

WHAT ANARCHISTS



EMMA GOLDMAN

JOHANN MOST

ANCE more the pistol of the assassin has brought anarchy and the anarchist to the cynosure of the world's eyes. The red emblem of the order is once more subjected to the scrutiny of the world's police powers, and once more the question arises: What is anarchy? What is this hydra-headed thing against which the searing fire of the bleeding necks is no longer effective?

The question may be answered in a paradox—perhaps must be answered so. Anarchy, broadly speaking, is at once the gentlest and the most violent of social remedies. Its apostles have been gentle dreamers on the one hand and scourges, armed with fire and sword, on the other. In its advancement the individualist and the anarchist have been coupled in the public mind. The man who would do right simply because it is right, and the feud who, conceiving all society to be wrong, would add one more gigantic wrong to the whole in order to set all right again.

In a word, anarchy, of whichever type, means an abolition of the government of man by man and the constitution of a society without government. It is not a new idea in men. It has been contended that the principle antedates the reformation. But as "anarchy" the movement belongs to the times of Proudhon in France, who voiced it in the milieus of the philosopher, and to Hess, the German, who in 1843 flung its red banner to the breeze under which the Russian, Prince Kropotkin, came later as an ex-

ponent of the terrorism for which one form of anarchy so long has stood. For anarchy is of two classes, individualistic and communistic. The first is the philosophy of the thinker, which has advanced as the object of its being the attainment of "Liberty, not the daughter but the mother of order." That other anarchy is that which through the influence of terrorism shall crumble empires and republics alike, while from their dust shall rise a few people who shall be in no need of restraints at the hands of their fellow-men. Disciples of this philosophy would build communistic centers upon the ruins of government which violence should have brought about.

To-day that form of anarchy such as is giving concern to the police and military powers of the world has its hold in continental Europe. Vienna, beyond all the other capitals on the continent, is said to harbor its doctrinaires. Switzerland has contended with its "propaganda of action," which Kropotkin stood for in 1878. Italy, France, Spain, Russia, and nearly every other continental country has felt its force. London itself has been a nest of anarchistic vipers in times past. From all this territory, too, the gradual closing in of the police power has forced both leaders and tools of anarchy to seek asylums in America. The problem of anarchy as now presented to the United States government has to deal almost wholly with this foreign born element.

Its principles, as voiced by the manifesto of the Geneva conference in 1882, stand in great measure for the propaganda of action of to-day:

on in silence. Leonard made no comment, but kept pace with his friend.

When they reached the hotel Alton became talkative.

"You said Miss Kingsley's popularity was at its height just now, Jack," Alton said slowly.

"Well, so it is, and she deserves all the praise and homage they can shower upon her. Did you notice those girls waiting to see their favorite? They adore her, and I glory in their admiration and willing worship."

Leonard smiled a trifle cynically.

"You mean you join with them in their worship," he said significantly.

"Why not speak plainly, Dick? Praise for them, but none for yourself, eh? That will never do, old boy. Your heart's secret would probably interest Miss Kingsley more deeply than a crowd of schoolgirls and their fleeting affection."

Alton looked at him eagerly.

"That is if she has a heart to give you in return," Leonard went on. "Some members of the profession think otherwise, I must confess."

Alton's hand closed on his arm fiercely.

"Don't mention her if you hold any such opinion as that," he said, threateningly.

Leonard laughed a bit sharply.

"Don't flare up, old man. But you know her past experience, Dick; Jim Morton broke her heart years ago, before he died, that's all, old man. I do not think you can bring happiness to her at this late day."

Alton arose and faced him calmly, resolutely.

"I mean to try, Jack," he said simply. "To-night I shall send a bunch of violets to her room, and if she accepts them in my name I shall rejoice."

"And I shall send her roses," Leonard interrupted, airily; "the costliest, most fragrant shower of American Beauties my salary can stand. No violets for me, my boy; the way to win a woman's regard by flowers is through the rose. It costs more, you know, and thereby makes a better impression, and then it is love's own messenger, Dick. Had you forgotten that?"

When Alton entered the theater that evening his cheeks were flushed and his eyes glistened, but his manner was reassuring. He made his way between the rows of set pieces to the narrow stairway leading to the second floor. He paused on the landing and looked about for the call boy. That individual did not materialize at the instant, but in his place appeared a beautiful little creature closely resembling a picture-book fairy.

"Oh, Dick," cried the fairy, ecstatically, "what lovely flowers! Are they for mamma? She loves violets."

"Does she, Dolly? I am glad to hear that."

The fairy was a trifle surprised at the fervor of his tone.

"Yes, they are for mamma, and you must handle them carefully; they are not as durable as the 'props,' Dollykins. And, mind you, don't lose the note—that's far more precious than the flowers."

He detached several of the modest flowers from the pretty bunch and put them in the child's other hand as she reached for the bouquet. She danced

WHEN POLLY DANCED A MINUET

Now high and clear, then low and sweet
The music rippled through the air,
While waxen candles shed soft light
Upon the gay throng gathered there.

The fragrant breath of new-mown hay
Came from the fields that lay outside,
And perfume from the roses stole
Through doors and windows open wide.

The dusky fiddlers' rosin'd bows
Flew o'er the quick responding strings
And Love tripped with the dancers gay,
And touched them with his shining wings.

The powdered hair framed faces young,
Their coats were gay as Joseph's own,
And tongues and feet as lightly down,
As song from ripened thistles blown.

ROSES AND VIOLETS

THE curtain had been rung down on the matinee performance at the Empire Theater and the streets in the vicinity of the popular playhouse presented a lively scene. An animated crowd choked the pavements and impeded progress in all directions.

Private carriages drew up at the curb to receive their aristocratic owners, while less fortunate patrons succeeded in making their way to homebound-bound electric.

A number of the younger element—and that class had formed a good part of the large audience—hurried about to the stage entrance. There they waited patiently for the appearance of the various members of the company, their laughing chatter revealing their devotion to the "star."

An audible murmur of admiration greeted John Leonard as he paused an instant outside the door. The girls had ample opportunity to view the hero of the afternoon, minus make-up and romantic surroundings.

Richard Alton smiled slightly as he joined Leonard, and together the two men started for their hotel. Alton imperceptibly the villain in the famous drama, a most thoughtless character, save that it afforded him capital scope to display his talents. As an actor he excelled in the heavy parts, and in that line, as well as all others calling for strong scenes, he far outshone the leading man in the eyes of the critics.

But to the matinee girls he represented the enemy of virtuous manhood, as personified in Gerald Marden (John Leonard) and the persecutor of the idol of the girl hearts, Laura Kingsley.

"Miss Kingsley's popularity seems at its height," said Leonard, as a commotion in the street behind them attracted his attention. Alton did not speak until the carriage which was dashing down the street passed them and they stood on the crossing. He caught a glimpse of the occupant, and she saw him as he raised his hat involuntarily. She nodded to both men and smiled cordially, but for one brief instant her eyes rested on Alton with a swift gleam which would have betrayed pain, but for the smile on her lips. Alton caught the expression and walked

Science AND Invention

Illustrating the delicacy of scientific instruments it is interesting to note that the navy department has bought a large tract of land surrounding the naval observatory at Washington in order to protect from jar the delicate machinery which records the time of the country.

A celebrated English physician asserts that the increased height and weight of English and Americans in the last half century are chiefly due to the increased consumption of sugar. He cites, in confirmation of this opinion, the fine health of the date-eating Arabs and the sugar-cane-eating negroes.

Professor Thurston, of Cornell University, says that the twentieth century opens with the gas engine for the first time in its century of evolution seriously competing with the steam engine in important commercial work on a large scale. Summing up the results of recent tests, it appears that "the best work of the large gas engine gives a thermal efficiency substantially the same as that of the very best steam engine, while it employs a fuel which is considerably cheaper."

In order to compensate the effects of temperature, which tend to alter the rate of a chronometer, the balance is made of two kinds of metal. When steel and sheet brass are combined for this purpose, the compensation is complete only for two fixed temperatures, such, for instance, as 0 deg. and 60 deg. Between these temperatures there is an uncorrected error, called the secondary error of the chronometer. The correction of the secondary error has always been a subject of great interest to watchmakers. By combining various metals, the error has been nearly eliminated in the best instruments, and recently Charles Edward Guillaume presented to the Paris Academy of Sciences a note explaining a new method of entirely correcting the secondary error by the use of alloys composed of a nickel-steel alloy devised by himself.

One of the reasons formerly urged against the existence of living creatures in the abysses of the ocean was the supposed absence of oxygen there. It was deemed impossible that any considerable quantity of oxygen could exist at great depths. But recent discoveries have shown that there is no lack of oxygen even at the greatest depths. The explanation is that the cold water of the polar regions, charged with oxygen from the atmosphere, creeps along the bottom toward the equator, from both poles, and this carries a supply of oxygen over the whole vast floor of the oceans. The surface water moves toward the poles, and so a great system of circulation exists. "Were it not for this water circulation," says Prof. C. C. Nutting, "it is altogether probable that the ocean would in time become too foul to sustain animal life, at least in its higher manifestations, and the sea, the mother of life, would itself be dead."

CANNIBALS IN AMERICA.
Savage Tribes that Eat Their Own Kind Exist Along Amazon.

It may not be generally known that cannibalism was once prevalent over large areas of the American continent. Such was the case, however; in fact, the word cannibal is but another form of Caniba or Cariba, the proper name of the Carib Indians, the dreaded scourge of the Antilles three centuries ago, among whom the Spaniards, on first landing, found human limbs hung up to dry in the sun for food. Many of the tribes of South America were cannibals, and some of the unconquered savages in the dark forests of the upper Amazon still feast upon human flesh. The practice existed in Central America and Mexico, as readers of Prescott are well aware, but rather as a sacrifice to the god of war than from any depraved taste for such food. As a war ceremony it was found also among nearly all the tribes of the eastern United States and Canada.

The Miami had a cannibal society, whose members were under obligation to eat any captives delivered to them for that purpose; and the Kiowas, with whom I lived for some time, had only a few years ago a secret brotherhood, each member of which was pledged to eat the heart of the first enemy killed by him in battle. The old war chief in whose family I stayed was one of this society.

All the tribes of the Texas coast and back country were reputed cannibals, and with good reason. One of these was the Attakapa, from whom the Louisiana parish gets its name, which signifies "man-eaters." Another was the Karankawa tribe, on Matagorda bay, with whom the French captives from La Salle's expedition witnessed many a barbarous feast. In 1769 the priests of the old San Antonio mission drew up a catechism for the use of their Indian converts, and among the questions to be asked in confession the first one was, "Have you eaten human flesh?"

But the worst cannibals of all were the Tonkawas, who lived about San Antonio, just back from the coast. To all the other tribes, even to the present day, they are known simply as "the man-eaters." They were strong, athletic men, brave fighters, good hunters and inveterate rovers. Unlike other tribes of that region, they planted nothing, having a tradition that their first ancestor was a wolf, and that they must always be like him, shifting about from place to place, and getting their living by hunting. They had a pantomime dance in which the performers, disguised as wolves, scratched a man out from the ground, where he had previously been concealed in the loose earth, gave him a bow and arrows, and the rest to him the tradition, ending with the injunction to be a wolf always. Other Indians would make no terms with them, and the Tonkawas were an outlawed tribe among all their red brethren, with every man's hand against them. They retaliated by acting as scouts and guides to the whites in their expeditions against the hostile tribes.

When the Texas missions were established, in the early part of the eighteenth century, and the good Franciscans began the heavy task of transforming wandering savages into industrious Christian subjects of the king, we find some bands of Tonkawas among the score of tribes gathered into San Antonio, San Jose and the old historic Alamo. It is probable that only a few were thus brought under restraint, for the love of the old free life was strong in their hearts, and long before the missions were abolished, in 1812, we find the Tonkawas again roving over half of Texas.—Harper's Magazine.

SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS FROM THE COMIC PAPERS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that Everybody Will Enjoy.

"I don't want to see Lydia when she comes back from that summer school."

"Why not?"

"Oh, she will be bursting with knowledge while the rest of us have been sitting around here in the heat forgetting what little we know."

Financial Formaldehyde.
Milkman—Say, you paid me in counterfeit money.

Citizen—Well, you've been bringing us counterfeit milk.

He Knows.

A great hubbub it has given rise to, too. The borough of the Bronx fairly pulsates with interest over the question, "What will become of it?" Compared with this the Chinese question becomes but a thread in the cloth of discussion with which the dwellers in the Bronx are concerned. And the Bronx may well talk about this matter. This triangular-shaped property is 12x14x16—is known as the Uhl estate. Not jesting, but with sarcasm is the name to be used. As such it must appear in all seriousness to the unknowing ones who might scoff at this tiny bit of land. When, however, it is remembered that this location is directly at the corner of a busy thoroughfare, in one of the liveliest parts of the borough of the Bronx, this portion of land is not to be sneezed at.

Some weeks ago the executor of the Uhl estate placed its valuation at \$1,000. There were no takers at that figure, but offers in the hundreds have not been lacking. One of the biggest department stores in Manhattan wants to buy it for advertising purposes. A prominent advertising firm has made an offer to lease the ground for a term of years. But no figure has yet been accepted. Negotiations are pending, however, which promise an early consummation.

In the School of Work.

Charles A. Dana of the New York Sun was a man of extensive learning, and attached great importance to college training, but was quick to recognize the value of the practical education that a man of good parts may pick up in this work-a-day world outside of university walls.

A young man went to the Sun office one day and asked to see the editor-in-chief. He would not be rebuffed by the subordinates, and after some delay was admitted. He stated his business without a moment's loss of time.

"Mr. Dana," he said, "I believe I could be of some use on this paper, and I want you to give me a trial. If you don't find me of any use you needn't pay me any salary, and if you do I shall want a good salary. If I don't find my proper groove in a month you can drop me out."

Mr. Dana looked him over.

"Young man," he said, "I like your looks. Have you ever attended any institution of learning?"

"Yes, sir. I am a graduate of two newspaper offices—one a country weekly and the other a daily paper in a city of one hundred thousand inhabitants."

"I'll take you. Go and report to the managing editor."

And Mr. Dana turned again to his work.

The Shocked Burglar.

Once upon a time a burglar looked up from his work at the Office Safe into which he was drilling and detected a Policeman in the act of Watching him from Behind a Store.

"Well," said the Burglar, dropping his drill and speaking with Malay indignation, "I may not be Everything that a Gentleman should be. As I'm no Hypocrite, I frankly admit that I'm a Crook and Steal for a Living. But there's One Thing I can say for myself—I'm no Sneak. Come on with your handcuffs, Cop Gibboney, and run me. I'm a Burglar all right, but, thank heaven, I'm no Spy and Informer. And when the Mayor hears of this perhaps it won't be Me that'll find himself in Trouble."

The Burglar's anticipation was justified. The Mayor caused him to be Discharged with Apologies, and issued a statement to the public Deprecating any action on the part of his Police Force that might Wound the Sensibilities of the High-Spirited Criminal Classes.

One on the Moon.

The vagaries of the moon have been so often described in verse and love story that it seems a shame to make that poor, overworked "bright reagent of the heavens" stand for an ordinary prosaic tale. But the Detroiter who went hunting in the north woods thought it a pretty fair joke, even though it was at the expense of the long-suffering moon.

The party was in the hands of one of those rare old guides who make a living finding and losing people and steering hunters out of the way of game. They had got mixed up in the tall timber one night and were vainly trying to find their way out to the clearing. The guide was as much at sea as anybody.

"Where is the moon?" said one of the party. "Where does it rise in this locality?"

"Well, ye can't tell anythin' 'bout it," drayled the guide; "half the time it doesn't come up at all."—Detroit Free Press.

Crushed Again.

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A FINE BIRD.

Cholly—Give me a kiss, sweetheart.
Marie—I'm afraid to; the parrot is looking.
The Parrot—Oh! go ahead and kiss her; I'll turn my head.

An All-Pervading Lion.
Mrs. Wiggles—Does your husband have a "den"?"
Mrs. Wiggles—No, he roars all over the house.

Writing to Obit.
"What nice things you said about that man in his obituary notice! Don't suppose you'd say such nice things of me?" said the citizen.
"Oh, yes, I would, with pleasure," replied the polite newspaper man.—Yonkers Statesman.

Man's Ingratitude.
Tramp—I'm not an idler, mum; I'm unfortunate.
Housekeeper—Huh! Did you ever work for a living?
Tramp—Yes, mum. I used to be a salesman for Dr. Wing's Gold Medal Hair Restorer, mum; an' I worked so hard and faithful for him, mum, that he discharged me.
Housekeeper—Nonsense. Why should he?
Tramp—You see, mum, the worry an' overwork tryin' to do a big business for him, made me premature bald, mum.—New York Weekly.

A Disquieting Question.
Flowersy Fields—Willie, hev you noticed any signs uv mental