if they would begin wearing suits when they went in swimming, and she gave them each a nice new two-piece bathing suit. . . . The next day the girls put on their suits and went down to the wharf to go swimming. Later that day when Frankie went down to the store for some groceries, she saw Leah and Iris stretched out in the sand without their suits on. When she questioned them about this and asked if they had forgotten what she told them yesterday, they replied - "But mama, we did wear our suits like you said while we were swimming in the water, we just took them off to lie in the sand."

* * * * *