

evidence, nevertheless they indulged in much talk on what they are "going to" prove, and dwell on the great "importance" of the case. Prosecutor Taylor waxed eloquent on "equal to the charge of murder," "the whole civilized world," etc.

No attempt was made by us to conceal the fact that probably Czolgosz had been in Chicago. But he was a stranger to all of us, and some of us cannot identify him. Schneider was not in Chicago at the time.

The newspapers made much of the case, and are to be praised chiefly for their diabolical ability to misrepresent and tell lies. There are one or two exceptions to this, where the reporters treated us with decency and fairness.

There was a good deal of talk about mob violence. There was nothing of the kind. It existed only in official minds and newspaper columns. One evening a few hoodlums gathered around the jail and howled awhile, but that was all. We were aware of this only the next morning when reading the papers. Three crack-brained men did indeed call for "10,000 patriots to lynch the anarchists." We learned afterwards that it was suggested to one of them that there might be several thousand anarchists among them, and that the leaders of the mob might not fare well. The mere idea of such possibility made him take to his bed.

Were these "prominent citizens," who openly advocated murder and lawlessness, arrested and indicted? No, they are still at large advocating patriotism.

However, great precautions were taken in the county jail and the courtroom. After the death of McKinley we were exercised apart in a special corridor, and not allowed to mix with the other prisoners. On the day of McKinley's funeral we were not allowed out of our cells. The guards were kept on duty so long that they slept in their chairs.

The only time we were insulted was by the officers. One old fellow especially, on the morning when we were taken to the police court, an old "cop," took occasion to relieve his tongue. The prisoners are usually ignorant, but not more so than the officers, and not so coarse. When speaking of the old "cop," one of the detectives asked:

"Don't you know that every circus has a clown?"

A circus? Yes, that is about what

the whole machinery of "justice" amounts to.

The caliber of the officers received several fine illustrations. When Emma Goldman was being taken to the county jail in a patrol wagon, a policeman who was holding her arm made some outrageously insulting remarks. She demanded the release of her arm, and slapped his face. The brute had the wonderful courage of a police officer, and struck her in the face, knocking out one of her teeth.

There was a great scandal in the police department, and they seized upon the excitement to hush the matter up with the anarchist case; but they made themselves so contemptibly ridiculous, that they now prefer to face the scandal. Great are the Chicago police; and they are the butt of the whole country.

THE CURE FOR ANARCHY.

An address delivered by Hon. John Herbert Quick at the Memorial Services for President McKinley held in Grace M. E. Church at Sloux City, Iowa, as reported in the local press.

Death is ever with us. The sun looks down upon no one thing more common than death. Why, then, do we half-mast our flags and gather together to observe the memorial of the man who lies dead there in the city by the lake? Why do we owe him any observance more than to many, many others who have passed away since the assassin's bullet sped to its mark? Is one soul's flight from its tenement of more moment than another? Perhaps not. Nevertheless there is good reason for our meeting here. Because William McKinley, the experienced statesman, the soldier, the lawyer, the governor, the member of congress, the president twice elected, with his domestic and public virtues, with all the great qualities that make up his character, lies dead, it is proper for us to do honor to his memory.

He was a good man. His neighbors and his family are the best witnesses of this. He represented, as is right for a president of the United States, the great middle class of Americans. He had the homely virtues of the mass of the people. The people trusted him because he was like them. They read the stories of the debaucheries, the immoralities, and the degeneracy of the courts of the world, and turning to him they saw a citizen whose life lay before his neighbors, modestly open to the gaze of the world, a thing so commonly known that like the snowflake, its purity was taken for granted; they

saw a husband whose devotion to an invalid wife seems to them the greatest thing in his life, but to him seemed a mere matter of course; and seeing these things, they felt that the form of government, and the people, through whom such men are selected for rulership, are in spite of all which may be said against them, the best the world has yet brought forth.

Yet these things do not constitute the mainspring of our motive in coming here to-night. There is something deeper. But he has died in our service. Once in four years we look about us for a man who seems best to represent our ideals, that we may confer on him the highest of earthly honors. He who now lies dead has been twice chosen by us for this exalted station.

In peace and war, grappling with new problems and old, he served us in the place of honor, which is the place of danger. We laid on him the burden of this great government. We called upon him to do our work in the statecraft of the world. Moreover, we asked of him the public and social duties, in the discharge of which he met his death. The sentinel who dies at his post, merits the loving memorials of the camp he guarded.

The manner of his death adds horror to solemnity. Had he died by some natural cause, we should still have met and mourned. But the fact that he was assassinated strikes into the funeral music a sterner note. Yes, more; even assassination is not the worst. He was assassinated by one who, actuated by enmity to government itself, gave up his own life that he might destroy that of the president. And even more portentous than this fact, he is one of a class of men, who having brooded long on the evils of society, commit such crimes with the declaration that in so doing they are discharging a duty, believing that in some way such crimes will be instrumental in remedying such evils.

This much it means, whatever else there may be of meaning in it: There are to be found in modern civilization influences which make men so desperately wretched that they hold their lives as of no value; influences which their victims attribute to the action or omission of government; influences which are intimately connected with the persistence of poverty in the midst of advancing and accumulating wealth.

The anarchist is always either actually or professedly a laboring man;

and always addresses himself to the laboring classes. He incites the masses to rise and destroy governments, and gives as his reason the fact that under the rule of governments, the people are poor and miserable. That the anarchist is sincere cannot be doubted; for men do not give up their lives for an idea in which they do not believe.

There is a reason why the names of so many anarchists are Italian or Slavonic. The people of the Slavonic countries have for centuries been subjected to the most terrible oppression. Their governments have been overthrown by armies of foreigners. For generation after generation fire and sword swept their plains. Their kingdoms have been partitioned. Above all, their peasantry has been ground under the feet of the nobility, in a poverty, compared with which the life of the Irish peasant is one of comparative luxury. That poverty and oppression still continue. It is here that we see the mothers of the people harnessed to plows, that babes starve at the breast for want of sustenance, that the laborer is an ox, treading out the corn—muzzled. On the other hand, sunny Italy, from a land of wine and song, has become a gehenna of poverty. Two hundred thousand of her people live in caves in the rocks. There has been added to language a word at the very sound of which the world ought to shudder, a word which is the name of a disease well known to the physicians of Italy, "pellagra," the hunger madness. I tell you that if it were not for the merciful provision of nature by which we are prevented from feeling fully the suffering of our fellow men the world would go mad with them.

Out of these evil conditions grows anarchy. But the disease will not grow except the soil is fitted for it. We need fear no growth of anarchy here, unless some of the unjust poverty from which it has its growth is found among us. That it is growing, that it has reared its horrid head so high as to cut off in the midst of his career a president whose popularity was so great, whose character was so high, and that at a time of great industrial prosperity, is the central omen of the hour. It calls upon us to scan well the horizon for clouds. We know that there is great poverty and wretchedness among us. We know that there is a growing class among us, of men

who are willing to work, but are unemployed or only partially employed. The books of men like Riis, Wyckoff and Banks show us, where our observation is lacking, that the evils which have given birth to anarchy in other lands, are among us, and are increasing. We know this, and the masses know it. He who denies it and prates that to talk of these things is wrong, is of all men the most mischievous, a blind leader of the blind denying the existence of the ditch which yawns at their feet.

We know that many men are poorer than they deserve to be. We know that a few are vastly richer than they deserve to be. We can see how the one condition arises from the other.

These are thoughts which oppress me as we, in spirit, stand beside the bier of our nation's dead. The illustrious victim of the enemy of society can never be restored to us. The wisdom of his counsel, the inspiration of his daily life, are gone from the world, except as memory restores them to us. Let us try to get some benefit from the sad occasion which brings us together. Let this thought go with us. William McKinley and his assassin are both victims of evil conditions—the one an innocent victim, the other a guilty one. The guilty one will expiate his crime in the executioner's chair; but that will not cure the evil. The basic evil is social injustice. The cure is the establishment of justice. I know of no more sure way of determining what to do to bring better things than to apply to our laws and institutions those sublime truths which were spoken in Judea 1900 years ago.

THE MAD, MAMMON-WORSHIPPING WORLD.

Strange! Strange!
That a man feels good when he's beaten another
And fastened himself on the back of a brother!
Isn't it passing strange?

But isn't it so?
We willingly gain at our neighbor's cost,
And glory in profits that others have lost;
We are proud of our power to live at ease,
And travel at will over lands and seas;
Supplanting God, we are gathering rents;
We are proud of our income of cent per cents;
We are proud of our schemes to escape from toil
And live by the sweat of the meek who mull;
We hold up our heads and patronize workers,
And proudly, exclusively fellowship shirkers!
Strange!—But isn't it so?

With workers 'tis so!
For among all classes is eager desire
To rank, and grade, and to climb up higher,
Away from the grime and smell of the soil,
Away from the harder and commoner toil;
Away from the vulgar, serving classes—
The whiter one's hands, and the less one labors,
The more he is bowed to by all his neighbors!
Even with workers 'tis so!
Hence, hard is the task
Of those who insist that all are brothers
And live by their faith, to emancipate others;
The rich raise the cry of "Dangerous Teachers,"
The middle-class fly from radical preachers,
The proletariat, mostly, are pitiful creatures—
And fear makes a desperate task.
—George Howard Gibson, in Social Ideals.

Landlord Grownrich—Samuel, you know that I have always been a friend to your race. I wish to admonish you against gambling in all its forms, and I entreat you to use your influence in having others resist this temptation, which will in the end bring only that which will rust and corrupt. Do you think your people will ever get above that low game called "craps?"
Sam—I's afeared not, boss. Dem

Landmarks of Liberty 

The article which appeared under the above title in THE PUBLIC of September 28, 1901, has been put into pamphlet form suitable for mailing in open envelopes at the one-cent rate of postage.
For prices see advertisement on next page under title of

"THE PUBLIC LEAFLETS."

Assassination and Anarchism.

Under the above title a pamphlet has been published containing
THE EDITORIALS IN THE PUBLIC
of September 14, 1901, commenting on the
ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT MCKINLEY
together with the editorial in the same number of THE PUBLIC on "Anarchism." This pamphlet is in form suitable for mailing in open envelopes at the one-cent rate of postage. For prices see advertisement on next page under title of

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