

Liberty.

Vol. I.

Paterson and New York, January 24, 1903.

No. 10

No Master.

(AIR: "The Hardy Norseman.")

Saith man to man, We've heard and known
That we no master need
To live upon this earth our own,
In fair and manly deed.
The grief of slaves long passed away
For us hath forged the chain,
Till now each worker's patient day
Builds up the House of Pain.

And we, shall we to, crouch and quail,
Ashamed, afraid of strife,
And lest our lives untimely fail,
Embrace the Death in Life?
Nay, cry aloud, and have no fear,
We few against the world;
Awake, arise! the hope we bear
Against the curse is hurled.

It grows and grows—are we the same,
The feeble band, the few?
Or what are these with eyes aflame,
And hands to deal and do?
This is the host that bears the word,
"No MASTER HIGH OR LOW"—
A lightning flame, a shearing sword,
A storm to overthrow.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

Thoughts — and Kicks.

One would think that workmen had enough to do in fighting their bosses, without fighting amongst themselves, but, as it appears, this is not the opinion of the Lynn, Mass., Shoe Workers.

Part of them are organized under the direction of the "Knights of Labor", others under the auspices of a Union connected with the "Federation of Labor". The "Knights of Labor" come out on strike against their bosses, and through some strange, unexplained reason, the others "go in" and take their places!

Why is this?

Can we not be true to our own class and not help the boss in his endeavors to rob us?

It looks very much as if, in the absence of an ideal in the labor movement in America, it is rapidly developing into a mere business concern, run for the pur-

pose of providing easy livings for a few fellows with glib tongues.

Workmen must pay more attention to their organisations and see that they are kept clean from filth. We cannot expect to gain the "good time coming" unless we work hard and our efforts are directed toward disintegrating the power of Capitalism.

* * *

It is certainly a pertinent question to ask, "what does the labor movement exist for?" Does it exist for the glorification of this or that set of rival "leaders" or does it exist for the benefit of the people who pay for it, — the workmen?

* * *

One feels inclined to declare that what the workman gets he deserves, for no one with an ounce of common sense would stand what he stands. Robbed by his boss, fleeced by his "leaders" he creeps from the cradle and limps through a life of dreary toil to the poor-house.

* * *

The workers in Brownsville, L. I. have got a bit of sense. Their houses were cold, there was no coal. As our comrade Dr. M. A. Cohn says "The suffering one meets with in the neighborhood caused by the absence of coal is heartrending. Little children are shivering, freezing in squalid tenements, without so much as a pound of coal to warm themselves with."

A train load of coal lands there and thoughtlessly the company leave it stand on a siding for a while. The news, that a load of black diamonds—those precious treasures—was in the siding spread throughout the side streets and alleys and out flocked the people and raided it, sweeping alongside the few officials, who tried to stem the tide.

That's the right way, when the people learn that what they haven't got, or cannot get, should they take, the Trust Barons will turn around to think.

* * *

A celebrated English Prelate, one Cardinal Manning, once declared that "a starving man has a right to take his neigh-

bors bread", and what is true about food, certainly applies to fuel. If the Coal Barons rob, they should be robbed!

* * *

Everyone must respect a brave man — one who has the courage of his opinion, the pluck to carry them out, even if one does not agree with their ideas.

A "dare devil" is always an object of admiration, for he represents the force "that makes the world go round" — rebellion against standstill and reactionary ideas.

This is the case with Col. Lynch, the heroic soldier who threw off his "allegiance" to English plutocracy, to fight for what he thought right — the cause of the Boer Republics, and who now, for his "Treason" is sentenced to hang.

The writer happened to meet Lynch and from personal experience, can speak of him as a deacent, honorable man, one whom one would be proud of being associated with.

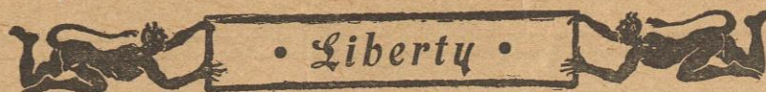
The labor interest in the matter is of course limited to an expression of horror at the terrible brutality of the British Government in not extending the hand of mercy after giving a fellow a "knock out" blow. "Revenge" is its motto because the paltry 25,000 Boer Soldiers fighting for Freedom, held back its mighty army of 300,000 blood seekers so long.

Poor Lynch has fought against Imperialism and Militarism, against a great centralized Power in favor of a loosely organized Republic of farmers, and having dared the mangy Lion, must pay the price with life.

It is pleasing, at any rate, that New York organized labor has lifted its voice in protest. Let others follow.

* * *

A movement is on foot, to which we will refer to next week, to start an agitation against the atrocities committed by the Spanish Government against the "Mano Negra", or Black Hand Society, an organisation amongst the Spanish peasants for the purpose of repelling the tax gathering propensities of the Government. Our Spanish and French comrades are the initiative force of this very necessary work.



Liberty

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The Deporting of MacQueen's family.

Aroused by the outrageous conduct of the authorities in the deporting of the MacQueen family, a number of prominent New York Trade Unionists have issued an appeal to their fellow Trade Unionists as follows:

New York, January, 1903.

DEAR COMRADES:

As you will be aware, through the Press, the wife and children of William MacQueen have been deported from the United States, in a most brutal fashion. They arrived on January 3rd as 2nd class passengers aboard the S. S. Umbria of the Cunard Line and were arrested as undesirable persons off Sandy Hook.

The reasons alleged for their deportation are briefly as follows:

On June the 18th 1902, MacQueen took part in a demonstration arranged by the Paterson Silk Workers Unions, which culminated, owing to a show of brute force on the part of the police, in a bloody riot, for the alleged inciting of which he was sentenced to five years imprisonment in States Prison. The case is now under appeal and thanks to the interest taken by Trade Unions of the country, it will most probably be settled favorably to the defendants.

But the wife and children of a "labor agitator" could not be allowed in the country. Whatever the presumed actions of the husband had to do with the innocent wife and children is not very clear, but apparently the decision of the Emigration Authorities is arbitrary, for they were torn from the arms of their natural protector.

Legal aid was secured, but to no avail, and as may be imagined their position on their return to England is extremely critical. Their total resources are gone and blank ruin stares them in the face. Considerable money has been expended in getting them here and when they got here, in defending them legally. Added to this, their baggage is seized to pay their return fare.

The case is without precedent in the history of the labor movement and as the mat-

ter has arisen purely out of MacQueen's activity on behalf of the Trade Union Movement, and energy in pushing its ideals we respectfully appeal to your organization for assistance so that the aforementioned expenses may be met and the family relieved from its embarrassing position.

Yours fraternally,

For the MacQueen family Relief Committee, Oscar Haase, F. W. Heiss, Joe Moreng, H. O. Hawlitcheck, Carl Judis, Paul Coczan, Fritz Milbrat, R. Holzerman, Secretary.

All monies to be made payable to the order of HERMAN GOSSWEILER, 325 East 75th street, New York.

We hope that the appeal will not be in vain, and that the American worker will prove a trifle better than his Government.

— In existing States a fresh law is looked upon as a remedy for evil. Instead of themselves altering what is bad, people begin by demanding a law to alter it. If the road between two villages is impassable, the peasant says:—"There should be a law about parish roads." If a park-keeper takes advantage of the want of spirit in those who follow him with servile observance and insults one of them, the insulted man says "There should be a law to enjoin more politeness upon park-keepers." If there is stagnation in agriculture or commerce, the husbandman, cattle-breeder, or corn speculator argues, "It is protective legislation that we require." Down to the old clothesman there is not one who does not demand a law to protect his own little trade. If the employer lowers wages or increases the hours of labour, the politician in embryo, exclaims, "We must have a law to put all that to rights," instead of telling the workers that there are other, and much more effectual means of settling these things straight; namely recovering from the employer the wealth of which he has been despoiling the workmen for generations. In short, a law everywhere and for everything! A law about fashions, a law about mad dogs, a law about virtue, a law to put a stop to all the vices and all the evils which result from human indolence and cowardice.

We are so perverted by an education which from infancy seeks to kill in us the spirit of revolt, and so develop that of submission to authority; we are as perverted by this existence under the ferule of a law, which regulates every event in life—our birth, our education, our development, our love, our friendship—that, if this state of things continues, we shall lose all initiative, all habit of thinking for ourselves. Our society seems no longer able to understand that it is possible to exist otherwise than under the reign of Law, elaborated by a representative government and administered by a handful of rulers; and even when it has gone so far as to emancipate itself from the thralldom, its

first care has been to reconstitute it immediately. "The Year I, of Liberty" has never lasted more than a day, for after proclaiming it men put themselves the very next morning under the yoke of Law and Authority.

P. KROPOTKINE.

* * *

— Legislation is essentially a question of *meo* and *teo*. Society of today is a battle of all against all, the most intense struggle for existence — a society where an insignificant minority is criminally rich, whereas the great majority can barely get sustenance even with the utmost exertion, and where others are exposed to dire distress. In such a society — "oh, it is pitiful" — voluminous criminal codes, sheriffs, innumerable judges, prosecutors, police, and a hundred like mainstays of law and order are quite the thing.

JOHN MOST.

* * *

"Steal by night and steal by day
But do it all in a legal way."

* * *

— Your truly good advocate of the State, upon hearing that we are aspiring to associations in which governmentalism cuts no figure, raises a holy howl, that we are tobagganing down the decline to universal chaos. His goggles view the doom of mankind as sealed, as if the cessation of the State would destroy all natural and civilizing institutions.

JOHN MOST.

* * *

"The man
Of virtuous soul commands not, nor obeys:
Power, like a desolating pestilence,
Pollutes what'er it touches, and obedience
Bane of all genius, virtue, freedom, truth,
Makes slaves of men, and of the human
frame,
A merchanzed automation."

It has been decided by the International Propaganda groups of America to publish "Liberty" as a weekly revolutionary paper. Our old readers will welcome the change, which will considerably help our eastern propaganda. We hope before long to issue it in eight page form, but at present our resources are not equal to it. We will be glad to receive cash help and subscriptions at once. All monies to be sent to the Treasurer, Herman Gossweiler, 325—E. 75. St., New York. THE COMMITTEE.

— The comrades of the different Groups in New York and vicinity are very earnestly requested to attend a meeting next Sunday the 1st of February at 2 30 p. m. in the "Arbeiter Lesezimmer" 400 East 76th street. New York, to consider the perfecting of International Group relations. Let every one attend!

— Comrade MacQueen will be glad to hear from readers in the Eastern States with a view to holding propaganda meetings.

Appeal to the Young.

By PETER KROPOTKIN.

(Continued.)

You return to little, dark, damp lodgings, where five or six human beings herd together within a few square feet; where your mother, sick of life, aged by care rather than years, offers you dry bread and potatoes as your only food, washed down by a blackish fluid called, in irony, tea; and to distract your thoughts you have ever the same never-ending question, "How shall I be able to pay the baker to-morrow, and the landlord the day after?"

What! must you drag on the same weary existence that your father and mother did for thirty and forty years? Must you toil your life long to procure for others all the pleasures of well-being, of knowledge, of art, and keep for yourself only the eternal anxiety as to whether you can get a bit of bread? Will you forever give up all that makes life so beautiful to devote yourself to providing every luxury for a handful of idlers? Will you wear yourself out with toil and have in return only trouble, if not misery, when hard times—the fearful hard times—come upon you? Is this what you long for in life?

Perhaps you will give up. Seeing no way out of your condition whatever, maybe you say to ourself, "Whole generations have undergone the same lot, and I, who can alter nothing in the matter, I must submit also. Let us work on, then, and endeavor to live as well as we can!"

Very well. In that case life itself will take pains to enlighten you.

One day a crisis comes, one of those crises which are no longer mere passing phenomena, as they were a while ago, but a crisis which destroys a whole industry, which plunges thousands of workers into misery, which crushes whole families. You struggle like the rest against the calamity. But you will soon see how your wife, your child, your friend, little by little, succumb to privations, fade away under your very eyes. For sheer want of food, for lack of care and of medical assistance, they end their days on the pauper's stretcher, while the life of the rich sweeps past in joyous crowds through the streets of the great city gleaming in the sunlight—utterly careless and indifferent to the dying cries of those who perish.

Then you will understand how utterly revolting this society is; you will reflect upon the causes of this crisis, and your examination will go to the very depths of this abomination which puts millions of human beings at the mercy of the brutal greed of a handful of useless triflers: then you will understand that socialists are right when they say that our

present society can be, that it must be, reorganized from top to bottom.

To pass from general crises to your particular case. One day when your master tries by a new reduction of wages to squeeze out of you a few more cents in order to increase his fortune still further you will protest; but he will haughtily, answer, "Go and eat grass, if you will not work at the price I offer." Then you will understand that your master not only tries to shear you like a sheep, but that he looks upon you as an inferior kind of animal altogether: that not content with holding you in his relentless grip by means of the wage system, he is further anxious to make you a slave in every respect. Then you will either bow down before him, you will give up the feeling of human dignity, and you will end by suffering every possible humiliation, or the blood will rush to your head, you shudder at the hideous slope on which you are slipping down, you will retort, and, turned out workless on the street, you will understand how right socialists are when they say, "Revolt! rise against this economic slavery!" Then you will come and take your place in the ranks of the socialists, and you will work with them for the complete destruction of all slavery—economic, social, and political.

Some day again you will learn the story of that charming young girl whose brisk gait, frank manners, and cheerful conversation you so lovingly admired. After having struggled for years and years against misery, she left her native village for the metropolis. There she knew right well that the struggle for existence must be hard, but she hoped at least to be able to gain her living honestly. Well, now you know what has been her fate. Courted by the son of some capitalist, she allowed herself to be enticed by his fine words, she gave herself up to him with all the passion of youth, only to see herself abandoned with a baby in her arms. Ever courageous, she never ceased to struggle on: but she broke down in this unequal strife against cold and hunger, and she ended her days in one of the hospitals, no one knows which . . .

What will you do? Once more there are two courses open to you. Either you will push aside the whole unpleasant reminiscence with some stupid phrase: "She was not the first and will not be the last," you will say: perhaps, some evening, you will be heard in a public room, in company with other beasts like yourself, outraging the young girl's memory by some dirty stories: or, on the other hand, your remembrance of the past will touch your heart: you will try to meet the seducer to denounce him to his face: you will reflect upon the causes of these events that recur every day, and you will comprehend that they will never cease so long as society is divided into two camps: on one side the wretched and on the other

the lazy—the jugglers with fine phrases and bestial lusts. You will understand that it is high time to bridge over this gulf of separation, and you will rush to place yourself among the socialists.

And you, woman of the people, has this left you cold and unmoved? While caressing the pretty head of that child who nestles close to you, do you never think about the lot that awaits him, if the present social conditions are not changed? Do you never reflect on the future awaiting your young sister, and all your own children? Do you wish that your sons should vegetate as your father vegetated, with no other care than how to get his daily bread, with no other pleasure than that of the gin-palace? Do you want your husband, your boys, to be ever at the mercy of the first comer who has inherited from his father a capital to exploit them with? Are you anxious that they should remain slaves for a master, food for powder, mere dung wherewith to manure the pasture-lands of the rich expropriator?

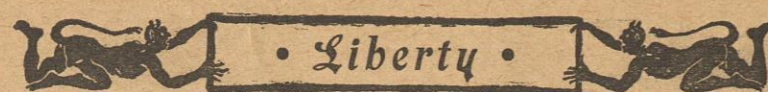
Nay, never; a thousand times no! I know right well that your blood has boiled when you have heard that your husbands, after they entered on a strike full of fire and determination, have ended by accepting, cap in hand, the conditions dictated by the bloated bourgeois in a tone of haughty contempt! I know that you have admired those Spanish women who in a popular rising presented their breasts to the bayonets of the soldiery in the front ranks of the insurrectionists. I am certain that you mention with reverence the name of the woman who lodged a bullet in the chest of that ruffianly official who dared to outrage a socialist prisoner in her cell. And I am confident that your heart beats faster when you read how the women of the people in Paris gathered under a rain of shells to encourage "their men" to heroic action.

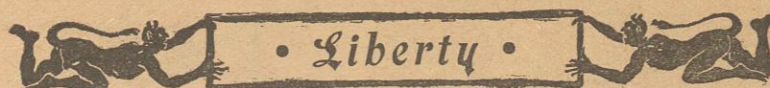
Every one of you, then, honest young folks, men and women, peasants, laborers, artisans and soldiers, you will understand what are your rights and you will come along with us; you will come in order to work with your brethren in the preparation of that revolution which, sweeping away every vestige of slavery, tearing the fetters asunder, breaking with the old worn-out traditions and opening to all mankind a new and wider scope of joyous existence, shall at length establish true liberty, real equality, ungrudging fraternity throughout human society; work with all, work for all—the full enjoyment of the fruits of their labor, the complete development of all their faculties; a rational, human and happy life!

Don't let anyone tell us that we—but a small band—are too weak to attain unto the magnificent end at which we aim.

Count and see how many of us there are who suffer this injustice.

We peasants who work for others and





who mumble the straw while our master eat the wheat, we by ourselves are millions of men.

We workers who weave silks and velvets in order that we may be clothed in rags, we, too, are a great multitude; and when the clang of the factories permits us a moment's repose, we overflow the streets and squares like the sea in a spring tide.

We soldiers who are driven along to the word of command, or by blows: we who receive the bullets for which our officers get crosses and pensions: we, too, poor fools who have hitherto known no better than to shoot our brothers—why, we have only to make a right-about-face toward these plumed and decorated personages who are so good as to command us, to see a ghastly pallor overspread their faces.

Ay, all of us together, we who suffer and are insulted daily, we are a multitude whom no man can number, we are the ocean that can embrace and swallow up all else.

When we have but the will to do it, that very moment will justice be done: that very instant the tyrants of the earth shall bite the dust.

What does it matter anyhow?

Criticism is always a cheap thing—anyone can criticise, but few can act. From our standpoint, criticism of the men who have done things, coming from those who have not, is not only "mouthing" but mean.

C. L. James, a writer of some prominence in the American movement and who is certainly an able man, albeit somewhat "longwinded" commits the error in certain articles of his in "Free Society", of forgetting to put himself "in the other man's shoes", and so has acted *meanly*.

A while ago, a boy filled with undying hatred for the oppressing classes and overflowing with love for the oppressed, struck down the representative of the oppressors—McKinley. If anyone searched the world for one who was more representative of a corrupt and rotten society they could not have found a better one than that "gentleman".

He was fit to be President of the United Fakes.

* * *

Czolgozs may have been wrong in doing what he did. His act may have been rash and not politic. He may not have been an anarchist. He may have been one. He may have been a Roman Catholic and as is suggested committed the execution of McKinley because of his infamous conduct of the war in the Philippine Islands.

That mild eyed, sweet laddie, poor Leon, has been accused in the pages of "Free Society" — not editorially, we are glad to remark — of every one of these positions, as if it mattered to us.

* * *

To digress: We don't want to ask the politics, religion, color or sex of any person who seeing a cockroach, puts a foot down and crushes it,

* * *

You can draw your own moral.

* * *

But what should be our idea about the affair, as Anarchists, — revolutionists? We don't advocate murder—the shedding of human blood is an anti-social act. It has no place in anarchistic ideas. But, we can remember the old saying — he who lives by the sword shall die by the sword and say frankly "if McKinley was murdered it was because of his doctrine and use of murder". Dirt always requires a broom. Irrespective of right or wrong we compare the characters of the two, and say with all our hearts "Our respect for you, Leon, is only equalled by our detestation of the Irish American boodle hunting vulture, over whose grave so many crocodile tears are shed."

Wm. MacQueen.

Paterson Defence Fund.

The energy and Solidarity of the Spanish workman in the cause of Trade Unionism is so well known, that it is hardly needful to compliment the Brooklyn Cigar Makers, a comparatively small Union, upon the success of its shop collections for the Paterson Defence.

We have received the following sums from our friend Gonzalez, the Secretary, and the same will be forwarded to the Defence Treasurer, Fermino Gallo, 90 Straight st., Paterson.

Collection made by the Clear Havana Cigar Makers Union for the Paterson Defence Fund.

Girbau Cigar Factory	- - - -	\$2.35
Pando Cigar Factory	- - - -	1.50
Hilson Fernander	- - - -	5.10
Perez & Rodriguez	- - - -	4.25
Rocha Cigar Factory	- - - -	.40
Schatz " "	- - - -	6.60
Cueto " "	- - - -	1.00
J. Garcia, Williamsburgh C. F.	- - - -	2.00
The American Exchange Cigar Co.	- - - -	2.45
M. Lopez Cigar Factory	- - - -	3.05
Cordero " "	- - - -	2.00
Bock " "	- - - -	3.05
Duirós " "	- - - -	.50
South Norwalk Conn.	- - - -	2.00
J. Alonsin	- - - -	.25
Rodriguer & Teijeiro Cigar Factory	- - - -	2.40
A. Berros	- - - -	.25
C. Gonzalez	- - - -	.25

Total 39.40

— The International Propaganda Group (Paterson Branch) meets every Monday, at 8 p. m., at 36 Straight st. All comrades invited.

— Please do not confound this paper with a certain Individualist organ bearing the same name. Liberty is only possible through Anarchist Communism.

Why a Trust is Like a River.

(Which our honored president neglected to mention.)

It looks on the level, but it isn't.

It is always next to the banks.

There are sometimes a great many bluffs along the way.

Some are a "dam site" worse than others.

There is a lot of water in some of them.

Its course is strewn with wrecks.

It flows through many communities of interest.

It is usually rather crooked.

It floats bubbles nicely.

The big fish in it gobble up the small fry.

It runs smooth where the waters are deepest.

It abounds with "rocks".

Suckers are numerous.

It takes an awful frost to stop it.

Beware of running the rapids.

TRUSTS are like rivers.

DAM the trusts!

A most dangerous Anarchist conspiracy was nipped in the bud on the 27th inst. Two "sleuths" after an exciting hunt for "Old Crow" were supporting the wall of the saloon at the corner of 42nd st. and 3rd Ave. Their lynx like eyes espied the approach of Max Baginsky and Emma Goldman. They were acting in a suspicious way. Max raised his hand — at once our protectors dashed forward and arrested them. Max protested that he was only stopping a car to go down town, but that sort of a bluff won't wash with our Sherlock Holmes. "Down to Headquarters with 'em" say they.

There they were searched and a couple of dollars appropriated for State purposes (the 'tecs were dry) and then they were set free with a warning. Later reports from the saloon opposite Headquarters indicate that important discoveries were made that implicate several good brands of whiskey.

Daily Liar.

— International Propaganda Group of America. In consequence of her brutal expulsion from America, Mrs. MacQueen and her children are placed in a most embarrassing position. All their money is gone and the Cunard Line are holding her baggage in Queenstown. The legal expenses have to be met, so subscription lists to help them have been prepared and can be obtained from, H. Gossweiler, 325 E. 75 street, New York. THE COMMITTEE

Bauern Ball
of the
RADICAL READING ROOM
at
Lenox Assembly Rooms
252-256 Second Street
Friday Evening Feb. 27th 1903
Tickets, including Hat-Check 25c.