

NO ORGANIZATION AMONG ANARCHISTS

The Very Nature of Their Principles Makes Such a Thing Impossible.

OUTRAGES COMMITTED BY INDIVIDUALS

Too Many Types and Nationalities Are Involved to Permit of Anything Like Cohesion--Baby Consecrated to the "Cause" of Anarchy.

WHENEVER out of the country's masses of ignorant aliens some desperado or fanatic rises up in single importance to hurl a bomb or shoot down some leader of the people, there goes forth a hue and a cry that organized anarchy is rife.

But after the first panic fear of organized resistance to authority, the public, investigating, finds that in each case the outrage was the act of an individual, or, at most, of a small group. Czolgosz was alone in his plotting, impelled by the hot arguments of demagogues. Subsequent happenings have shown that our crop of desperadoes is scattered, and made up of many types and nationalities of men.

Anarchism we have always with us. Like atheism, or hobbies, or faith in perpetual motion, or any other peculiar tendency of the human mind, it is coincident with history itself, and since the days of the Pharaohs there has been murderous assault upon authority and persons in authority.

Those clubs which meet regularly together in Haverhill, Lynn, Quincy, Maynard and other Massachusetts cities, are scrupulous not to elect officers, because that would mean the imposition of authority. Each time they meet they choose a chairman, and at adjournment he goes out of power.

In the second place, the Anarchist, as has been said, has no vernacular, no means of intercommunication. A convention of all the Anarchists in the United States—and there are many thousands of them—would be a veritable Babel, a confusion of tongues unsurpassed. Furthermore, these people coming from all parts of Europe, have been imbued with different ideals. There are as many kinds of anarchism as there are of socialism. Any unanimity among these men and women, whose very beliefs stamp them to be of disorder and perverse mentalities, would be impossible, at least for generations.

Young People Quick to Take Hold.

Finally, the average Anarchist isn't an Anarchist long enough to make even the small clubs which are formed in any way permanent. When to ignorance and poverty is added youth, the agitators find their audiences easily converted to anarchistic doctrine. It is among the young men, and particularly among highly strung girls of the foreign classes, that the nihilistic ideas take hold. The wild impossibilities of the teachings, however, begin to pall upon the converts within a few years, and education, better pay, or a disinclination to go out to meetings of a Sunday afternoon, speedily stamp out what all the king's horses and all the king's men could not exterminate.

Anarchistic doctrine is spread in two ways—by such speakers as Emma Goldman, Alexander Berkman and their lesser satellites; and by the propaganda of the doctrine through extreme socialistic publications. In every city where there is any danger it is chargeable to one or the other of these causes.

But there has recently been a falling off in the spirit with which the work

of all forms of law, or the assassination of public officials."

Section 28 of the same laws reads: "No person who disbelieves in or is opposed to organized government, or who is a member of or is affiliated with any organization entertaining and teaching such disbelief or opposition to all organized government shall be permitted to enter the United States."

At that time the anarchistic publication of Paterson, N. J., *La Question Sociale*, suspended, and such papers as *Tyomels*, published in Hancock, Mich., or *Ralvajasa*, published in Fitchburg, Mass., in the Finnish tongue, became notably milder in tone. The public and private meetings of the local anarchistic organizations have since been almost lukewarm and speakers have been cautious in the extreme.

Stars and Stripes First.

In Maynard, Mass., a Finnish society within a month carried the red flag in the streets, but took good care that the stars and stripes should be borne ahead of it in the procession; in Quincy a similar attempt was excused on the ground that the red flag was the "poor man's banner, nothing more," and the Lettish Workingmen's association of Boston, after holding a rebellious meeting on the Common, actually sent a letter to Gov. Gullit protesting against being called "Anarchists" in the public press. It was notable that each one of these affairs happened on the second of August, which was the

tine de Pietro, a clever young Italian who bore a reputation in several cities and had police records in Boston, Lynn and Haverhill. He was murdered in a family row and his murderer is now awaiting trial.

The activity of the Anarchists is attested in a circular which they distributed in the North end of Boston in 1905.

It sets forth their beliefs somewhat extravagantly as follows:

"FELLOW WORKERS.

"We Anarchists want the complete abolition of all classes, one with the exploitation and the dominion of the man on the man.

"We are against patriotism, private property, authority and churches.

"To the miserable principle of patriotism we like to substitute the great and noble principle of the love for humanity, not divided by artificial and barbarous frontiers; we want the world to be the great fatherland of the worker.

"We are against authority, under whatever form it may be, because it is, and always has been, used by a small number of privileged to submit and oppress the vast mass of the people, and because authority is the greatest obstacle to freedom.

"We fight the churches because they restrain the intelligence of man, kill in him the power of initiative, and because the church is the greatest manufacturing shop of ignorance.

"Yes, we Anarchists want to destroy all the actual institutions from their

The Algerian Swordsman.

By Fred Gilbert Blakeslee

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"Foil-play is pretty, but it is not sword-play. A man does many things with a buttoned foil that he would scarce dare attempt with an uncovered point."

M. Beaupre, ex-officer of chasseurs, sat in the salle d'armes of his friend Roger Rouleau watching an assault with foils between two pupils of that celebrated master.

"Who, for instance," continued M. Beaupre, "would risk making such complicated movements as counter-parries, doubles and ripostes with the disengagement, in an actual duel? Elaborate combinations are well enough in the salle d'armes where one risks nothing but a touch on a padded jacket, but they have no place in the play of a man who is fighting for his life."

"There is truth in what you say, Pierre," responded M. Rouleau; "but do you not think that a knowledge of this nature serves to develop to the highest degree that fencer's judgment which is of the greatest importance to a man who engages in actual, instead of mimic, combat?"

"Undoubtedly, my friend, the training of which you speak is excellent so far as it goes, but it is not varied enough. The fencer is usually taught to defend himself with but one type of weapon and in a certain rigidly prescribed manner; a thoroughly competent swordsman, however, should be able to fight with all weapons and to withstand attacks, no matter how irregular they may be. What chance, for instance, do you think one of your pupils would have if called upon to defend himself a half-savage Algerian, whose method of fighting violates every principle of the fencer's code.

Judging that a single-handed victory over a Frenchman would enormously increase his reputation, as well as his influence over his followers, he sent a message into our camp saying that he defied and cursed us, and daring us to send a chief to fight him with the sword between the two armies.

"Our commander received the messenger, told him that we would accept the challenge and send an officer to meet the prophet, and that we would show his followers how little they could rely upon their leader's promises.

"After the messenger had gone, the colonel called the officers together to select a champion for our cause. All of us were anxious to volunteer, but, as our chief pointed out, it was absolutely necessary for us to send our best man, for a defeat at the hands of the fanatical prophet would immensely lower the prestige of our arms, while victory might break the backbone of the rebellion at once. As I was even then universally acknowledged to be the best swordsman in the regiment, the selection naturally fell upon me, and I was formally assigned to uphold the honor of the French arms—a decision, my dear Roger, which you may well believe afforded me the greatest pleasure.

"It was just before sundown when I stepped out from behind the shelter of our gulleys and advanced towards the enemy's lines to meet their redoubtable champion. I was clad in the uniform of my rank and carried my drawn sword in my hand, having discarded my scabbard so as to avoid the risk of accidentally tripping over it in the coming encounter. My weapon, the regulation cavalry sabre, was a good one and I knew that it would not play me false.

"Midway between the two forces my savage adversary awaited me, and as I advanced towards him his tall spare figure standing outlined against the red disk of the setting sun was truly an awe-inspiring spectacle. He was robed entirely in white, and held in his right hand his famous scimeter, while his left gripped a small circular buckler of hippopotamus hide. A great silence had fallen over both forces, and, as I walked briskly over the heated sands of the desert, it seemed to me that I had never known the air to be so still.

"Within a dozen paces of my adversary I halted. Then for a few moments neither of us moved, but each subjected the other to the keenest scrutiny, seeking to discover some weak point of which he might take advantage.

"I saw at once that the possession of the buckler gave the Algerian an enormous advantage over me, since it enabled him to both cut and parry at the same time, while I had to rely upon the sword itself for both attack and defense.

"For what seemed minutes we stood gazing intently at each other; and then with a wild cry of 'Allah!' the Algerian raised his glittering blade aloft and rushed upon me.

"With my sword in tierce I stood my ground and let him come.

"Down came his blade with a vicious cut for my right shoulder, up sprang my sword and met the blow, back went my point for his breast, only to be put aside by his buckler while he cut again, this time for my head. I successfully parried his head cut, and seeing that it had failed, he sprang quickly back in time to avoid my riposte. For a few seconds neither of us moved, except that I shifted my ground a bit so as to get the sun on my left, instead of in front of me as it had been at first. Then with another shout he charged me again.

"And so the fight went on, until our breath came in hoarse quick gasps and the perspiration streamed down our faces, well-nigh blinding us.

"The red sun had by this time sunk below the horizon, but still we continued to struggle, sometimes out of distance and sometimes locked so close together in corps-a-corps that each could feel the other's hot breath on his cheek.

"However, it is evident that such a combat could not go on forever, and at last I determined to risk a ruse—a trick which was sometimes employed successfully by the rapier-men of the sixteenth century.

"Being at the time somewhat out of distance, with Mohammed watching me as a cat does a mouse, I advanced my right leg more than I had previously done, pretending at the same time to overbalance myself. The prophet was quick to see the opening and to take advantage of it. With a triumphant cry he sprang forward and delivered a terrific cut against the inside of my exposed leg.

"It was a fatal error. As he cut, I slipped the leg back out of danger and, at the same time bending my body forward, I ran him through the heart with a straight thrust over his arm.

"There is little more to tell. Just as the colonel had prophesied, Mohammed's death broke the backbone of the rebellion, and we had little difficulty in dislodging and dispersing his followers.

"I was warmly congratulated upon my victory by my brother officers, and received from the government this cross of the Legion of Honor."



On the Side of This House, in Lynn, Mass., Just to the Right of the Door, is Written in Bold Letters, "Viva l'Anarchia." The Father and Mother Who Live There Are Teaching Anarchism to Their Child, a Girl.

Sunday following the great success of the Socialist party in the elections in Finland.

TAUGHT HIS CHILD ANARCHY.

Ignorant Italian Resident of Lynn, Mass., Has Consecrated Baby to the Cause.

"Viva l'Anarchia!" Scrawled in black carbon, shoulder high on the clapboarding of a tiny house, just off busy Market street, in Lynn, Mass., this bold confession of faith in anarchism brings the passer up with a start.

There is a little girl, dirty, but pretty, sitting on the rickety steps beneath the staring legend. When the passer-by pauses to speak to her, out of the window is thrust the dark head of the father.

"Good bambino?" he queries, eagerly.

"Yes, a pretty baby."

"She Anarchist," he says with a certain wild glee.

"The baby is an Anarchist?"

"Yes. Me teach her. Me Anarchist, wife Anarchist, bambino—all Anarchist."

The man cannot explain his anarchism. His creed is declared in the letters beside the door, and in the education of his child. The philosophy of it, the fallacies of it, have never reached him.

How He Got His Ideas.

He only knows that some Sunday afternoon, two months ago, in a crowded hall where Jews and Greeks, Italians and Poles, crowded side by side on hard benches, he listened to some talk by a brilliant woman, who told him his rights were being snatched from him, that no man should be allowed to dictate to him, that churches and police and governors and presidents were but instruments of the oppressor. Out of that hall he thronged with scores of fellow-workers, and the rude touch of shoulder to shoulder seemed to electrify him into thinking more than was his wont.

Perhaps a while later a tall, lithe young man with curling hair and a quick, bright smile began to meet him and tell him the same story over and over. He went to meetings of ten or a dozen in the back rooms of tenements, and even held a meeting in his own kitchen. Then he subscribed to a paper—perhaps *Cronaca Sovversiva* or *La Question Sociale*—and read over and over the mad teachings and, applying them without reason to his own case, became even more rabid than the lecturers and the writers. So now he calls himself Anarchist and teaches his baby anarchism.

Began in Lynn Ten Years Ago.

This wedding of converts began in Lynn some ten years ago, and was continued by various leaders until the death a year ago last spring of Valen-

fundaments, because we see they are wrong; and to that work we consecrate the best part of our energy.

"Of course, in the fight some individuals are lost, but we can't help it. Though cruel, the experience shows that the tree of liberty grows in the soil-wet of blood.

"And we would gladly see the number of these victims cut and our lives lost with them if we could stop forever the daily massacre of our fellow-workers.

"For the redemption of humanity from moral and material slavery we march, and nothing will stop us.

"ANARCHISTS OF LYNN."

Riot Follows Speeches.

On the same day that this manifesto went abroad Valentine de Pietro and four companions invaded the North end of Boston, and in North square spoke in fiery vein to several hundred of their countrymen. They were urging the overthrow of the state government when two policemen pounced upon them and captured De Pietro and a companion. The crowd showed fight and stones were thrown, but the men were taken to the station house. For hours that night the streets were filled with foreigners swearing vengeance upon the officers.

De Pietro was arraigned in court on the charge of occupying a public reservation without a permit. He was liberated on a technicality, but took occasion to make a 20-minute speech to the court in defense of his principles and his right to express his views.

The only real disturbance during the lifetime of De Pietro occurred at St. Joseph's church. The pastor invited the Anarchists to come and hear him preach, and in the course of his sermon said things which drew down their wrath. Half a dozen jumped up in the pews and retorted, a hot argument resulting. The police arrived and drove them all forth in time to prevent bloodshed.

But the leader is dead. He lived with two nieces, one of whom was married, in a little tenement on Elwood street, Boston. One morning he got in a dispute with his nephew about family matters, and was shot dead. The nephew's defense, when the case comes to trial, is to be that he acted in self-defense.

Since then—over a year ago—Anarchism in Lynn has weakened.

Irony of Fate.

Some months before his death, Victorien Sardou, passing with a friend the Place de la Madeleine, pointing to the statue of Jules Simon, said: "There is nothing uglier than this good man in his frock coat. To erect this hideous monument a charming little fountain similar to the one we see on the other side of the place has been suppressed." And now it has been decided to erect the statue of Sardou on the spot occupied by the other fountain!—*Le Cri de Paris.*



that there are no evidences of other than temporary or racial organizations. Many causes contribute to this result.

Organized Anarchism a Paradox.

In the first place, the very name of organized anarchism is a paradox. Henry H. Hyndman, the English Socialist, has said that anarchism is "individualism gone mad." The Anarchist is an individualist, coming to that point through working out the extreme altruistic teachings of socialism. The Anarchist is by nature a man jealous of his freedom, he will be bound by no convention, creed or oath.

has been carried on, directly due to the action of the government last spring, following the assassination of Father Heinrichs at the altar in a Denver church, and the attempt on the life of Chief of Police Shippy in Chicago. The postal department put a ban on anarchistic publications, and the president and Secretary Strauss pointed stern fingers at the deportation law of 1907.

Under section two of that law it is made possible for the immigration authorities to deport "Anarchists, who believe in or advocate the overthrow by violence of the government of the United States, or of all government or