

LUCIFER

THE LIGHT-BEARER.

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LUCIFER--THE LIGHT-BEARER.
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No communications inserted unless accompanied by the real name of the author.
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Write date from the First of January, 1901. This era is called the Era of Man (E. M.), to distinguish it from the theological epoch that preceded it. In that epoch the earth was supposed to be flat, the sun was its attendant light revolving about it. Above was Heaven where God ruled supreme over all potentates and powers; on earth ruled the Pope as the viceregent of God; below was the kingdom of the Devil, Hell. So taught the Bible. Then came the New Astronomy, the astronomy of Copernicus, Galileo and Bruno. It demonstrated that the earth is a globe revolving about the sun; that the stars are worlds and suns; that there is no "up" and "down" in space. Vanished the old heaven, vanished the old hell; the earth became the home of man. Bruno sealed his devotion to the new truth with his life on the 17th day of February, 1600. During the 17th century Grotius wrote the first work upon international law. This was the herald of the Arbitration which is to supplant war in the settlement of national differences. Carlyle says: "Tell me what a man thinks of this universe, and I will tell you what his religion is." When the modern Cosmology among the Bible and the Church, as infallible oracles, had to go, for they had taught that regarding the universe which was now shown to be untrue in almost every particular. So we take the beginning of the 17th century as an appropriate and a convenient starting point from which to date the Era of Man.

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THE WARNING VOICE.
With this splendid poem, written in 1847 when the famine was desolating Ireland, and when the Irish Confederation was formed, we have taken a few liberties in the way of changing some half-dozen words, but its grand inspiration and sublime fervor remain untouched and unsurpassed. It is peculiarly appropriate at this time.
Ye Faithful--ye noble!
A day is at hand
Of trial and trouble,
And wo in the land!
Over a once sacred path,
Now blasted and sterile
Its dusk shadows loom--
It cometh with Wrath,
With Conflict and Peril,
With Judgment and Doom!

False bands shall be broken,
Dead systems shall crumble,
And the Haughty shall hear
Truths yet never spoken.
Though mouldering like flame
Through many a long year
In the hearts of the humble;
For, if Heaven will expire
As the Terror draws nigh,
And, with it, the shame
Which so long overweighed
Men's mind, but its might--
And the Powers abroad--
Will be Panic and Blight,
And phrenetic Sorrow--
Black Pest, all the night
And Death on the morrow.
Now, therefore, ye True,
Gird your loins up anew!
By the good, you have wrought!
By all you have thought,
And suffered and done!
By your rights I implore you,
Be led to your mission--
Remember that one
Of the two paths before you
Slopes down to Perdition!
To you have been given,
Not granite and gold,
But the love that is long,
And waxes not cold;
And the zeal that hath striven
Against error and wrong,
And in fragments hath given
The chains of the strong!
Hide now, by your sternest
Conceptions of earnest
Endurance for others!
Your weaker-souled brothers!
Your true faith and worth
Will be history soon,
And their statues will forth
In the unsparing noon.

You have dreamed of an era
Of knowledge and Truth,
And Peace--and glory!
Was this a chimera?
Not so! but the childhood and youth
Of our days will grow hoary
Before such a marvel shall burst on their sight.
On you its beams glow not--
For you its flowers blow not!
You can not rejoice in its light,
But in darkness and suffering instead,
You go down to the place of the Dead!
To this generation
The sore tribulation,
The great affliction,
And foam of the popular Ocean,
The struggle of class against class;
The Death and the Sadness;
The sword and the War vest;
To the next, the Repose and the Gladness.
"The sea of clear glass,"
And the rich golden harvest!
Know, then, your true lot,
Ye faithful, though few!
Understand your position,
Remember your mission,
And vacillate not.
Whatever ensue!
After not faller not!
Butter not now with your own manly souls,
When each moment that rolls
May see Death by his hand
On some new victim's brow!
Oh! let not your now
Have been written in sand!
Leave cold calculations
Of Danger and Pleasure
To the slaves and traitors
Who cannot discern
The distant sensations
That now make them tremble
With phantasies vague--
The men without ruth--
The hypocrite haters
Of Goodness and Truth,
Who at heart curse the race
Of the sun through the skies,
And would look in Truth's face
With a lie in their eyes!
To the last of your duty,
Still mindful of this--
That Justice is Bounty,
And Wisdom and Bless:
So however as frail man, you have erred
on
Your way along life's thronged road,
Shall your conscience prove a sure
guardian
And tower of defence,
Until Destiny summons you hence
To the lowly CLARENCE MANGAN.

WAS IT A FAIR TRIAL?
An Appeal to the Governor of Illinois.
(By Gen. M. J. Trumbull.)
(Continued.)
UNFAIR TACTICS OF THE STATE'S ATTORNEY.
The course pursued by the counsel for the State was unfair throughout the trial. A few examples of the strategy and tactics they employed will prove this accusation. They were permitted to imitate Mark Antony when he in-

flamed the passions of the Roman populace by pointing them to "Caesar's vesture wounded." They were permitted to show the jury not only the wounded vesture of Matthias Degau, but also that of several other men whose names were not in the indictment at all. They were permitted to call the attention of the jury to the blood upon the vesture after the style of Antony, when he said:
"See what a rent the envious Casca made,
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus
stabbed.
And as he plucked his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Caesar followed it."
The artful stump-speech of Antony was perfectly legitimate. It was not made in a judicial proceeding, but in a political contest. He was of the opposite party to that of Brutus. The struggle between them was for the possession of the offices and the control of the government; but had Antony been State's Attorney, prosecuting Brutus and Cassius under an indictment for the murder of Caesar, the Roman judges would not have allowed him to practice before a jury in the Court House the methods he employed in the streets before a mob. The object of Antony in Caesar's case, and of the counsel for the people in Degau's case, were alike to excite feelings of anger and revenge in the men they were talking to, the jury in the one case, the mob in the other. There was no dispute whatever about the manner of Degau's death, and therefore the exposure of this "wounded vesture" to the jury was useless and superfluous, except as an appeal for vengeance. The Supreme Court, unwilling to sanction such a method, finds a weak excuse for it, and mildly rebukes it, thus:

The articles in question were presented in the condition in which they were left after being exposed to the force of an exploding bomb, for the purpose of showing the power of dynamite as an explosive substance. While this kind of testimony may not have been very material, we cannot see that it was to such an extent incompetent as to justify a reversal.
No, it is not pretended that every error is enough of itself to justify a reversal, but when the errors are multitudinous, as they are in this case, a new trial ought to have been allowed. The power of dynamite as an explosive substance was not in issue. It was conceded that dynamite was an explosive substance, and that a dynamite bomb killed Degau. The jury knew that dynamite was an explosive substance. They knew it as well before the torn and bloody clothing was exhibited as they did afterward. Mark Antony could as pertinently say that he showed the rent vesture of Caesar to convince the people that daggers had the power to cut. The excuse fails; the purpose of the exhibition is too plain.
The counsel for the State were permitted to put leading questions to their own witnesses, notably to Gilmer, the most rickety witness of all. He swore that he saw the bomb thrown, and could recognize the man who threw it. A portrait of Schnaubelt was handed to him, and he was asked if that was the man. His answer was, "I say that is the man that threw the bomb out of the alley." The question was leading, for it led the witness at once to the desired answer, yes. The offer of the picture by itself for identification was unfair. It should have been mixed with others and the witness required to select the portrait of Schnaubelt, without aid or suggestion from anybody. So he was permitted, in a theatrical way, to point out Spies as the man who lighted the fuse. This was all done after the style and manner of minor theaters where the villain of the play is accidentally identified by a stranger who suddenly appears upon the scene. It is amazing that the Supreme Court allowed itself to be imposed upon by this bit of melodrama. Here is the way the scene is described in the written opinion:
"When shown a photograph of Schnaubelt,

he said: 'I say this is the man that threw the bomb out of the alley.' When asked who the man was that came from the wagon towards the group referred to, and lighted the match, he pointed to the defendant Spies and said, 'that is the man, right there.'
This, if natural would be impressive, but it was entirely mechanical and artificial. As the mummery of stage identification is rehearsed behind the scenes, so was this. The witness had rehearsed his part, and very likely had studied the picture. It had been shown to the witnesses for the State by the Assistant District Attorney, in his own office, and it is morally certain that it had been shown to Gilmer. So, as to Spies, Gilmer had seen the prisoners day after day and knew them all. A performance which could impress a calm judicial body like the Supreme Court must have made a still greater impression on the jury.
It is shown by a chain of impartial circumstances that the testimony of Gilmer cannot possibly be true. He is contradicted by the positive testimony of a great many witnesses for the defense. He is contradicted by the negative testimony of witnesses for the prosecution. His testimony and theirs cannot be reconciled. His testimony is inconsistent with itself, and it is contradicted by inanimate witnesses that cannot lie--the street, the alley, the houses in the neighborhood of the tragedy, the wagon, the pile of lumber and the suture of Schnaubelt. Three all bear witness that the testimony of Gilmer is not true. It is impossible counsel for the State could have believed it at the close of the trial, though they may have believed it at the beginning. Notwithstanding its demonstrated falsity the testimony of Gilmer was played on the jury with great ingenuity. It was reinforced from Des Moines so that it might last until the rendition of the verdict. Its importance to the State was very great, for it was the only thread that connected any of the defendants with the actual throwing of the bomb, and though it was weak as the thread of smoke that rises from the burning end of a cigar, it played an awful part in the doom of seven men. More than any other part of the secondary evidence, it controlled the jury; and although the Supreme Court evidently distrusted it, and even disbelieved it, the tremendous judgment of the court tries to rest upon it. Uneasy there, it throws the responsibility upon the jury, and seeks a foundation somewhere else. Here is the nervous expression of the Court:
"There is a mass of testimony in the record in reference to the statements made by Thompson and Gilmer. Some of this testimony sustains these statements and some of it contradicts them. It is sufficient to say that it is very conflicting. It was the province of the jury to pass upon it. They had a right to consider it in connection with all the other facts and circumstances in the case. It is not necessary for us to pass any opinion upon it, as we think there is evidence enough in the record to sustain the finding of the jury independently of the testimony of Thompson and Gilmer."

What is that but the expression of an opinion adverse to the witnesses who contradicted Gilmer? It is hardly a judicial expression either, for it shows feeling on the part of the Court. The genuine opinion of the Supreme Court that the testimony of Gilmer was worthless glimmers in the concluding sentence, "There is enough to sustain the finding independently of the testimony given by Thompson and Gilmer."
THE PROVINCE OF THE JURY.
Whenever the evidences weak, false

contradictory, improbable, or impossible, redress is denied on the ground that it was "the province of the jury" to act upon it in their own way. This testimony is important if true, serious the Supreme Court, unimportant if false, there is enough without it.
In that very dangerous way, a jury manifestly unfriendly to the defendants is made sole critic of the evidence. It is in the appeal of the defendants that the jury itself was not "impartial," that it was a class jury, not fairly chosen from the "body of the county," that care was taken to select persons hostile to the accused even from the classes drawn upon, and that the State was allowed a greater number of challenges than the law intended; a number, which, whether legal or not, gave the prosecution an unfair advantage. Yet this jury is given absolute ownership of the evidence in the case; to use it at their own discretion for one side and against the other, even to the hanging of seven men. The Supreme Court abdicates its power to pass upon the character, quality and sufficiency of evidence in the most important case ever tried in the State of Illinois. "This in tiresome phraseology reported over and over again.
"The jury were warranted in believing that the bomb was made by Lingg;" "the jury were warranted in believing that the Haymarket meeting was not intended to be peaceable;" "the jury were warranted in believing that the bomb was thrown and shots fired as a part of the execution of the conspiracy;" "it was for the jury to say whether the evidence for the defense was more worthy of belief;" "the jury had the right to look at it in the light of the principles advocated by the international organization;" "it was for the jury to say whether the fatal result may have been brought about through the influence of the utterances put forth by the organs here designated;" "the jury were warranted in believing that Parsons was associated with the man who threw the bomb;" "it was for the jury to say whether any others, than the members of that conspiracy, had undertaken to make such weapons;" and so on, in monotonous formulae, page after page. A jury which the defendants allege was not impartial is made infallible judge of the legal and moral quality of all the evidence.

In selecting a jury to try the Anarchists the principle of impartiality was violated. The form of the statute may have been observed, but the spirit of the law was not. Whole classes of qualified persons were stricken from the jury lists, or, at least, they were not summoned in the case, which amounts to the same thing. Unfortunately these were what are known as the "working classes," the classes to which the defendants belonged, and of which, in part, they were supposed to be representatives in socialistic and political opinions. They were disqualified for jury service as effectually as if they had been disfranchised altogether. The whole machinery of legal administration was in the hands of the prosecution; and a common bully, a subordinate part of that machinery, was made absolute dictator and autocrat of a jury.
FOR THE DEFENSE FUND.
We have received from the "Echoes Publishing Company," Hannibal, Mo. the following books as a donation to our Defense Fund:
One dozen "The Idea of God and the Religious aspects of Spiritualism." By J. Whittemore, M. D. Price, 15
One dozen "Origin of the Bible," By Dr. Whittemore, Price, 10
6 copies "Views of the Summer-Land, or, The poems of Rev. Asa Warren." Paper, Price reduced from 50c to 25
4 copies of the same, boards, price reduced from 75c to 40
Please help us to dispose of these books at once, good friends, as we very much need the money.
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let that cold of your run on. You think it is a light thing. But it may run into catarrh, Or into pneumonia. Or consumption. (Catsarrh is disgusting. Pneumonia is dangerous. Consumption is death itself.) The breathing apparatus must be kept healthy and clear of all obstructions and offensive matter. Otherwise there is trouble ahead.
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Whenever the evidences weak, false

Whenever the evidences weak, false

VALLEY FALLS, KAN., NOV. 18, 1897.

MOSES HARMAN & E. C. WALKER
EDITORS.

M. HARMAN AND GEO. S. HARMAN
PUBLISHERS.

OUR PLATFORM.

Perfect Freedom of Thought and Action for every individual within the limits of his own personality.
Self-Government the only true Government
Liberty and Responsibility the only Basis of Morality.

COVER THEM OVER WITH BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS.

QUARTET.
Cover them over with beautiful flowers;
Deck them with garlands, these brothers of ours;
Lying so silent by night and by day,
Sleeping the years of their manhood away.

CHORUS—Deck them with garlands, these brothers of ours
Cover them over with beautiful flowers.
Give them the meed they have won in the past;
Give them the honors their future forecast;
Give them the chaplets they won in the strife;
Give them the laurels they lost with their life.

CHORUS—Deck them with garlands, etc.
Cover them over, yes, cover them over,
Parent and husband, brother and lover;
Crown in your hearts these dead heroes of ours;
Cover them over with beautiful flowers.

CHORUS—Deck them with garlands, etc
Prize, THOMPSON WOOD,
"Truth Seeker Collection."

Many of our Labor and Socialist exchanges are coming to us heavily dressed in mourning in honor of the murdered men of Chicago. While heartily sympathizing with the spirit which prompts this manifestation of respect for the worthy dead, we do not reverse our column rules, for the reason that we regard public mourning as a vain ostentation. Especially do we deprecate the profane display of somber black as calculated to add needless gloom and pain to the fact and scenes of death. Then, also, the habit imposes a grievous burden upon the poor, who generally think they must vie with the wealthy in the outward acknowledgement and assertion of their grief.

THE DEED IS DONE!

At last the crime of crimes is accomplished! At length the curtain falls upon the most tragical of all the long series of tragical acts that have made the names Illinois and Chicago famous, or rather INFAMOUS, the world over.
At 54 minutes past eleven, Friday morning, November 11, the fatal drop fell, and then began the slow choking to death of four men whose names will go down to posterity as among the bravest, the truest, the most self-sacrificing of humanity's saviors.
Choked to death! Their necks not broken! And yet Sheriff Matson received praise for doing the job scientifically, "decently and in order!" Think of waking from a trance in the vault of a grave; your hands securely bound; struggling, gasping, for breath, five, ten or fifteen mortal minutes! Would not an eternity of horrors seem to be compressed within those minutes? And such must be the experience of him who suffers death by the hangman's noose, and whose neck is not broken by the fall. If all the demons of the fabled bottomless pit had put their wits together they could scarcely have invented a more barbarous, a more inhuman, a more thoroughly devilish way of taking human life! Talk of civilization and progress in the 19th century! The headsmen's axe of the dark ages was merciful and humane compared with the slow strangulation plan of Sheriff Matson. No wonder Louis Lingg preferred to blow his own head to pieces with a fulminating cap, and no wonder that Parsons and Spies expressed an intense desire to be able to end their lives in the same way. The published description of the dying struggles of the four is one of the most sickening, most horrible recitals I have ever read. If these our human brothers had been shot, been guil-

lined, been killed by an electric shock, or smothered to death with chloroform, the details of their dying struggles would not haunt and horrify us as they haunt and horrify us to-day.

The news, though to some extent expected, comes upon us like a stunning blow. And they are dead! five of the seven are dead, dead, dead! so far as human law, incarnated in the persons of their revengeful, their figment-worshipping human brothers can make them so. But are they dead in the real, in the absolute sense? *I think not!* What- ever may have become of their conscious identity, the individual, the personal ego of each—their lives, the real men, have not been extinguished, have not been destroyed. Life is force! and, on the principle of the conservation and correlation of forces, the life-force, the mind, the psycho- essence—of these men still exists. Nothing is lost, unless it be personal identity, and this is of comparatively small consequence in the economy of the Universe. The work they have done, the impetus they have given to the cause of human emancipation from monopolistic despotism, can never, never die! SCAFFOLD GLORIOUS.

It has been said of John Brown and his comrades that they made the "scaffold glorious." If this be true of the martyrs in the abolition cause, much more is it true now of the martyrs in the cause of Labor vs. Monopoly. The Abolitionists made many and grievous mistakes, as most men now admit. Many of them were fanatical extremists and advocated and even practiced methods that now find few defenders. So also with the Chicago Seven. They doubtless, in their enthusiastic devotion to what seemed to them the cause of human emancipation from worse than chattel slavery, committed some grievous errors—or, more correctly speaking, they advocated measures that not many, even of labor reformers, believe to be practical if even just and humane. But both the Abolitionists and the Anarchists, so-called, had the courage of their convictions, if men ever can be said to have the courage of their convictions. The charge of cowardice—of being cowardly assassins, is one that the history of the trial, and the grandly heroic manner in which they met their cruel fate, must forever put to shame. II.

INTO SILENCE.

Five of the Seven are dead and the remaining two are to live in life-long confinement. For Spies, and Parsons, for Fischer and Engel and Lingg, the liberty of death; for Fielden and Schwab the slavery of fettered life.
Patience, O brethren and comrades of the slain! Patience, O workers everywhere! Let thoughts of vengeance go. It was the System that murdered the men who so bravely, grandly, died. Work wisely, ceaselessly, through educative and supplanting methods for the elimination of that System. Do not dash yourselves in vain against the granite walls of the citadel of Privilege. That is what your foes wish you to do. It was to goad you to deeds of rashness that Mrs. Parsons and Mrs. Holmes were locked in a station cell; that your foredoomed leaders were denied the right to speak their farewells from the scaffold; that Parsons was literally choked into silence as he plead, "Let the voice of the people be heard;" that the trap and ropes were so arranged that the necks of the victims were not broken and so they slowly strangled to death, and that the police forbade you to show your grief by the display of the symbols of woe and to publicly utter your protest against the awful judicial crime which was consummated with such accessories of needless horrors. Do not fall into their traps; they are seeking an excuse to shoot you down and to bury forever the Labor Movement in the grave with your poor mangled bodies. Do not gratify them by the commission of one act of violence. Restrain the impulsive hand that would exact vengeance for dear ones most unfairly tried and foully slaughtered. Bridle the tongue and hold fast the pen that might speak or write words dangerous to your own liberty and lives and perilous to the cause you would serve.
Whatever their faults, however mistaken some of their ideas, these men died most heroically. They ascended the scaffold with unflin-

ing steps and for death and the instruments of Tyranny who inflicted it they showed the scorn of free men. No less than Socialism may Free Thought claim as its very own these five martyrs, the four who choked to death upon the gibbet and the one who died by his own brave hand. Unto the last they rejected the proffered services of superstition, and walking to death they smiled sarcastically at the spectacle of a minister trying to induce them to listen to the puerile tales of a barbarous theology. Were not they themselves, in the truest and grandest sense, Saviors, dying for Humanity? The Future will answer, YES.

They are dead. For them the dawn no more shall come up the eastern skies. Not again shall their ears list to the thrilling melodies of the wild birds in the green old woods. Upon all the fairness and glory of earth their eyes are forever closed. Love is not for them where they slowly pass to elemental atoms in the graves to which revengeful Power has consigned them. Theirs never again shall be the kisses of mothers and wives and sweethearts, the clinging clasp of their children's hands, the sweet prattle of baby voices.
They are at rest.
For them one word,—Farewell.
For those who mourn them there is the comfort that they died loyal to their high faiths. And for the days and years to come there shall be Courage and Work. W.

LAST WORDS.

There was no sign of shrinking at the last, no words of fear or supplication or remorse. Most cowardly advantage was taken of them, the caps being drawn over their faces without a word of warning, before they had a minute in which to utter the briefest sentences of farewell. Spies was the first to seize the last fleeting moment; between his tightly clenched teeth he cried,—
There will come a time when our silence will be more powerful than the voices they are straining to death.

As a ringing echo of Spies' last syllable sounded these words from the lips of Engel,—
Hurrah for Anarchy!
Fischer's spirit was fired by Engel's cry and he exclaimed, more loudly than his elder Comrade,—
Hurrah for Anarchy! This is the happiest moment of my life.
Then came the voice of Parsons,—
May I be allowed to speak? Will you let me speak, Sheriff Matson? Let the voice of the people be heard!

And then the drop fell, even as the Chief said, spoke, and—*They slowly strangled to death under the pitiless sky of noon, murdered by the pitiless hands of their brother men.*
Their dying Testimonies will live in the hearts of true men and women long after the names of their slaughterers are effaced from every human record and the last State that murders men for their opinions will have been supplanted by a truly human and humane Association.

Some capitalistic scribbler has sneeringly and falsely said that these martyr-champions of the proletariat were "cowardly murderers;" another has called them "cowardly bomb-throwers." Well! there was no cowardice in their deaths, at all events; no vain plea for mercy, either to men or gods; no wailing cry of despair. Many centuries ago there is said to have lived a man, now worshipped as a god, who is reported to have been put to death by the Authorities for seditious talk. What were his last words? The Record saith (I do not vouch for its accuracy) that when upon the cross, the scaffold of his time, he cried aloud,—
My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me? W.

THIS IS FOR DELINQUENTS, ONLY.

Are you as tired of these reminders as we are? We shall know if you are, for we have a sure way of telling. If seeing these "duns" so often, makes you as tired as it does us you will at once remit what is due us! This will be a sure and satisfactory test.
Now things! Coal Oil utilized for fuel saving its cost every month. Sells at sight! Agents wanted. Write for terms at once, and be first in the field.
CELMAN FUEL CARTRIDGE CO.,
St. Joseph, Mo.

IN THE SHADOW.

Under the weight of the great, the overshadowing calamity that has fallen upon us, and upon the defenders of freedom and justice the world over, I have not the heart to continue, in this issue, the discussion of "methods" that for some weeks has been running in LUCIFER'S columns. Not that I think the question of methods to be irrelevant even to a proper estimate of the life-work of the immortal "Seven of Chicago," five of whom were murdered last week—it was in the methods of work proposed by them, not in their objects,—abolition of monopoly—that I differed from them—but simply and only because, in times like this, points of difference should be kept in the background and those of agreement brought to the front, so as to present, as much as possible, a united phalanx towards the common enemy.

I think it right and proper, however, to say this, in regard to said discussion:
I have not the slightest objection to having my own words quoted against me in LUCIFER by the Junior, or by any one else, provided I am allowed, in the same issue of the paper, to interpret my own language. I had no opportunity of doing this last week.

In next issue I shall probably have something to say in regard to my past record on the question of legitimate methods of work. II.

As between the possibility of having my course of action misunderstood if I drop the discussion with II. now, and the certainty of mistaking space if we continue it in the form it has now assumed, there is the choice of evils, and the first alternative seems so much the lesser of the two that I unhesitatingly state that I shall say no more, beyond reiterating here that I am firmly convinced of the truth of all my statements heretofore made. W.

MONOPOLY MUST DIE.

"A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man."
So sang the friend of the poor and lowly, Oliver Goldsmith. His "Deserted Village" was a protest against King Monopoly. The scenes he described, many of them, were simply the poet's dream of the possibilities of the future, rather than of the achievements of the past. There never was a time when every rood of England's soil maintained its man but that such a statement might be realized is very possible. It is doubtless true that under high cultivation by hand-labor, not by the skinning and impoverishing methods of machine farming, a single rood of good soil would produce abundance of grain and vegetables to supply the natural wants of one man. In ponds and lagoons, now worthless, or worse than worthless, an almost unlimited amount of fish might be raised for human food. Coal, gas and oil, presumably without limit, lie beneath us, asking only hand and brain labor—supplemented by natural motor powers—to bring them to the surface for warming and lighting human habitations. Under fraternal co-operation none need be unemployed; all could have their natural wants supplied; all could have homes; all could be prosperous, independent and happy.

It was for preaching such doctrines as these—it was for protesting, like Goldsmith, against the despotic rule of king monopoly—that our socialistic-anarchistic brothers were strangled to death the other day in Chicago. Monopoly had taken alarm. "If such doctrines continue to be taught; if they should be generally believed and acted upon, what will become of me and mine?" cries the old despot. "Stop the agitators, blow them up with hand-grenades, bayonet them, hang them up to lamp-posts," demanded king monopoly, and his obedient retainers have done his bidding. The champions, the proclaimers of liberty, fraternity and equality have had the life choked out of them, but in killing these five the minions of Monopoly have dealt their master a blow that will probably, in time, prove to be mortal. Now let the friends of the noble dead be careful lest they give new life and ten-fold energy to their enemy by any acts of indiscretion. A reaction has already set in that needs only time and proper encouragement to become such an on-rushing tide of anti-monopoly reform that the work of human emancipation from wage-slavery will be accomplished without further scenes of bloodshed or strangulation, whether official or otherwise. II.

OMINOUS INDICATIONS.

Deprecating as we do every appeal to violence we cannot fail to most strongly condemn the actions of the police and mobs in various cities and towns and the inflammatory, seditious and murder-inciting utterances of the press of the country. In the light of these actions and utterances it is easy to understand why hot-headed reformers have given up all hope of peaceful, evolutionary emancipation of labor and are ready to counsel revolutionary tactics. Under the maddening spur of the unfair, unscrupulous and "panic" statements and exhortations of the plutocratic press we are on the threshold of a reign of terror; no man is safe who does not join in this newspaper-begotten and newspaper-fostered cry for blood; one who has sympathy for the weaker side and dares give expression to it, whether orally, by pen or types or the display of the insignia of mourning, is at once under suspicion and in danger. The police have acted badly enough, the crowds have, as usual, showed more zeal than sense, and yet the papers are not satisfied; they clamor that "this thing should be seen to," that something else "should be suppressed," that still other things should be "forbidden" or "put a stop to" or "shut up" or "silenced." They act as though they supposed the suppression of Free Speech was the sovereign remedy for or preventive of all social evils. How much do they imagine human nature will bear of this villainous surveillance and suppression? They virtuously and continually condemn the alleged violence of action and sometimes heated declamation of the Socialists while at the same time they are themselves inciting to both legal and illegal violence, doing their worst to deprive everybody who is not orthodox to the dominant social and governmental creeds, of the opportunity of peaceful propaganda, of the right of public assemblage and expression of opinion. Do not these journalistic autocrats know that this policy, if long pursued, can have but one of two results,—that it will either make dumb slaves of our entire populace, or will produce a convulsion that will rend this nation from center to circumference?

Talk about "incendiary utterances!" There is not in this whole broad land another class of men who can even approach the guild of capitalistic editors in this respect. In the first place, no dependence whatever can be placed in their statements of facts, or asserted facts, in any matter where it is to their interest, or supposed interest, of their owners, the monopolists, to have them twist, distort, exaggerate or falsify outright. In the second place, acting upon the basis of their own misrepresentations, they seek to throw unpopular people into the shadow of tyrannous "laws," and to incite against them the fear and fury of the mob. This is precisely the line of action they have pursued in their treatment of the Socialists. No man or woman who depends entirely upon the daily or weekly newspaper is correctly informed as to the principles of the different classes of Socialists, Communists and Anarchists, or the utterances and actions of any of them previous to the event of the Haymarket, at that fatal hour, or subsequent thereto.

In a later issue I shall continue this subject, giving a condensed list of the outrages committed during the past few days by the police and mobs, adding some excerpts from the commendatory editorials of leading papers and also their incitements to the commission of still other crimes and their counsel to the authorities to more vigorously suppress freedom of Speech, Press and Assemblage. W.

MCFEE'S LATEST DEFEAT.

The defeat of McFee the sneak and Post-office Inspector Barclay in their recent raid upon Mrs. Elmina D. Slenker is a grand victory for truth, justice and purity. The trial lasted several days and resulted in the jury's bringing in a verdict of "guilty." Of course this was not at all surprising, for the average jury is just about as well qualified to sit in judgment upon Elmina's investigations in sexual science as a Hottentot would be to calculate the precession of the equinoxes or solve the problems of Euclid. A motion in arrest of judgment was argued at length and eventuated in the discharge of Elmina, Judge Paul holding that the indictment was insufficient.
Our venerable friend had most earnest and able counsel in the persons of attorneys Ed. W. Chamberlain of New York, and Roland and Heermans of Virginia.
As soon as we finish the republication of Gen. Trumbull's pamphlet

