

and pray for hearts as pure as the hearts of these little children sleeping at the gates of heaven.

Almost unconsciously men have adopted the philosophy of evolution which gives an account of the history of the race altogether different from the one found in the Genesis story of the fall of man. A silent and sweeping revolution has taken place in the thought of the world. Out of this revolution has come a new theology radically different from the old.

The old says: We believe in the paradise of the past. The new says: We believe in the paradise of the present and the future. The old says: We believe in the fall of man. The new says: We believe in the rise of man. The old says: We believe in the depravity of human nature. The new says: We believe in the divinity of human nature. The old damns men for their perversity. The new marvels at their goodness. The old believes in the common sinfulness and ruin of the race. The new believes in the uncommon virtue and glory of the race.

The idea of the sinfulness of man has been overworked. The following passage shows the truer point of view which Dickens had: "Calling up some ghastly child, with stunted form and wicked face, hold forth on its unnatural sinfulness, and lament its being, so early, far away from heaven—but think a little of its having been conceived and born and bred in hell."

#### RESPONSIBILITY FOR PLUTOCRACY.

Mayor Johnson, of Cleveland, O., was recently in New York, and while there was interviewed by a reporter for the Journal on the statement made in that paper that John D. Rockefeller's wealth is estimated by a conservative banker and a close friend of the millionaire at \$1,350,000,000, \$300,000,000 of which has been earned in ten years, at the rate of \$10,000,000 a year. "Do you think, Mr. Johnson," asked the reporter, "that this enormous amount of money could have been earned by one man honestly? Do you believe that laws which permit a man to accumulate this vast amount of capital are just? If not, can they be altered, and how would you go about doing it?" In his reply Mr. Johnson took the ground that those responsible for the concentration of enormous wealth in few hands are the people who permit it and not the beneficiaries. He said:

I believe that laws which permit such a cornering of money are not what they ought to be. But the people who make the laws, not the individual, are responsible for the outrageous organization of

privilege. I am not partisan enough to lay this to any one party, but I will say that legislation that permits this gigantic formation of wealth will destroy any party responsible for it and even trouble the people themselves. Wait until the people's eyes are open, and then that party that does not see through the same spectacles is doomed to destruction. We cannot blame the individual. He but takes advantage of the man-made laws. I say, let the people get after the institutions—the man-made laws—which make these things possible. It is hard for me to believe, however, that Rockefeller is actually worth \$1,000,000,000.

You ask me the effect of this money hoarding? Is it possible that the people do not know what the result will be? We will take particularly the mingling of great railroad capital, which is getting nearer and nearer to one or two man control.

When this shall have occurred—when the railroads of this country are pooled and a trust is formed of these interests, the head of that trust will say to the farmers of the west, the manufacturers of the west, the producers everywhere: "You shall market the amount that we say you shall market, no more and no less!" If the people knew this as I know it, they were made to see the inevitable as men who study such questions see them, there would be some startling revision of the laws governing trusts in this country.

The remedy is: Cure yourself of what we in the west call "plutophobia." Don't rant at the individual. Get after the institution and the individual who can write his check for a billion dollars will disappear.

Rich men are not bad citizens; they are not unpatriotic; they do but take advantage of what the people in their blindness give them in the way of laws. The poor man would like the rich man if he had him for a neighbor. The rich man would not steal his chickens or hoe his potatoes in the night, but what he might do if he slept late o' mornings would be to get the poor man's vote for his franchise or run a railroad by his back fence.

The sooner the people learn that they themselves are responsible for the economic and industrial ills which afflict them and of which they complain the sooner will they get relief. But in addition to the knowledge that they can remedy the evils they must have the courage to remedy them. In 1896, lest bad should become worse, enough of them voted for the plutocratic candidate to continue the very thing responsible for the widespread depression, and which would have continued it but for the extraordinary demand for American breadstuffs caused by foreign crop failures and the unexpected increase of the production of gold. And next year and again in 1904 they will be threatened with panic if they permit their fears instead of their judgment to control their votes. There can be no equality while privileges are conferred and

maintained, and without equality free government is a misnomer. To regain industrial and political independence the people must be prepared to make sacrifices. They must dare to do what their reason and conscience affirm to be right despite the protests of monopoly, and even though a temporary derangement of production should follow as a result of their action. When necessary sacrifice, equally with eternal vigilance, is the price of liberty. The sacrifices involved in a seven years' war were needed to establish the principles embodied in the Declaration of Independence, and whenever occasion requires sacrifice must be made to maintain them. Unless the people are ready to endure temporary suffering that equality of rights and opportunity may be restored they cannot retain liberty and will not deserve it.—Dubuque Telegraph.

#### THE ANARCHIST ARRESTS IN CHICAGO.

At the height of the excitement over President McKinley's assassination, several persons were arrested in Chicago as accessories before the fact, and the press was ablaze with accusations and innuendoes calculated to prejudice their case in public estimation. They were eventually discharged, the Chicago authorities acknowledging in open court that there was not and never had been any evidence in their possession upon which to base a prosecution. The story of the prisoners, written by one of them, Abe Isaak, Jr., has since been printed, under the above title, in "Free Society," the anarchist paper. It has not been reproduced in the general press. To us it seems that as matter of public information, to say nothing of common fairness, this statement ought to reach all intelligent readers. We, therefore, do our part by giving it in full below.

On September 6, on the afternoon of which President McKinley was shot at Buffalo, the Chicago police gave us another example of high-handed methods and their utter contempt for their own laws.

The inmates of the house at 515 Carroll avenue had just come home for the night. It was between 10 and 11 o'clock, and we were on the point of retiring, when Capt. Colleran, chief of detectives, with a number of his men, stepped into the house. Isaak was placed under arrest as soon as he had informed Colleran who he was. Colleran then questioned Havel. When he asked him if he was an anarchist, a shout of "We are all anarchists" went up. We were then all placed under arrest. Those of us taken at this time were A. Isaak, Abe Isaak, Jr., Hippolyte

Havel, Enrico Travaglio, Clemens Pfeutzner and Alfred Schneider.

The officers appeared greatly excited, and seemed to expect an armed resistance; but not one of us had weapons. Five or six detectives stepped into the front room where we were, and in a few moments one man was stationed in each of the nine rooms of the house. The house was surrounded on the outside. In a few moments a patrol wagon came with several policemen. The men were placed inside the wagon, and then the officers ransacked the place with the two women alone in the house. The correspondence and papers of Free Society were seized, with such other matter as they found, private letters, photographs, etc. We were then driven to the police station. Two policemen and a detective were inside the patrol wagon, while Capt. Colleran followed close behind in a buggy. One policeman took his pistol from his back pocket and placed it in the inside pocket of his coat. I suppose this was an extra "precaution," and shows what the police thought of us—and also that they had a good eye to their own skins.

On reaching the police station, Isaak was separated from the rest of us, and taken to Colleran's office, while we were "booked" and put in separate cells. Isaak, Travaglio, Havel and myself were "sweated," that is, examined in a manner to confuse and surprise us into admissions, the same night. Pfeutzner and Schneider were not examined at all. I asked Colleran upon what charge I was arrested, as I had a right to know.

"You will be informed later," was his reply.

Meanwhile Julie Mechanic, who also resides at the Free Society house, came home; and while Mary Isaak and her daughter Mary were relating what had happened, the officers came and arrested them. They were taken to the Harrison street police station. They were all "sweated" during the night.

An officer then took it upon himself to lecture young Mary Isaak upon the folly of being an anarchist.

"If it were not for government you would not be here," he said, after pointing to her a horrible picture of his conception of anarchy.

She looked up at him and smiled calmly.

The officer saw his "break." "Oh," he hastened to correct, "I don't mean

in prison; but you would not exist at all."

We were not aware of the arrest of the women until the afternoon of the next day, when we were first allowed newspapers. None of our friends who called were admitted. Only Miss Jane Addams was allowed to see Isaak. But hordes of detectives and swarms of newspaper reporters and artists came to satisfy their curiosity or the sensation-hunting newspaper managers.

A regular "anarchist hunt" was inaugurated, all active comrades being hounded or arrested by the police. A charge of conspiracy against the life of William McKinley was placed against us.

American travelers have often ridiculed the Russian government for arresting indiscriminately all suspected of liberal views, and even young girls for alleged plotting against the czar's life. They might now spare some of their scorn for the Chicago police. Mary Isaak is 16 years of age. Of the others arrested, Pfeutzner, Schneider, Havel and Julie Mechanic had nothing to do with the publication of Free Society. But they were all anarchists; and that was enough.

The next day, on Saturday, when all were arrested, the police again ransacked the house. Two galleys of type were "pied," that is, dumped on the floor. Several trunks were broken open, and their contents turned upside down. Private letters were stolen, translated and read. On finding their contents of a purely personal nature, instead of returning them, the police had the indecency to make their character known to the press. There is nothing like a little experience to breed an absolute contempt for the police.

Among the papers seized was found a small card containing an address, 100 Newberry avenue. It was given to Free Society for a change of address in the mailing lists. The police went there, surrounded the house and arrested Jay Fox, Martin Raznick and Michael Roz, the latter being a visitor. The police rifled the papers in this house also. It is needless to say that our "plots" were revealed—some reports of a few meetings were found.

On Monday morning we had a "hearing." The "justice" simply recorded what the prosecutor asked, which he called his "decisions." We were remanded ten days without bail. No warrants were shown for these

arrests. Authority to search the houses was not shown either. In the case of the three last named no warrants were made until after the "hearing" in the police court.

This shows us that the police have as profound a contempt for the law as the anarchist, and at the same time are much more violent. No anarchist would dream of ransacking a neighbor's house.

The warrants, when obtained, were sworn to without evidence, which is again illegal. A telegram from Buffalo Bull requesting the arrest of Isaak was all that the police had as an excuse for their actions.

The prosecutor presented no evidence, but wanted time to get it.

The women prisoners were allowed to bail, \$3,000 in each case. Later in the day they were dismissed at the desire of the prosecution.

The hounding of the anarchists went on. H. Gordon was arrested in Pittsburg, presumably for the reason that a letter dated from his address was found on one of the Chicago prisoners, and that Emma Goldman had stopped at his place. John Most was arrested for publishing an article written by Karl Heinzen 50 years ago. Later Dr. Saylin was arrested; no charges were made against him.

By this time the entire police force of the country were looking for Emma Goldman.

At the time of our arrest she was in St. Louis. She immediately came to Chicago. Her arrest was but a matter of time, and she contemplated giving herself up. But in an attempt to get a "scoop" on the newspapers, she delayed awhile. Meanwhile she was arrested. She was also held over to the 19th without bail.

Habeas corpus proceedings were instituted by our attorneys. It was heard on Friday, but continued to Saturday. News of McKinley's death came; and our attorneys strongly urged us to postpone the hearing still further, as our release would have been nominal merely, the police being prepared to arrest us again immediately. The case was postponed until the 17th, and again until the 23d. When the hearing came, the prosecution had no objection to our release. They had relied on Buffalo for "evidence." Buffalo Bull had in turn relied on Chicago. We were discharged by the judge. The next day Emma Goldman was dismissed in the police court on motion of the prosecution.

Throughout the whole affair the police had not the slightest bit of

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;