

DISCONTENT

"MOTHER OF PROGRESS"

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WASHINGTON STATE
COLLEGE LIBRARY

VOL. III. NO. 18.

HOME, WASH., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1900.

WHOLE NO. 122.

THE ANGEL OF DISCONTENT.

When the world was formed and the
morning stars
Upon their paths were sent,
The loftiest browed of the angels was
named
The angel of Discontent.
And he dwelt with man in the caves of
the hills,
Where the crested serpent stings,
And the tiger tears and she wolf howls,
And he told of better things.
And he led men forth to the town,
And forth to the fields of corn,
And he told of the ample work ahead,
For which his race was born.
And he whispers to men of those hills
he sees
In the blush of the misty west,
And they look to the heights of his lifted
eye—
And they hate the name of rest.
In the light of that eye doth the slave
behold
A hope that is high and brave;
And the madness of war comes into his
blood—
For he knows himself a slave.
The serfs of wrong by the light of that
eye
March with victorious songs;
For strength of right comes into their
hearts
When they behold their wrongs.
'Tis by the light of that lifted eye
That Error's mists are rent,
& guide to the tablelands of Truth
Is the angel of Discontent.
And still he looks with his lifted eye,
And his glance is far away
On a light that shines on the glimmering
hills
Of a diviner day.

—Sam Walter Foss.

FREE COMMERCIALISM VS. FREE COMMUNISM.

Part 3.

Mr. Holmes objects to my definition of Free Commercialism (or Anarchist Individualism). This was to be expected. Men, so far apart as he and I, are not likely to agree on the definition of our respective doctrines. Entire agreement in this would almost mean a mutual acceptance of each other's creed. The case is different in regard to minor terms. Each might define land, money, rent, interest, profit, surplus, capital, in his own way, and so long as he used the terms consistently with his own definition there would be no confusion. It would not even be necessary for each to use a word in the same sense as that in which it is used by the other. If such terms were used it might be desirable sometimes to define them. If not used, there would not be any necessity for definition. Our present discussion might continue a long time without any such use of the terms Free Communism and Free Commercialism (or Anarchy) as would require definition. By the time a definition would seem to be needful there would have been reached certain generalizations out of which to construct a definition. With generalizations mutually acceptable a definition satisfactory to both sides is easily arrived at. At

present we possibly agree upon particulars, but we are utterly at variance upon the general principles to be abstracted from the particulars, and so there are no mutually recognized materials out of which to manufacture a definition.

Still, to please Mr. Holmes, I will attempt to explain to him my definition of Anarchy (or Free Commercialism). He says that my definition is vague, not clear, and no definition at all. My definition was that Free Commercialism is the condition that society will be in when government is absent, or that practical Free Commercialism is the condition that society will be in when government is practically absent or reduced to a minimum. This does not pretend to be the only possible definition but it exemplifies one kind. Mr. Holmes did not call for any particular method of definition. In the above I have stated the genus, condition, and I have distinguished this condition from all other conditions by noting the species, namely, THAT SOCIETY WILL BE IN WHEN GOVERNMENT IS ABSENT. This plan of definition is thousands of years old, and is countenanced by living lexicographers and authors of works on synonyms. If Mr. Holmes will mention any definition method that he prefers I will try to form one after any fashion that he may point out.

Mr. Holmes says that the above definition is vague and not clear. To me it is clear. If it is vague to him it must be because he fails to grasp one or more of the terms. The only term that I suspect he misunderstands is government. But I took pains to state my conception of government, namely, the subjection of the non-invasive individual to an external will. If my definition of Commercialism still lacks clearness to Mr. Holmes it must be for the reason that he does not apprehend the meaning that I attach to some word or words in my definition of government, and if he will tell me which one I will try to furnish still further explanation and definition forever.

Mr. Holmes claims that he might assert that Free Communism is the condition that society will be in when government is absent and be nearer the truth. But in this he is mistaken, for there will be much more government (as defined above) in Free Communism than in Anarchist Individualism.

Mr. Holmes states that he feels sorry for me if I am suffering from a lack of acquaintance with the subject matter to which the definition is to be applied. Now, I will give him a grand opportunity to enjoy his sorrow, for I frankly confess that I have never been able to get head nor tail of the doctrines of the Free Communists. Mr. Holmes, himself, is to blame for this, for he has for many years persistently failed in all his attempts to systematize his beliefs in his writings for the public.

Free Commercialism (or rather Commercial Anarchism) may be defined

from several different points of view. The term may be applied to a condition, an end, a means, a doctrine, a system of politics, and so on. From this fact arise the following definitions, differing somewhat in form but meaning substantially the same thing for the purposes of our discussion: Free Commercialism is the condition that society will be in when government is absent. Free Commercialism (or Anarchist Socialism) is the end toward which it will be possible for society to tend when government is absent. Free Commercialism is that means of progress which consists in reducing government to a minimum. Free Commercialism is the doctrine that government should be abolished. Free Commercialism (or Philosophic Anarchism) is that political system which contains the least possible government.

Other points in Mr. Holmes' "No. 2" I will answer in a future article.

EDGAR D. BRINKERHOFF.

Box 391, Trenton, N. J.

WOULDN'T THINK OF IT.

The following is from the Blue Grass Blade and is a comment on an article in No. 118 of DISCONTENT on the acquittal of C. C. Moore:

"Nothing that has been said by anybody, by way of congratulation, in our recent defeat of the Christian enemy has given me more happiness than this from this Anarchist paper. That is the kind of a man that these Christian traitors against this government want to hang or put in the penitentiary. I have but one objection to Anarchists. They put the cart before the horse. They are in favor of having what is right and what all other good people want, and yet they call themselves Anarchists and call these villainous Christians, who pervert justice and are trying to destroy the basic principles of this government, defenders of law and government. We want this government to be just what the Infidels Paine, Franklin, Jefferson and Lincoln intended it to be, and DISCONTENT must help us to make it so that those Christian traitors can be put in the penitentiary."

There seems to be a fatality hanging over editors that renders them incapable of a logical comment upon anything pertaining to Anarchism and Anarchists. We very much deplore such misapprehension, such gross misrepresentation. Charles C. Moore, we trust, pays us a well-merited compliment when he says: "They are in favor of having what is just and right, and what all good people want." But when he says "and yet they call themselves Anarchists," he virtually declares that we are guilty of a social crime in not playing tail to some popular kite. If it be a discredit, a dishonor, to be an Anarchist, a voluntaryist, in favor of having what is just and right, we plead guilty to the charge. If the word be applied as an opprobrious epithet, if the finger point with scorn, if the heedless opposition ironically hiss A-n-a-r-c-h-i-s-t, what need we care save to stand manfully before them and repeat, "Yes, Anarchists," as significant of our love for the same and our devo-

tion to the cause which gave us the appellation.

However faulty his logic, he tells the truth so far as it pertains to Anarchists, for we do assert that Christians are the defenders of law and government. We further assert that no law has been enacted or can be enacted that does not comport with Christian ideas of the greatest good to the greatest number; not only that, but that Christians would no more think of "destroying the basic principles of this government" than would C. C. Moore. Since he is a governmentalist, that is, an advocate of invasive laws and a constabulary to enforce them, and since he is as vigorously opposed to aiding or countenancing Anarchy, and as positively declines to affiliate with Anarchists as does the most blatant Christian, we are unable to perceive any difference between his and their aims. Both are aiming for good government, a government that will deal out peace, plenty and prosperity to all who make obeisance to the powers that be. Dissenting as we do from Christian methods, we claim that they have the right to make laws to govern themselves and those who conform in their views, but we draw the line at coercing others and robbing them by taxation to support their narrow concept of human rights, yet we would no more dare to call them "villainous Christians" than we would call C. C. Moore a villainous Prohibitionist. Why? Because he is as oblivious to the cause that produces the drunkenness, vices and crimes that hang like a pall over all civilized lands as are the Christians. While DISCONTENT is opposed to government of man by man-made laws, we, as a group, will never "help to make a government so that those Christian traitors can be put in the penitentiary." Ours is not a revengeful, vindictive, retroactive rule or conduct of life. We have no faith whatever in the penitentiary as a reformatory or educational institution. We see that neither Pope, Harman, Berrier nor Moore lost any of their former aggressiveness upon and hatred of governmental iniquities, and we have the right to infer that incarcerating Christians for opinion's sake would be as barren of intended results. Individually, I am opposed to punishment, as commonly understood, but if I had to punish a Christian I would make him recite anarchistic literature wherever and whenever a sermon, a psalm singing or a plate talking was in vogue, but would leave them as free as the wind to invade each other's rights until they learned to mind their own business and let others alone.

The stream cannot rise higher than the fountain, and since the fountain, Christian morality concentrated in a government, pours forth a continuous stream of children whose bodies and brains are permeated with the virus of hate, fear, lust, venality, rascality and hypocrisy engendered by a venal church and a vicious government, we say remove these unholy inquisitions and then there will soon be self government, with its corollary, a religion that will recognize no law but truth and justice, a religion whose bond is love, whose temple is truth, whose altar is a guiltless conscience and whose creed is a life of practical righteousness. J. W. ADAMS.

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT HOME, WASH., BY
DISCONTENT PUBLISHING GROUP.

50 CENTS A YEAR

Address all communications and make
all money orders payable to DISCON-
TENT, Home, Wash.

ON PRINCIPLE.

Comrade Austin's criticism on the act of voting is very good; so far as was stated it meets with my indorsement. Her adverse comments upon Bryan, the champion of fraudulent Democracy, is quite apropos. Now, suppose a champion of Anarchy was up for office, would she strenuously object to voting for him? I should like very much to hear what the comrades have to say about Socialism and the late Socialist candidates Debs and Harriman. None of the Socialists were sanguine of victory, but there is this much about it, a very useful purpose was served—that of getting some new ideas before the human family that otherwise would be buried in oblivion were we to depend upon the feeble band of Anarchists for their propagation.

W. S. ALLEN.

My objections to voting were not based upon the personal imperfections of the respective candidates of the late campaign, but upon the principle they represented—the principle of government.

When a man is "up for office" he becomes a champion of the state, seeking a position of authority over his fellow-men, and should an avowed Anarchist ever abdicate his principles to assume this position he would not be entitled to our respect, let alone votes.

Anarchy means no government—a social order based upon the natural laws of our being, instead of upon superstitious restrictions and formulas enacted by the tyrants and nobodies of past generations.

State Socialism is mere patchwork stretched upon rotten political frames, more driving down of stakes marking the dead line of human liberty; more seeking of good and pious men to lead humanity out of the quagmire of political corruption. There is nothing new in the idea that legislative enactments can be had that will give men what is rightfully theirs; that the government can be made the people, and the people the government; no, this idea is as old as the "plan of salvation," and about as empty.

The adherents of government argue that the repeated failures of the past were due to getting the wrong men in the right place. So they are continually finding new leaders and governors and putting them in the political pesthouses, and when they (the people) find that their rulers are contaminated they cast them out with bitter wrath. Ignorant that the real cause lies in the privileges they have deemed necessary to bestow upon these wretches, they are yet determined to delegate more power to other good (?) men who will be gracious enough to PROMISE to save the dear people.

Let us profit by the history of past saviors and beware of politicians.

In regard to Debs and Harriman I can do no better than to quote the following from R. L. Zin, editor of the Labor Record, published at Joplin, Mo.

"As for Debs, he is a logical and thinking man, but he is in bad company.

When I knew him as a writer in charge of the Firemen's Journal he was a Revolutionary Socialist and not a politician. For Job Harriman, the office he is running for is too honorable; his ticket ought to read for sheriff, but God forbid he should be elected as he would not hesitate to execute anyone who did not agree with his opinions."

Judging from the above, Debs is on the downward road from true progress, and Harriman a fair sample of the men who represent government.

The strength of an idea lies in its truth, not in the number of its adherents. Those State Socialists who acknowledge Anarchy as the ultimate good have little reason for withholding adherence. Progress is often delayed by those who hide in ambush, waiting to see whether an unpopular truth lives or dies. The only way to add to the "feeble band of Anarchists" is for everyone who believes in their principles to come out and stand squarely for what they are convinced is just and right and conducive to the best interests of the race.

KATE AUSTIN.

Caplinger Mills, Mo.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE TRAVELER.

Comrade Livesey has an exalted idea of the Boston Traveler that does not accord with the facts. Not because I live within 23 miles of Boston do I pretend to be an authority, but because I think that I, for one, have been treated unfairly by that paper. On whom the log falls, let him cry out. I don't think that the Traveler makes a very great concession to the labor movement. It allows one quarter of a page sometimes to letters from the people, but most always they tuck in a comic picture of some irrelevant kind to abstract from the space. They give you small type, it is true, but it is difficult to read, and they admit no italics or paragraphic spaces. They print many letters of the most absurd and idiotic type (manifestly from cranks) in order to throw the appearance of crankism over the whole thing.

In 1896 the Traveler supported McKinley and the honest dollar, but after election admitted that the honest dollar was the most dishonest money that the world had ever seen.

Whenever a man enters the Traveler's pigstye let him remember that he is at the mercy of the editor of that department, and no matter how well he may argue, or how mindful of the rules he may be, the editor's whim can knock him out at any critical moment, and it will look to the readers as though he were driven out. Twice have I had my man where I wanted him, and have had to suffer the injustice of having my letters suppressed.

W. W. GORDAK.

WHAT ANARCHISM OUGHT TO MEAN.

The recent discussion over my articles on what Anarchy is, or over some people's misunderstandings of them, seemed to run as long as the topic warranted. I have no desire to revive it, except in one point that keeps grating on my memory—towit, Comrade Ballou's reiterated charge that I have declared myself in favor of sacrificing principle to policy. I do not believe he can show foundation for that charge in any words or actions of mine; and I request him to tell where he thinks he got his foundation.

But I wish to take up one other subject which was suggested by that discussion, or perhaps formed part of it, to-wit, what meaning is naturally appropriate to the name Anarchy. My opponents seemed to take the ground that, aside from the question of the usage of the word, there was some sort of logical necessity which required it to have a much wider meaning than I had allowed it. Anarchy, it appeared, was a maimed conception unless it was made to include a movement for the broadest liberation of mankind from everything that in anyway holds them in bondage, or to cover every liberal tendency that is current among Anarchists. And there was some careless talk about the necessity of demolishing every stone of the present social edifice. Nobody that I know of really wants to demolish the Saengerbund, the Turnverein, the light-houses, the daily weather reports, or the associations of scientists and artists, yet these are stones in the present social edifice just as much as the Episcopal church and the stock exchange are. We intend, then, to save out the permanently profitable stones of our edifice and to get rid of the unprofitable ones; and I suppose no Anarchist will deny that there are dozens and dozens to be gotten rid of. My question is whether it is desirable to let the name "Anarchy" cover the getting rid of the whole lot.

The words "Anarchy" and "liberty" have not the same origin. The former, according to modern usage, is to be analyzed as expressing the absence of government; the latter expresses the absence of slavery. Now "slavery" is an ordinary metaphor for anything that controls man to an objectionable extent. We commonly speak of a man as a slave to tobacco, prejudice, avarice, or whatever else may dominate man. We do not so commonly say that these things "govern" him, and it is rare to express their dominion over him by the noun "government." We devote the word "government" to expressing the control of one sentient being by another. In ordinary language, the control which a Brahmin guru exercises over the consciences of his clients might be called government, though, perhaps, most would say it was figuratively so called; but it would not be ordinary language to give the name of government to the control exercised by the impersonal superstition which forbids a Hindu to eat beef.

Consequently, it is etymologically inappropriate to give the name "Anarchy" or "Anarchism" to everything that might rightly be called "liberty" or "liberalism." If we agitate against the superstition which makes people think it is indecent to go naked, this is libertarian agitation, but not anarchistic agitation, for that superstition is a slavery, but not a government.

But the utility of a word is more important than its etymology. Now, if one starts a general movement against legislatures, police, courts, property, religion, morality, jealousy, vaccination, allopathy, vivisection, corsets, the study of Greek, etc.—I do not know that any person's conception of Anarchy includes all this, but this is no caricature of the notion which a superficial reader might get from a hap-hazard inspection of the Anarchist press—and claims that it is all one movement for human liberty, and, therefore, must all be called by

one name—Anarchy; then I want to know wherein the movement is one. A fair test of the unity of a movement ought to be the unity of the measures taken in its behalf. Now, I wish these friends of mine, who insist that Anarchy must include all conceivable emancipation of man, would tell what single line of activity can be used to bring about all the parts of this vast scheme of emancipation. I do not believe they can name any except the spreading of popular intelligence and a spirit of investigation. But if this is all that the unitary work of the movement consists in, then the movement, as a unit, is nothing but our old friend Education, Enlightenment, "Aufklaerung," and there is no reason for giving it the new name Anarchy. Meanwhile, it would still be very convenient if we had a name by which to distinguish that branch of the movement which is particularly concerned with the abolition of the state; and it is hard to see why the name Anarchy would not be more usefully employed in designating this special movement, or branch of a movement, which has no other name, rather than as an additional name for the whole sphere of the emancipation of the human mind.

When people think it worth while to occupy themselves with my personality they run some risk of blundering if they assume that because I define the term Anarchy more narrowly than they I, therefore, have a less broad interest in every movement to emancipate and uplift humanity. The point we are quarreling over is simply this, that I give the name "Anarchy" to one of my interests, instead of using it to glorify all my interests collectively.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

THE TRUTH STILL HEALTHY.

The Chicago courts have decided against the claim for damages for property destroyed during the Debs railroad strike in 1894. The claim for damages was turned down principally on the evidence that the burning of cars and other property was incited and carried out by hired agents of the railroad managers.

The claim of Debs and the other strike leaders that it was the railroad managers themselves who burned the cars is now sustained by the courts on the formal evidence. The Springfield Republican says about it: "The whole truth concerning this crucial affair is yet to be revealed."

But the whole truth has been known for a long time, right from the first, for any who would understand. It was a conspiracy by the constituted authorities. It was begun by the railroad managers, who saw that they would be defeated unless the federal courts and troops could be enlisted and the leaders of the strikers arrested. The burning of the cars by the "mob" worked up the right public sentiment against the strikers and permitted the courts and military authorities to act. Earlier or later, they have been knowingly parties to the crime. The judges injunctioned Debs and the other leaders, resulting in enough violations of the injunction to keep the strike leaders in jail for 20 years. Mouthpieces of the managers boasted they would do it. The loss of the leaders demoralized the strike, which went to pieces. Debs started to introduce in his trial evidence that

would have convicted the authorities of conspiracy. The courts and national authorities became themselves on trial. A juror was taken conveniently sick and the trial was dismissed. Debs was then tried without a jury, in violation of the constitution, on the nominal charge of contempt. He was sentenced to six months in the Woodstock jail. The associated press and newspapers abetted the crime by strenuously covering up the facts. The laboring men of this country have since chased themselves for a chance to vote for more injunctions and official usurpation.—C. F., in The Coming Nation.

CHAINS.

BY NELLIE M. JERAULD.

CHAPTER XXI.

How lonely it was for all at Fairview farm! They did not realize until after the young men had left how much they were needed, or how much a part of their lives they had been.

"It seems as though there had been a funeral," Blossom said mournfully.

Each one had some remark to make daily regarding the absent ones.

Carrol had been away from the farm for nearly a year. Mary's father lived on a farm and needed a strong, trusty helper, and he had asked Carrol to be that helper. Sam and Mary missed him, but, as the grandfather was pleased with him and he enjoyed his work, they said nothing to get him to return. He was not a studious boy, and thought more of work than books. He cared little for most of the things that Andrew and Howard enjoyed, and, though the boys were good friends, they were not intimate. Unprogressive and plodding, content to take the world as he found it, if it brought him some money, he had now come on a visit, and he received a cordial welcome from all.

"Have you concluded to come back here, Carrol?" asked Sam.

"No, father, I think I will stay with grandfather. He thinks he can't get along without me, and I like it there. There is a matter I want to talk over with you when you have time."

"All right; this evening I will have my work done early and we can talk."

"I want to see you and mother alone. I don't care to talk my business before the rest of the folks."

Sam did not like the tone in which this was said, but his only reply was a keen glance in his boy's face. That night Sam, Mary and Carrol were in Mary's room and Carrol opened the subject immediately by saying:

"Do you know the Pettigrew family that lives next to grandfather's farm?"

"Yes, I know them. I should think I ought to, for father was determined that I should marry John Pettigrew and thus unite the two farms."

"I don't see why you didn't do it, mother."

"I never loved anyone but your father, Carrol."

"Well, there's other things beside love. Grandfather had a talk with me before I came here and told me if I would marry Jane Pettigrew that he would leave his farm to me. He said that none of his children had done as he wanted them to, and so he would leave them nothing."

"Jane Pettigrew!" exclaimed Mary, "why, Carrol, she is older than you, but if you love her"—

"I tell you, mother," Carrol exclaimed impatiently, "I aint talking of love; that is something I don't deal in very much; I want that farm, and if I marry Jane Pettigrew I'll have both farms; the old folks can't last much longer."

"What did you want here, Carrol? My advice?" asked Sam, who had until now been silent.

"I want to get my stock. I have some horses and cattle here and I thought that mother would give me some of those chickens."

"Certainly, Carrol; you may have all that belongs to you," was Sam's answer.

"And I wanted to know if you had any interest, money interest, I mean, in this place?"

"Yes, I have put some money in it, but not all I have."

"What other property have you?"

"Why do you wish to know?"

"Well, the fact is, there are some improvements that are needed on grandfather's farm and I will need some ready cash."

"I cannot tell how much I have, nor what condition my affairs are in, but I will talk things over with you in a few days."

If Carrol had been observing he would have noticed that Sam's voice was very calm and low, too much so for Mary's peace of mind—and he would also have seen that his father's face was very white, but none of these things did he notice. Sam left the mother and son together. When they were alone Mary said:

"Carrol, I do not think you are doing the best thing for your happiness."

"Now, mother, don't be sentimental. I have some sense and I know what I am about. Jane Pettigrew is a fine housekeeper; she is tidy, a good cook, a first-class manager, and is very economical. She can make a dollar do more than anyone I ever saw, and then, mother, you folks here may think it all right and proper to live the way you do, but I don't consider it decent, and I know it is not right. You just ought to hear grandfather talk."

At last Mary was aroused. "That will do, Carrol," she said, "I do not want any more such talk. You understand, or should understand, why we have lived in this manner. You are not compelled to live in the same way, and, though you have wounded me deeply, I can only wish you may be as happy as your father has been and have as happy a home as you have had here."

"I only told the truth, mother; you don't know how a fellow feels when he thinks of his father and mother living as you folks do. I think that my sister and Blossom ought to know just how matters stand and then be allowed to leave here if they want to."

They will be allowed to do as they please, and they will not be deceived. Blossom understands that we live a free life, and your sister shall know as much as you do when she is your age."

When the family were gathered together at the breakfast table the next morning after the conversation between Carrol and his parents the former noticed the exquisite neatness of the table. The dainty finishing touches were due to Blossom's deft fingers, that he well knew. He noticed the vase in the cen-

tre of the table filled with flowers; then he looked at Blossom herself, and instantly the contrast between her and Jane Pettigrew seemed very vivid. Then he looked at his sister—a pretty girl, much younger than himself, but well liked by all, and her father's joy. At first he felt that he might be making a mistake, but when he thought of the broad acres he said to himself, "It is worth all it costs."

It was a pleasant breakfast room and a happy family, though on this morning it was noticed that Mary's eyes were heavy and that Sam was in a very quiet, thoughtful mood.

Rollin and Jennie were very attentive to Carrol and tried to make him feel that he was welcome. He wanted to know about the boys, Andrew and Howard, and asked if it did not take a lot of money to travel so far.

"Yes," answered Rollin, "but that is all money is for, simply to give us an equivalent in goods of some kind."

Carrol made no answer, for he was a little in awe of Rollin. After breakfast each one went to their different duties, and James asked Ida to help him with the books that morning.

"I am getting behind with my work and it is pushing me now; my father used to say 'push your work, don't let it push you,' but this time of the year there is a great deal to do."

"Now, James, be honest and say it is only an excuse for keeping Ida with you," laughed Rollin.

"Call it what you please; of course, I want Ida with me."

"And, of course, I want to go," answered Ida, and they left the table with his arm around her waist, as loving as when they had come from that dark valley of the shadow of death.

When they were gone Blossom said: "Mama, Aunt Mary says my last butter was almost as nice as yours, wont you trust me to make it?"

"Do Jennie, and come with me today. I want to drive over to the pasture and see the new wire fence that Sam has been praising."

"It's all right, for it turns that old razorback of Bascoms," laughed Sam.

It was decided that Blossom should attend to the butter.

"Don't put in sugar instead of salt," cautioned Rollin, and then there was a merry romp when Blossom tried to punish her father, and it all ended in her being caught and petted and kissed by the loving parent.

When the buggy was driven to the gate Carrol, who had been standing at the window since he left the table, noticed the tender, loving care and the kiss that Rollin bestowed on Jennie as he put her in the buggy and tucked the dustrobe around her.

Uncle Andrew and Aunt Marion were getting the eggs ready for market—testing them and putting them in the egg case—and a low hum of conversation and a merry laugh reached him from that direction.

"The same old fools," Carrol muttered.

His sister had gone to help Blossom, and Ida and James' little daughter was at work with her lessons. Sam and Mary were at the gate, Sam being on his way to the Glen. Carrol could not hear what they were saying but he felt that he was the topic of their conversation. Sam was saying:

"Do not take it to heart, dear Mary. I know it was not pleasant to have the boy talk as he did, but we must remember that he has been among very narrow-minded people, and then, Mary, his predominant characteristic, his love of the almighty dollar, was in me just as strong when you first knew me."

"Oh, you do comfort me, Sam, but think of the unhappiness in store for him."

"He will have to learn his lesson, dear; I hope it will not be so hard for him as it was for me; and now, dear, don't worry; goodbye, I must go to the Glen and see that everything is ready for that picnic party."

Then Sam kissed her and was gone.

Years after Carrol recalled this cheerful room, the dainty table, the loving group, and sighed bitterly for what "might have been."

A week later Sam asked Carrol to come to the office at the Glen, where he found his mother, and Sam said:

"Carrol, viewing this as merely a business matter it is all right. You seem to have the ability to make your money double, and you have shown that you are capable of holding on to it, and as I am not afraid of your losing anything, I am going to turn over to you all that I feel it is right for you to have."

Then followed an account of horses, cattle and money from his father. Mary added the poultry that he had wanted so much and some household goods. They were dealing very generously with him, and, grasping and greedy as he was, Carrol felt a little ashamed. When this business was finished Sam said to Carrol:

"Now, I must add a few words, perhaps not quite so pleasant, as to your future wellbeing and happiness. If you can be satisfied with land and stock and money you will undoubtedly be happy, but, my son, remember that there comes a time in everyone's life when the heart will be heard, when the starvation will make itself known, and then you will find out how empty are all these things that you are reaching for today. You are going to marry a woman, not because you love her, but because you love her land. You will stand at the marriage altar and swear to a lie. You will promise to love her so long as life lasts. Hear me out, Carrol, I will not annoy you again, but I must tell you what I know to be true, profit by it or not, just as you choose. I did what you are going to do, though my motive was not wholly mercenary. I suffered, and I would be glad to keep you from doing as I did. You told your mother that we were not decent, or something to that effect. Carrol, I never knew what it was to live, or to be happy, until I loved this good woman, your mother, and a nobler, purer woman than Mary Archer never existed. If you think that the marriage ceremony will make pure and holy such a union as you are contemplating, I am sorry for your ignorance, but you know better. I will always be ready to help you if you need me, but I have warned you, and I will not refer to this subject again. It will be necessary, however, for you to tell Rollin and Uncle Andrew of your affairs, for the horses and cattle must be taken out of the pastures, and I do not care to drive them out without an understanding."

Mary said nothing except "I will help you if you need me; and I hope that you will not find too much unhappiness in your new life, and that you will get all you desire."

(To be continued.)

WILLIAM MORRIS.

Of all the noble figures in modern history William Morris, of England, stands forth as the grandest and noblest figure of them all.

William Morris was one of those rare individuals with a wealth of knowledge, a full, rounded-out character, and a physique capable of much exertion, and a seeming endless variety of activities. He was an ideal man; a true type of the simon-pure Anarchist Communist. He lived what he preached, or came as near it as he could, and his strength of character enabled him to come very close to his ideal.

He could not abolish the slums of London, nor the dirt-creating, coal-using workshops, as he would like to have done, but so far as his own personal affairs were concerned he got rid of the elements in them which he so cordially despised, such as profit and abstract management. In other words, he shared the profits of his textile factories with his employes, and his wife worked in the factory on an exact equality with the others. In this we see in him the practical man that he was. He not only preached no profit and no boss, but he put into practice a system of operation in his factories which eliminated both. In this his estimable wife shared his zeal and heartily seconded his plans. Such examples of the living out of theories are indeed rare.

William Morris might have been a millionaire. He might have "moved in good society," and been lionized as a great author, artist, poet and an ornament to merry old England, but he preferred to be a worker, live with the workers, and work for the final emancipation of the workers.

He was a patternmaker by trade. He picked up modeling in clay, and turned out many pieces of fine, artistic work, purely for the love of doing and his love of art. He learned to set type, and evenings, after his day's work was done, would set up and print books and pamphlets he had written, and he has given us the finest and most imperishable inspiration, in our work as revolutionists, of any writer on the problem of social evolution, or the reconstruction of society. "News from Nowhere" is the most beautiful and withal the most charming picture of the future society ever yet published, and has found its way into the hands of people of all classes the world around.

True to his theories of Anarchist Communism (he called it Free Communism to distinguish it from the Tuckerism known as Anarchism in London), he never grew invasive but was ever ready to defend, even with violence, the rights we now enjoy, and to do all in his power to secure greater freedom. When the agitators were violently driven from Trafalgar square William Morris was in the crowd that recaptured it from the officers and, mounting the pedestal of the Nelson monument, eloquently pointed out the good time coming when governments and poverty would be no more. At one time when the police interfered with a public meeting he was attending he literally cracked their heads together and threw them out of the door.

William Morris led a very, very busy life, working all day, writing and printing books in the evening. But for all

that he found time to hold street-corner meetings three evenings per week and Sunday afternoons, until his failing health prevented.

He was a natural man. He loathed the sham artificialism of the now. A lover of nature, he was both poet and artist. He understood the longing of the human mind. It was because of his intimate knowledge and understanding of all these things that his poems, books and pamphlets appeal so strongly to all who read them.

In conclusion let me say that no better missionary literature can be scattered than the writings of William Morris. Once the inspiration of his works is caught it is never lost. Once the spirit of revolution and the optimistic hope of a "good time coming" which animated him lays hold on anyone, they ever look forward, hopeful and determined, with a vision of a free, fresh earth constantly before their eyes, contrasting with the sordid and soiled world we know.

If you have not read "News from Nowhere" and "Poems by the Way" get them. They are nice at home and splendid to lend about.

HENRY A. DISCONT.

ASSOCIATION NOTES.

Gertrude Mellinger has been sick for two weeks, but she is better now. She will resume her duties in the school next week.

Sylvia Allen, who has been away for the past two months teaching a school, returned last week, and all were glad to see her back.

J. E. Larkin has just finished clearing two acres of land for J. W. Adams. The stump puller, with the piling arrangement, works well.

Word was received last week of the death of Mrs. Sallie M. Dike, who died in Westminister, Mass., October 21, at the age of 87 years. She was the mother of our esteemed comrade, Mattie D. Penhallow.

Harry Winter, who was here over a week ago, has returned and brought his trunk this time. He evidently is pleased with something here. We don't quite understand what the attraction is, but he says he is going to stay, and we can't stop him. He has ordered the lumber for his house and will commence to build as soon as it arrives.

HOW TO GET TO HOME.

All those intending to make us a visit will come to Tacoma and take the steamer TYPHOON for HOME. The steamer leaves Commercial dock on Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1 p. m. Leaves Sunday at 8 a. m. Be sure to ask the captain to let you off at HOME.

RECEIPTS.

Discontented, Honolulu, \$1.50, Moe \$1, Rotschek 50c, Anderson 50c, Occidental Hotel 50c, Billy for John 50c, Michener 50c, Shidler 25c, Wayland 25c, Christensen 5c.

AGENTS WANTED

To introduce our Lightning Grease Remover. Will remove grease, paint, oil, etc., from clothing, silk, etc. Every package guaranteed to do as represented or money refunded. Cannot be equaled as a kid glove cleaner. Sample outfit 25c. Address N. M. JERARD, Santa Clara, Ala.

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Articles of Incorporation and Agreement of
the Mutual Home Association.

Be it remembered, that on this 17th day of January, 1893, we, the undersigned, have associated ourselves together for the purpose of forming a corporation under the laws of the State of Washington.

That the name of the corporation shall be The Mutual Home Association.

The purpose of the association is to assist its members in obtaining and building homes for themselves and to aid in establishing better social and moral conditions.

The location of this corporation shall be at Home, located on Joes Bay, Pierce County, State of Washington; and this association may establish other places in this state; branches of the same where two or more persons may wish to locate.

Any person may become a member of this association by paying into the treasury a sum equal to the cost of the land, he or she may select, and one dollar for a certificate, and subscribing to this agreement.

The affairs of this association shall be conducted by a board of trustees, elected as may be provided for by the by-laws.

A certificate of membership shall entitle the legal holder to the use and occupancy of not less than one acre of land nor more than two (less all public streets) upon payment annually into the treasury of the association a sum equal to the taxes assessed against the tract of land he or she may hold.

All money received from memberships shall be used only for the purpose of purchasing land. The real estate of this association shall never be sold, mortgaged or disposed of. A unanimous vote of all members of this association shall be required to change these articles of incorporation.

No officer, or other person, shall ever be empowered to contract any debt in the name of this association.

All certificates of membership shall be for life.

Upon the death of any member a certificate of membership shall be issued covering the land described in certificate of membership of deceased:

First: To person named in will or bequest.
Second: Wife or husband.
Third: Children of deceased; if there is more than one child they must decide for themselves.

All improvements upon land covered by certificate of membership shall be personal property, and the association as such has no claim thereon.

Any member has the right of choice of any land not already chosen or set aside for a special purpose.

CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP.

This is to certify that has subscribed to the articles of incorporation and agreement and paid into the treasury of the Mutual Home Association the sum of . . . dollars, which entitles . . . to the use and occupancy for life of lot . . . block . . . as plotted by the association, upon complying with the articles of agreement.