

WOMAN WELL CALLED QUEEN OF ANARCHISTS

NEW YORK—For more than half a decade the entire secret service of the United States, assisted by the postal authorities and a score of city police forces, have been striving without much avail to compel one little woman to hold her tongue. Laws have been made especially to deal with her, and whole corps of detectives trained to enforce the laws. But neither espionage, threats, arrests or imprisonment have served to check the fanatical activity of Emma Goldman, internationally known as the "Queen of the Anarchists," says a writer in the Cincinnati Enquirer.

To this woman's influence over the ignorant, the embittered and the ill-balanced is laid the death of President McKinley, the assassination of several foreign rulers, the attempt on the life

of Henry C. Frick and many other outrages of like kind. Yet she is still sowing the seeds of violence in this land of liberty with such success that the federal, state and municipal authorities have become thoroughly alarmed and now are making a combined struggle to stamp out once for all the dangerous fire of anarchy.

And what manner of woman is this who is able to win converts to a doctrine of murder in a democratic country whenever she speaks? This question has never been satisfactorily answered, for the woman is a good deal of a mystery in spite of the fact that her doings are chronicled almost daily in the newspapers. This impartial study of her and her career was made at first hand, and is the first complete account yet published.

Came to America.
Emma Goldman was born on June 27, 1870, at Kovno, Russia, an important town in the western part of the empire near the German border. After attending school in her native town she was sent to Koonigsberg, Germany, to finish her education. In 1884, her parents having preceded her, Emma, accompanied by her elder sister Helen, came to America and settled with her relatives at Rochester, N. Y. Here she engaged in dressmaking and claims to have been successful. She was married in 1886 to Joseph Kirshner, the ceremony being performed by a rabbi in accordance with the faith in which she had been brought up. This union, however, did not prove happy and the couple soon separated by mutual consent, but remained friends.

It was about this time that Emma Goldman began to take an interest in anarchistic teachings. Then came the bomb-throwing episode in Chicago, for which Parsons, Spies, Engel, Fischer and Lingg, all anarchists, paid the penalty on the scaffold and Emma Goldman's course in life changed, she forthwith took up the preaching of what she calls, with unconscious irony, "the higher doctrine of humanity," and has stuck to it since, through many vicissitudes.

At 27 the queen is still a well preserved woman. She is only five feet three inches in height and weighs about 122 pounds, but her youthful gait and carriage give no slight im-

pression of nervous energy and determination.

Black Her Favorite Color.
Her hair is small and well kept, her complexion youthful and her hair still chestnut. Her dark, penetrating eyes shine lynxlike behind glasses which hide her most marked sign of age, a growing network of wrinkles. This astonishing woman's voice is low and pleasant and the impression one gets of her, despite the firm chin, is of mildness and gentleness, even when she is speaking in public.

Black is her favorite color, because the most effective, with her collarless gowns, in enhancing her appearance. On the platform she makes no gestures, but walks back and forth as she talks in a low, tense voice, strongly suggesting a black leopard in its cage.

Arriving in New York during the spring of 1888 she set up a dressmak-

ing establishment, joined the "Pioneers of Liberty," the oldest anarchistic organization in the city, and soon made her powers of persuasive speech felt. It was during that year that she first met Alexander Berkman, whom she has since taken as "husband," according to the teachings of anarchy. Berkman soon attempted the life of Henry C. Frick, a Pittsburg millionaire, and was sentenced to 22 years' imprisonment.

The next four years she spent in comparative quiet, speaking whenever the chance offered, and by persistent effort developed into a leader of considerable power and influence until she had won the title of "Queen of the Anarchists."

Received Year's Sentence.
In 1892 the police of Newark and Paterson, N. J., broke up numerous meetings at which she was scheduled to speak. It was in 1893, while speaking to the unemployed at Union square, New York, that the police swooped down on the anarchists and arrested their "queen" on the charge of "inciting a riot." For this she was tried and sentenced to a year's imprisonment on Blackwell's island. She was released at the end of ten months (the time allowance for good behavior being deducted) and at once proceeded to Philadelphia. Here, as in New York, she was prevented from speaking by the vigilance of the police.

We next hear of her in Austria studying French, then in Vienna becoming a specialist in scalp and skin treatment and in hair dressing.

Returning to America she set up a hair-dressing establishment on Broadway, combining that with treatment of the skin and scalp and trained nursing. She was now fluent in French, German, Russian, English and Yiddish, and spent her spare time preaching anarchy. Then it was decided that she give up business and devote her entire time to "the cause." Troublesome illness followed for her, and she had many unpleasant experiences with the authorities in Paterson, Philadelphia, New York, Barre, Vt., Denver and other cities.

The world stood aghast when King Humbert I. of Italy was murdered by an anarchist at Monza, July 29, 1900. It subsequently developed that the murderer was one Bressi, an ardent follower of Emma Goldman, who jour-

neyed from Paterson, N. J., to his native land on his murderous mission.

Miss Goldman at that time declared, in fact she has always said, that she did not preach destruction, but taught "peace, harmony and brotherly love among men, regardless of race, creed or color." How true this may be can be judged by her subsequent career.

The Buffalo Tragedy.
On September 8, 1901, President McKinley was shot by Leon Czolgosz at the Buffalo exposition, his injuries resulting fatally. It was said that Czolgosz had claimed to be a follower of Emma Goldman and that her lecture at Cleveland, O., just prior to the tragedy had inspired him to commit the deed; thereupon the United States government, acting with the authorities of New York state, demanded her arrest.

She left St. Louis, where she had been staying, and went to Chicago; she was promptly arrested and put under \$20,000 bail. In lieu of the bail she spent some time in the Cook county jail, while the government, anxious to secure her extradition to New York, spent \$30,000 and employed 200 detectives to get evidence against her. Every effort was made to connect the "queen" with the cowardly act of Czolgosz, but as no proof was forthcoming she had finally to be discharged, and came east once more.

In 1902, during the strike of the weavers in Paterson, Emma Goldman, working with a group of local anarchists, used the opportunity to agitate her doctrines. During the progress of the strike an encounter took place between the mob and the police, as a result of which warrants were issued for the arrest of the "queen," Luigi Gallerni, William McQueen and Rudolph Grossman. The latter two were arrested, tried and sentenced to five years' imprisonment. Miss Goldman went into hiding and was never brought to court.

Outwitted the Law.
Gallerni fled to Barre, Vt., where he began the publication of the Cronach Souverviva, an anarchistic organ. Emma Goldman made frequent visits to Barre, and with the aid of the paper and Gallerni gained a large following among the Italian alienators of that region, through whom anarchism has spread among Italians throughout the land. Here, as in other cities, Miss Goldman was prevented from speaking a number of times by the police.

In October, 1905, John Turner arrived in this country at the invitation of Miss Goldman, with the object of lecturing on the subjects of "Trade

Unionism" and "Anarchism." At his first meeting in New York, on October 23, he was arrested by the federal authorities under the clause in the immigration law which forbids the landing of people who "do not believe in organized government."

The "queen" was not to be outdone, however. She secured the release of Turner on bail, fought the authorities at every turn, and kept Turner busy lecturing in the larger cities. In the end, through the United States supreme court, John Turner was deported, but the "queen" had won a victory, for while waiting the disposition of the case Turner had accomplished effective work for anarchism.

Emma Goldman, recognizing the need of an English organ for anarchy (Free Society, the original organ first published in San Francisco and then in Chicago, having suspended publication in 1905), secured the co-operation of several friends, started a monthly magazine, Mother Earth, for the propagation of anarchist ideas and ideals. Mother Earth in 1908 has 7,500 subscribers and about 3,000 copies are sold through the various groups.

Published Mother Earth.
On May 18, 1906, Alexander Berkman was released from prison after

serving 14 years for his attempt on the life of Henry C. Frick at Pittsburg, Pa. During all these years Emma Goldman visited him many times, often making a special trip from New York to Allegheny, where he was imprisoned. She traveled under an assumed name and she laughingly tells the story that she was never recognized. When asked how she managed to hide her identity she simply smiles, and the questioner must be satisfied with that answer. She had made several attempts to secure the reduction of Berkman's sentence of 22 years, less the seven years' time allowance for good behavior, but in this she was not successful, and Berkman was compelled to serve his full sentence.

Immediately following his release he came east and joined the "queen" in the publication of Mother Earth, which in its beginning enjoyed the active support of the radicals of the country. Their sympathy, however, was partly alienated as the result of the October issue of 1906, the contents of which were devoted to the consideration of Czolgosz and his act, and of the social and psychological significance of the latter.

The New York police now became very active against the anarchists, the specially created "anarchist squad" working with vigor, and their efforts finally resulting in the forcible dispersion of a meeting called by anarchists to discuss the act of Czolgosz. A number of those present, including Emma Goldman, were arrested, but not held. Closely following this incident the "queen" was again arrested, together with John Coryell and Alexander Berkman, during a lecture on "The Misconceptions of Anarchism." Though these arrests were made under sections of the "criminal anarchy" law, no conviction was secured.

The Denver Murder.
Again, in 1907, Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman were repeatedly arrested and prevented from speaking by the police in various cities. The "queen" then visited Amsterdam, Holland, where she attended the international anarchist conference in August, 1907. On her return to America she was confronted by the federal authorities, who tried to keep her out of the land, but in this they were unsuccessful.

Four lives have been offered on the altar of anarchy during the first four months of 1908.

While celebrating mass early in the morning of February 23, and just as he was in the act of putting his lips to

the sacrament, Father Leo Heinrichs was shot down and killed by Giuseppe Guaracoto at the altar of St. Elizabeth's Roman Catholic church in Denver, Col. He was arrested and is now awaiting trial.

Anarchist agitation in the United States is being carried in in almost all the various languages spoken in this country, including Japanese and Armenian. Though French and Spanish propaganda is, however, somewhat lagging at present, Germain, edited by Michel Dumas, and El Desperter, edited by Pedro Esteve, have not been able to keep up their work. On the other hand, the German, Bohemian, Italian and western groups are said to be very active.

So here you have a dramatic situation with a denouement still in doubt. On the one hand is a woman, a foreigner, fired with a fanatic hatred of American institutions, and clever enough to keep alive and growing a widespread organization of other foreigners as bitterly hating our government and all that it represents. On the other are the combined powers of organized society fighting desperately against a dangerous social fungus that threatens its health and perhaps its very life. And in the very center of it all is the woman.

ROUND THE CAPITAL

Information and Gossip Picked Up Here and There in Washington.

Jovial Scenes Mark Last Hours in House



WASHINGTON.—The comradeship that binds the members of the house of representatives together, regardless of party politics and policies, was never better illustrated than in the closing hours of the first session of the Sixtieth congress. Democrat and Republican, northerner and southerner, Roosevelt admirer and Bryan follower, all joined arms and spirits, and with fervor celebrated the passing of the session and forgot all the strife that had marked its last year.

"It was the most riotous and enthusiastic adjournment I have ever seen," said Gen. J. Warren Kiefer, who was a member of the Fortieth congress, and has seen many finales.

After a day of patient waiting until the senate conquered the filibuster, the house was ready to celebrate as soon as the remaining business of the session was transacted. With the conference report on the government liability bill agreed to, a surging, singing mass of representatives came from the lobby into the center aisle, and gaining in numbers as they went on centered about the speaker's table. Although it was a little after nine o'clock, "Uncle Joe" allowed his gavel

to rest untouched, and seemed to be willing that this harmless species of disorder should prevail, while he beamed benignantly on the jovial throng. The singers were led by Representative Dwight of New York, who bore aloft a huge portrait of Mr. Cannon, who was the object of the songs and the applause of both the floor and galleries.

Behind him came the sodate Theodore E. Burton, the irrepressible Adam Bode, the irreconcilable Democrat, Heflin, smiling Col. "Pete" Hepburn, Gen. Kiefer, waving a gigantic flag and singing more lustily than the younger men, and, well up in the procession, the erstwhile belligerent Representative Fowler of New Jersey. It was a song composed by Representative J. Hampton Moore, of Philadelphia, and sung to the tune of "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp."

Before the song had been finished there were cries from all parts of the chamber for a speech from the speaker. Mr. Cannon responded briefly.

When Mr. Cannon finished his speech the members immediately began with "He's a Jolly Good Fellow," and ran their repertoire from "My Old Kentucky Home," to "The Old Oaken Bucket" in various keys and variations. John Sharp Williams contributed a raucous tenor, Champ Clark a nasal barytone, Gen. Bingham, the veteran of congress, mumbled a hearty bass, while the chorus made up in lustiness what it may have lacked in concerted effort and technique.

Real Reason Why LaFollette Failed



THE real manner in which the La Follette filibuster on the currency bill was lost furnishes one of the most amusing series of incidents in the history of congress. The failure is due in a great measure to Senators Scott and Carter, who modestly admit that they are the champion entertainers of the country.

Senator Stone of Missouri "has been shown," but has not yet given expert testimony on the subject of their claims. Several dispensers of refreshments declare that Carter and Scott know how to buy. They enliven the princely spending powers of the two senators and will cheerfully give them letters of recommendation.

Carter and Scott acted as hosts to Senator Stone and done their duty nobly. Mr. Stone had been delegated to aid Senator La Follette in his filibuster against the currency bill, but when the time came for him to act he was not present. Neither was the presence of Carter or Scott noticed on the floor of the senate. Several dispensers of "glad water" say they know where the trio spent the greater part of the day.

Senator Gore lost the filibuster because of his blindness. Some time before he concluded Mr. Stone slipped into a chair beside him and said he was ready to take hold at any time.

Mr. Gore said: "All right," and believed Mr. Stone was present when he sat down. Instead, Mr. Stone was taking a snooze in the Democratic cloakroom.

Jeff Davis was also absent from the senate. He had left Little Rock determined to save the country, but got lost somewhere on the route.

James Bryce a New Style Ambassador



THE man who comes after James Bryce to represent his Britannic majesty will have a hard role to fill. The mighty wall of reserve which a whole generation of Britishers had built around the mission to Washington has crumbled into nothing. Mr. Bryce moves on foot and with the crowd. He knows more people in Washington, New York and other large cities where he visits frequently than the majority of the natives. For a man past the allotted age, 70 years, he is amazingly energetic.

He alone of all the ambassadors and ministers stationed in Washington called on every one of the governors. If strict etiquette were observed, the governors should have called on him. But Mr. Bryce knew that these heads of the various commonwealths came to Washington on other business bent. He comprehended that his part was to become ac-

quainted with so important a portion of the national machinery, and he took the easiest means at hand and called first. Many of the governors found time to return the visit. Others could not, but they all met James Bryce and took his measure just as he took theirs. Mr. Bryce entertained Bryan, John Mitchell, Andrew Carnegie and many of the governors at dinner. If any man on this continent will know what this meeting of the governors meant, it will be the publicist from Great Britain. He intends to write of it also, and it is comfortable to realize that he has obtained all his data at first hand and from reliable sources.

Mr. Bryce has been a revelation to the silk-hat-kept-in-a-bandbox kind of diplomatist usually assigned to the Washington mission. He has taken a high ground, and the pace he has set is not altogether pleasing to his colleagues. Many of the ambassadors now in this country would cling to the old ways if they felt secure in so doing. But Mr. Bryce has revolutionized the service. The ambassadors cannot draw the line socially, even politically. They must get in the limelight, make speeches, give interviews, mingle with the common herd. Such men as cannot do this are being called home.

Where the President Buys His Coffee



A GROCERY merchant way down off the beaten track of Pennsylvania avenue now has the exclusive privilege of furnishing coffee for the head of the nation, and the way it happened was this:

One day the president was looking down from the terrace of the White House when a wagon drew up to deliver some eatables. Across the sides, painted in gorgeous red, was the legend: "We Rost Our Own Coffee." The chief executive was tremendously interested, and everybody in the White House at the particular juncture was called out on the terrace to see how the grocerymen of Washington were following the exalted ruler in the matter of phonetic spelling.

Not satisfied with admiring the way the merchant had of advertising his wares, the president called up on the

phone and expressed his appreciation. He told the head of the firm to send up a couple of pounds of that coffee to see if the brand was as excellent as the spelling. Of course the merchant put on his best touches and sent the brownest and most fragrant Java and Mocha straightway to the White House. The beverage ready to serve was as fine as even the president had anticipated, so a permanent order to furnish ten pounds a week was left with this fortunate firm.

But the cream of the joke and one which has not been explained to Mr. Roosevelt was that the painting of the sign was a mistake—the work of an old German sign artist who was not particular about the way the letters are strung together. The merchant raised a great commotion when the wagon returned with "rost" conspicuously on it, and it was to be returned the next day for repairs. Now this legend has been adopted as the trade mark of the firm, and very likely a miniature White House may be painted on one side, as the Britishers do when they have the exclusive custom of the reigning families for their commodities.



VISITING BERKMAN IN PRISON



THE MURDER OF HEINRICH



THE ATTEMPT ON CHIEF SHIPPY'S LIFE