

Ewert Krubard  
"I Am a Marxist" -  
from the  
"Philistine" -

Anarchism 7136

Nov. 1899.

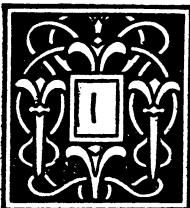
# THE PHILISTINE

## Temptation.

You should not lie awake at night—  
And get Truth all awry:  
Had Adam a dislike for Fruit  
There 'd be no you nor I.

—Arthur Muskalonge Lucas.

## The Better Part.



**AM** an Anarkist.  
All good men are Anark-  
ists.  
All cultured, kindly men;  
all gentle men; all just  
men are Anarkists.  
Jesus was an Anarkist.

A Monarkist is one who believes a monark should govern. A Plutokrat believes in the rule of the rich. A Demokrat holds that the majority should dictate. An Aristokrat thinks only the wise should decide; while an Anarkist does not believe in government at all.

Richard Croker is a Monarkist; Mark Hanna

*especially kept by J. and marked by him*

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a Plutokrat ; Cleveland a Demokrat ; Cabot Lodge an Aristokrat ; William Penn, Henry D. Thoreau, Bronson Alcott and Walt Whitman were Anarkists.

An Anarkist is one who minds his own business. An Anarkist does not believe in sending war-ships across wide oceans to kill brown men, & lay waste rice fields, and burn the homes of people who are fighting for liberty. An Anarkist does not drive women with babes at their breasts and other women with babes unborn, children and old men into the jungle to be devoured by beasts or fever or fear, or die of hunger, homeless, unhouseled and undone.

☞ Destruction, violence, ravages, murder, are perpetrated by statute law. Without law there would be no infernal machines, no war ships, no dynamite guns, no flat nosed bullets, no pointed cartridges, no bayonets, no policemen's billies, no night sticks, no come-alongs, no hand-cuffs, no straight jackets, no dark cells, no gallows, no prison walls to conceal the infamies therein inflicted. Without law no little souls fresh from God would be branded "illegitimate", indelibly, as soon as they reach Earth. Without law there would be less liars, no lawyers, fewer hypocrites, and no Devil's Island.

gift of Dr Sabadie  
Oct 1929 -

"The Cry of the Little Peoples goes up to God  
in vain,  
For the world is given over to the cruel sons of  
Cain ;  
The hand that would bless us is weak, & the  
hand that would break us is strong,  
And the power of pity is nought but the power  
of a song.  
The dreams that our fathers dreamed to-day  
are laughter and dust,  
And nothing at all in the world is left for a man  
to trust.  
Let us hope no more, nor dream, nor profess,  
nor pray,  
For the iron world no less will crash on its iron  
way ;  
And nothing is left but to watch, with a helpless  
pitying eye,  
The kind old aims for the world, and the kind  
old fashions die."

I do not go quite so far as that—I 'm a pessimistic-optimist, Dearie,—I believe that brutality tends to defeat itself. Prize fighters die young, gourmands get the gout, hate hurts worse the man who nurses it, & all selfishness robs the mind of its divine insight, and cheats the soul that would know. Mind alone is eternal ! He, watching over Israel, slumbers not nor sleeps. My faith is great : out of the transient darkness of the present the shadows will flee away, and Day will yet dawn.

☛ I am an Anarkist.

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No man who believes in force & violence is an Anarkist. The true Anarkist decries all influences save those of love and reason. Ideas are his only arms.

Being an Anarkist I am also a Socialist. Socialism is the antithesis of Anarchy. One is the North Pole of Truth, the other the South. The Socialist believes in working for the good of all, while Anarchy is pure Individualism. I believe in every man working for the good of self; and in working for the good of self, he works for the good of all. To think, to see, to feel, to know; to deal justly; to bear all patiently; to act quietly; to speak cheerfully; to moderate one's voice—these things will bring you the highest good. They will bring you the love of the best, and the esteem of that Sacred Few, whose good opinion alone is worth cultivating. And further than this, it is the best way you can serve Society—live your life. The wise way to benefit humanity is to attend to your own affairs, and thus give other people an opportunity to look after theirs.

If there is any better way to teach virtue than by practicing it, I do not know it.

☛ Would you make men better—set them an example.

The Millenium will never come until govern-

ments cease from governing, and the meddler is at rest. Politicians are men who volunteer the task of governing us, for a consideration. The political boss is intent on living off your labor. A man may seek an office in order to do away with the rascal who now occupies it, but for the most part office seekers are rank rogues. Shakespeare uses the word politician five times, and each time it is synonymous with knave. That is to say, a politician is one who sacrifices truth and honor for policy. The highest motive of his life is expediency—policy. In King Lear it is the "scurvy politician," who thru tattered clothes beholds small vices, while robes and furred gowns, for him, covers all.

Europe is divided up between eight great governments, and in time of peace over three million men are taken from the ranks of industry and are under arms, not to protect the people, but to protect one government from another.

Mankind is governed by the worst—the strongest example of this is to be seen in American municipalities, but it is true of every government. We are governed by rogues who hold their grip upon us by & thru statute law. Were it not for law the people could protect themselves against these thieves, but now we are powerless and are robbed legally. One mild

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form of coercion these rogues resort to is to call us unpatriotic when we speak the truth about them. Not long ago they would have cut off our heads. The world moves.

☛ Governments cannot be done away with instantaneously, but progress will come, as it has in the past by lessening the number of laws. We want less governing, and the Ideal Government will arrive when there is no government at all.

So long as governments set the example of killing their enemies, private individuals will occasionally kill theirs ☛ So long as men are clubbed, robbed, imprisoned, disgraced, hanged by the governing class, just so long will the idea of violence and brutality be born in the souls of men.

Governments imprison men, and then hound them when they are released.

Hate springs eternal in the human breast.

☛ And hate will never die so long as men are taken from useful production on the specious plea of patriotism, and bayonets gleam in God's pure sunshine.

And the worst part about making a soldier of a man is, not that the soldier kills brown men or black men or white men, but it is that the soldier loses his own soul.



**☛ I am an Anarhist.**

I do not believe in bolts or bars or brutality. I make my appeal to the Divinity in men, and they, in some mysterious way, feeling this, do not fail me ☛ I send valuable books, without question, on a postal card request, to every part of the Earth where the mail can carry them, and my confidence is never abused. The Roycroft Shop is never lockt, employees and visitors come and go at pleasure, and nothing is molested. My library is for anyone who cares to use it.

Out in the great world women occasionally walk off the dock in the darkness, and then struggle for life in the deep waters. Society jigs and ambles by, with a coil of rope, but before throwing it, demands of the drowning one a certificate of karacter from her Pastor, or a letter of recommendation from her Sunday School Superintendent, or a testimonial from a School Principal. Not being able to produce the document the struggler is left to go down to her death in the darkness.

A so-called "bad woman" is usually one whose soul is being rent in an awful travail of prayer to God that she may get back upon solid footing and lead an honest life. Believing this, the Roycroft principle is to never ask for such a

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preposterous thing as a letter of recommendation from anyone. We have a hundred helpers, and while it must not be imagined by any means that we operate a reform school or a charitable institution, I wish to say that I distinctly and positively refuse to discriminate between "good" and "bad" people. I will not condemn, nor for an instant imagine that it is my duty to resolve myself into a section of the Day of Judgment.

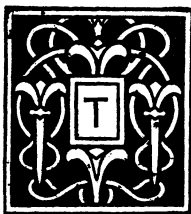
☛ I fix my thought on the good that is in every soul and make my appeal to that. And the plan is a wise one, judged by results. It secures you loyal helpers, worthy friends, gets the work done, aids digestion & tends to sleep o' nights. And I say to you, that if you have never known the love, loyalty & integrity of a proscribed person, you have never known what love, loyalty and integrity are.

I do not believe in governing by force, or threat, or any other form of coercion. I would not arouse in the heart of any of God's creatures a thought of fear, or discord, or hate, or revenge. I will influence men, if I can, but it shall be only by aiding them to think for themselves; and so mayhap, they, of their own accord will choose the better part—the ways that lead to life and light.

—Fra Elbertus.

## A Street Car Vignette.

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**H**ERE is something extremely pathetic about a woman with an obstreperous, crying baby on a crowded street car. If there's anything on earth so helplessly woe-be-gone, I have never seen it—and I assure the reader that I have had some opportunities for observation. Poor, pallid, helpless creature! Life is to thee, not a harmony of beautiful colors nor a symphony of sweet sounds, but a discord of cries of colicky infants, and the rattling of pots & kettles—a weird kaleidoscope of darned stockings and patcht clothing.

The hardest feature of the life of the average "dragged-out" little mother is that she is unappreciated, at least, by all save one—the child at her breast, who shows his appreciation by devouring her by inches—the young cannibal. I have watcht with some interest, the husbands of such women, and have observed that they are generally well-nourisht, wear good clothes and seem to enjoy life as well as or better than most capitalists. They are usually quite "swagger," and can take a fair amount

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of liquor every day without apparent financial disaster. Not that I find fault with these gentlemen for drinking a little. I suppose it is necessary to drown the sorrow excited in their tender bosoms by thoughts of their poor, miserable, over-workt wives, who are slaving their lives away at home. Liquor also enables a fellow to regard with a certain degree of complacency, the unpaid bills that are thrust under the poor wife's nose every day. To be sure, she worries about them—but it would hardly be policy for her to take any of the universal panacea. No, there is no hope for the meek and lowly wife.

For men must drink and women must weep  
Tho there 's plenty to earn & nothing to keep  
And the man at the bar be smiling—

Do you know that the sight of the average house-wife is one of the best remedies for Skepticism? I have sometimes thought that a hereafter was not a necessary factor in the skeme of nature, but a superfluous supplement to the drama of life. But when I look at some of the unfortunate little female drudges that are about me, I am convinced that there ought to be a hereafter, leaving all speculation as to whether there is one or not, to doctors of theology—whc are always glad to decide the ques-

tion for us. Yes, I believe there is a Hell somewhere for the unappreciative husband of the domestic drudge—there must be, else justice is left out of the Universe.

—G. Frank Lydston.

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## Generalizations.



ONCE a man and a woman, both of whom were old enough to know better, got to quarreling over something not worth a quarrel—if anything is, which I doubt. The particular point in dispute was that a certain bone about the jaw which the man lacks and the monkey has, or the man has and the monkey lacks, and which, according to the book they were studying, infallibly labels the skeleton. Woman-like, the woman accepted the authority: but the man thought he had read somewhere that it had been shown that no such generalization could be made. Human skeletons had been turned up in which the bone was present—or lacking, as the case may be.

“But,” the woman objected, “I should think

the bone itself proved that the skeletons were not men, but monkeys."

The man lafft: "That is the way most people reason. But as for me, I have n't any use for generalizations like that. Most of them are lies not yet found out. Darwin spent most of his time hunting things that might upset his theories, and he was happy when he found one, because he thought then he was in a way to come at the truth."

"That's all very well," said the woman. "But I don't see how you're going to identify your facts. How do you know which is man and which is monkey, unless there is some sure thing like that bone that you can point to?"

¶ The man replied: "A sure thing would be mighty handy to have around, if there was any—but there are n't!"

This made the woman mad.

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Shortly after, these two filosofers had the fool's luck to fall in love with each other.

The manner of it was this: as generally happens, the woman began to love him, because he was wonderful and good, and not a bit like any other man she ever saw (as if that were a merit): and because he was so wonderful, and so forth, before she knew what she was

doing she let him see that she loved him. Whereupon he proceeded in a man's way, not at all apprehending the fact that she loved in a wonderful new fashion all her own—not in the old frayed-out fashion of the poets and the penny-dreadfuls.

Women have forty-nine ways of loving, men have but one.

He said they must part.

☛ She laffit, with a lump in her throat. "But why?"

"Because you have a husband in South America." ☛ ☛

"But my having a husband, or seven husbands, like the woman in the Bible, does n't signify here! You don't know!"

"I know I must n't let you be unhappy."

"How do you know I am?"

"The Greeks said love is a curse."

Now love is n't a curse, it 's a blessing. Misunderstanding and meddling and false opinion may make it a curse. The woman knew this, but she did n't know how to say it. What she did say was—after a pause—

"I can't help it! If you don't understand my way of loving, so much the worse for you."

☛ "There is only one way of loving," said the man.

There was another pause, and then she said, "Yes, that is what people say. But I know it is n't so. I put my intuition against your experience; my fact against your generalization. Seems to me I once heard somebody finding fault with narrow-minded people who won't admit any facts that they can't put away into their pigeon-holes of generalizations. The really liberal mind is always on the look-out for facts that won't fit. Darwin"—

But the man had an engagement: he hastily left the house and never went back.

This little narrative goes to show that some people know more about science in a minute than they do about truth in a year.

—Annie L. Mearkle.

## As to Mark Twain.



CONSIDERS S. L. Clemens (Mark Twain) one of the greatest geniuses of our time, and as great a philosopher as humorist. I think I know him better than most men,—universal as his circle of acquaintances is,—big as is his reputation. He is as great a man



as he is a genius, too. Tenderness and sensitiveness are his two strongest traits. He has one of the best hearts that ever beat. One must know him well to fully discern all of his best traits. He keeps them entrenched, so to speak. I rather imagine that he fights shy of having it generally suspected that he is kind and tender-hearted, but many of his friends do know it. He possesses some of the frontier traits—a fierce spirit of retaliation, & the absolute confidence that life-long “partners,” in the Western sense, develops. Injure him and he is merciless, especially if you betray his confidence. Once a lecture manager in New York, whom he trusted to arrange the details of a lecture in Steinway Hall, swindled him to the amount of some \$1,500.00, & afterwards confessed it, offering restitution to that amount, it being Mark’s share of the plunder, but not until it had been discovered. They were on board ship at the time, and Mark threatened to throw the fellow overboard, and meant it, too, but he fled ashore. In “The Gilded Age” Mark immolated him. (Mr. Griller, Lecture Agent. Page 438. London Edition.) The fellow died soon afterwards, and James Redpath, who was a witness to the scene on the steamboat, and who knew the man well, insisted that “Mark’s” arrow killed him, but he

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would have fired it all the same had he known what the result would be.

General Grant and Mark Twain were the greatest of friends. C. L. Webster & Co. (Mark Twain) published "General Grant's Memoirs," yet how like and unlike are the careers of the soldier and the citizen!

Grant: poor, a tanner, small farmer, selling cord-wood for a living, with less prospect for rising than any ex-West Pointer in the Army; then the biggest military reputation of the age; then twice President of the United States; then the foremost civilian of the world; then the most honored guest of peoples and rulers, who ever made the circuit of the earth.

Mark Twain: A printer's apprentice in a small Missouri River town; then a "tramping jour" printer; a Mississippi River roustabout guarding freight piles on the levee all night for pocket money; river pilot; a rebel guerilla; a reporter in a Nevada mining town; then suddenly the most famous author of the age; a man of society, with the most aristocratic clubs of America, and all around the civilized globe, flung open to him; adopted with all the honors into one of the most exclusive societies on this continent, the favored companion of the most cultivated spirits of the age, welcomed abroad

in all the courts almost as a crowned head.  
"Peace hath its victories," etc., etc.

There is indeed quite a parallel between Grant and Twain. Grant found himself impoverished two years before his death, when was left for him the most heroic part of his life work, to write his memoirs (while he knew he was dying), which, through his publishers, C. L. Webster & Co. (Twain), his family received nearly half a million dollars. That firm failed five years ago, leaving liabilities to the amount of \$80,000.00, over and above all it owned, for Mark to pay, and which he has earned with his voice and pen in a tour around the world, and paid every creditor in full, in one year's less time than calculated by Mark when he started at Cleveland on the 15th day of July, 1895. Yes, there is a parallel between the two great heroes, in courage and integrity; they are more like than unlike.

—Jas. B. Pond.

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The Roycrofters do not sell their books thru stores or agents, but are always glad to send any of their wares to the Faithful on suspicion. A postal card will do it.

Heart to Heart Talks with Grown-  
Ups by the Pastor of His Flock 🍀 🍀



R. GEORGE H. HEAF-  
FORD, Mr. William Mari-  
on Reedy, and a few others  
who sort o' do not like the  
"Message to Garcia," have  
explained to a waiting world  
just where, and why, and  
how, I was wrong in my

logic 🍀 🍀

Some day a reply to that booklet will be writ-  
ten, and it looks now as if I 'd have to write it  
myself. The efforts of those who have so far  
spoken are all of a rather boozy order, & show  
a convalescent's grasp on the subject. My para-  
graf (for it is only a paragraf) on Rowan's car-  
rying a Message to Garcia does not cover the  
whole subject—there is more to be said. And  
the weakness in the argument of those who do  
not like the preachment lies in their very gra-  
tuitous assumption that I am a person of small  
experience, & in that article wrote myself out.  
To the few who know of my zigzag journey up  
and down the world and around it, and who re-  
member that I have done almost every sort of  
manual labor (and still do), the accusation that

I am out of the sympathy with the toiler must sound queer.

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I quite enjoy a good gibe, discreetly and deftly done, even if I am the object of it.

For instance, the late Walter Blackburn Harte once sent out a report thru the Associated Press that supplied me a good laugh. The dispatch stated that, "The many friends of the Editor of the PHILISTINE deeply lament his sad taking off thru drowning in the Irish Sea. It seems he slipped off the gang-plank while going aboard the Dublin boat at Belfast. There is only one redeeming feature that serves to lessen the blackness of the tragedy; the unfortunate man had in his vest pocket the Society of the Philistines, so this is the last we shall hear of that queer aggregation of misguided folk."

But in all this "Garcia" racket just one man who has put on the gloves has scored a point at my expense, and that man is a woman. Amy Leslie always sweetly compliments her subject before giving him a stiff upper cut. Says Amy: "The gifted author of 'A Message to Garcia' is receiving many congratulations on his masterly defense of the down-trodden denizens of the brown stone fronts. In fact all the self-made men—those who have on them the loving marks of the hammer—consider it the greatest thing

that ever happened since Shakespeare dasht off Hamlet ☛ Fra Elbertus is very smooth: free passes and free lunches are now his without asking!"



☛  
O every sincere student of sociology the most egregious & regrettable blunder of modern times was the suppression of the Oneida Community." So spoke Mr. Grant Allen to me, once upon a day.

All scientists, and all men who think a little for themselves are at times filled with a doubt as to the policy that regulates our present social system. Just what the trouble is and where we are wrong no two men seem to exactly agree. We, however, all admit that in the so-called civilized Christian world there is much suffering, ignorance, vice, misery, crime, destitution. To add to the health, happiness and well-being of society is the desire of every honest man; & how to do it is the problem.

The present life of individualism for very many is tragedy and death. But the Oneida Community was a success. In it there were three hundred people, and there was no crime, no illiter-

acy, no illegitimacy, and no poverty. In fact, financially, the members owned per capita, an amount equal to more than double the wealth of the people in the same county outside the community; and they had accumulated this wealth thru their own industry.

They owned a thousand acres of land, and were in debt to no one. They had a public school system, which included a kindergarten & manual training department, that was fully a generation ahead of its time.

The leaders of the Oneida Community were not afraid of the knowledge of the world, for they sent many of their brightest boys and girls to the various great Universities. Yale, Harvard, Vassar, Oxford & Heidelberg all had representatives from the Oneida Community, and after graduation, the young men and women went straight back to Oneida and mingled on an equality in all the manifold life of the Community. But the world from the start was a bit afraid of the Oneida Community, altho the Communists were strictly non-combatants.

The absence of mental and nervous disorders in the Oneida Community, and the low death-rate, show without question that there was a rare degree of health, happiness and content among the members.

**THE PHI-LISTINE** At Oneida there was no disorder, no drunkenness, no police.

The members strictly minded their own business, bothering no one, never attempting to proselyte.

And yet there came a time when a mad, wild voice of protest arose from many parts of the country against the Oneida Community.

Without going into needless detail it can be explained that the breaking up of the Oneida Community was brought about through the efforts of certain religious people, who claimed that the Communists were guilty of gross immorality, and should be punished. And so in response to this clamor the machinery of the law was set in motion and the Community literally "raided."

Two causes have been put forth for the remarkable and undisputed success of the Oneida Community.

Leaving out all those who merely rail and denounce in hopeless discord, being incapable of judicial thinking, the enemies of the Community claim that the institution was not a "Commune" at all, being, on the contrary, an absolute despotism. The dictator or despot, John Humphrey Noyes, was an eminently wise and practical man; and the spirit of this powerful



leader ran thru & animated the three hundred people under him. To rule this number of people and hold them in subjection, a form of religious fanaticism must be inoculated into their minds. So, say the enemies, in summing up, the Oneida Community was a mere social accident, attributable to a strong man enslaving a certain number of folks thru religious hypnotism, and working them, for their own good—& his. For at the last, no form of government is so nearly perfect as the absolute monarchy, provided the monarch is wise and just.

The Oneida Communists scorn such a reason for their success, and state boldly and flatly that they succeeded because their conduct of life was shaped after the Eternal Laws of Truth. John Humphrey Noyes, they admit was a strong man, but they contend that he was simply a good executive officer, and that there are very many such men in the world, and that he left various successors who were just as wise and able as he. They deny the charges of immorality by declaring that good health, a reasonable content, and wealth accumulated thru production are proof of well ordered lives; and that "morality" anyway is only a matter of local custom, & that no practice is bad which brings good results. That is good which serves.

☛ Unfortunately the State did not keep its blundering hands off, so it is all theory & idle vapourings as to which side was right. If founded on a false hypothesis time would have shown the folly of the Oneida concept of life, and the thing would have broken of its own weight. However, if the claims of the Communists were builded on truth, society should have been allowed to become heir to their truth, by granting them leave to live and prove it. Three generations would have demonstrated to the world the truth or falsity of their position. Oh! the blind, blundering mischief of the zealous meddler!



YOUNG clergyman of my acquaintance was invited to give an address before the inmates of the Buffalo State Hospital for the Insane ☛ My friend was much exercised as to how he should address himself to such a peculiar audience, and so wrote to the superintendent, Dr. Hurd, for suggestions. The Doctor's advice is worth quoting: "Speak to them just as you do to any other congregation—putting out of your mind entirely the thought of

their mental condition. Do not attempt to adjust yourself to them, or try to avoid this or that, for if you do, your voice will betray the pretence and your thin veil of affectation will not save you. To fear being misunderstood, or fear giving offense is death to a speaker. My people here detect hypocrisy as quickly as your own congregation can; and your right course is to talk here, and everywhere, sincerely and frankly, straight from your heart."

Dr. Hurd's eminent success in ministering to the mind diseased, plucking from memory its rooted sorrow, proves the wisdom and goodness of the man; and what a lot of common sense he put into that letter to my preacher-friend?

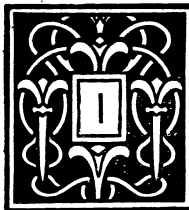
☛ Not one man out of twenty who gets upon his feet to address, say a High School Assembly, but imagines he must adapt himself to the Young Mind. And so he begins to mince and amble, and mouth over some goody-goody truth he read years ago in a printed book. He is not himself and the dullest scholar in the school knows it.

A girl at Vassar once complimented a speaker. She said, "I have been here three years and you are the first outside lecturer among the many who have been invited in, who has assumed that we are human beings."

*good*

I have listened to various addresses at State Prisons, but I never yet heard a man who had sense enuff to forget he was talking to prisoners. All the speakers quoted Saint Paul about being in bonds, and went on to rub good advice into the boys as to the necessity of reformation. They all worked the Parable of the Prodigal Son until you could hear the Fatted Calf bleat for mercy. In other words, the speakers tried to adapt themselves to the audience—and they made a mess of it.

It 's the same in writing—no writer can send a truth home so long as he is eager and anxious to make an impression. If he thinks he has a message to deliver let him say it, straight out, in his own way, without ever giving a thought to how it will be accepted. That part is none of his. Say your say and even insane people will understand you. Your appeal is to sanity—not insanity. Talk to grown people and the children will understand ; Vassar girls are human, having eyes, ears, organs, dimensions, passions like the rest of us ; & do not for a moment imagine that criminals are criminals all the time. Write and speak as you feel—but make sure you feel right. Do not fear being misunderstood : you are never wholly misunderstood excepting when you fear you will be.



**I**N all of the many growing cities of America there is taking place an eager exodus over a certain social deadline, that marks the rich from the poor. When a business man attains a certain income, a speculator "strikes it rich," a manufacturer secures a monopoly or any impecunious son of earth is struck by lightning and receives a legacy, straightway he moves his household to The Other Side of Town.

And for this man's family, when they go, the scenes that knew them once know them no more forever. They do not say good-bye—the friends they once had are no longer theirs ; the neighbors with whom they used to chat over the gate read of them in the Society Events Column, but they never see them. The grocer who once was so friendly to them is dead ; the jolly butcher is forgotten—all are gone—faded and swallowed up in the misty past, that past so full of work, and struggle, and difficulty, that past of youth and hope ; and the end for which they toiled and longed has come. St. Peter's golden gates have opened : they have moved to the Other Side ❀

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Men who have incomes of four thousand dollars or more, in Buffalo, make hot haste to live on Delaware Ave. ; in Pittsburg it is the East End ; in Cincinnati, Walnut Hills ; in Cleveland, Euclid Ave. ; in Chicago, Hyde Park ; in Boston, Commonwealth Ave. ; in New York, Up-Town. And in these social migrations there is something pitiful, wondrous pitiful ; for the man who goes can never return of his own free will ; and to be forced back by fate is to suffer a humiliation that is worse than disgrace that comes thru crime. When a rich man, say in Albany, Syracuse or Toledo, loses his money & his family has to "come down," the sympathetic souls of earth shed tears for the glory that is gone. We tell how he has to give up all—he gave up his horses, his billiard tables, his solid plate : he discharged his gardener, his coachman, his butler. He is now keeping books for twenty dollars a week and his wife is doing her own work : and we relate how his children are now compelled to attend the public school.

☛ Ah, me ! Life is grievous, and our days are full of trouble !

On questioning a good many men who have taken part in the Social Exodus, I find that the responsibility, Adam-like, of the change is thrown entirely on the woman : " My wife was

dissatisfied and we had to go." Not once could I ever get a man to acknowledge that the question of pride, the desire to parade his success, or the hope of a better social position for his daughters ever weighed in the scale. But then a man is seldom aware of the motives that move him: we deceive ourselves and hide behind specious pleas of many hues.

☞ The women of the Exodus tell me that the reason they moved to Commonwealth Ave. was because the sewerage was imperfect in the old home, the water was bad, the air full of smoke, or the neighbors' children rude ☞ And in various instances these worthy mothers following the example of their husbands, unloaded the responsibility on the children. "When Mayme came home from Wellesley she could not stand it here," or "When George got back from Harvard he found the society so awfully dull."

☞ And right here let us note this prevalent fact: the first effect of College life is often a desire to separate from the old companions—a drawing away from the plain & simple; a separation from the mass and a making of cliques; an unfitting for life's commonplace duties and the forming of a condition that makes riches a necessity and their loss a calamity.

That much of our so-called "culture" has been

bought at the price of manhood, no one who knows men can deny. But when matters go far enough in any one direction the pendulum swings back & they cure themselves : & now behold the College Settlement ! That the men and women of wealth and culture who are deliberately making their homes among the poor are as one to ten thousand, compared with the " sudden rich " who are making frantic efforts to get away from all smirching contact with plain people, there is no doubt ; but the claim that money gives the right to monopolize the beautiful things of earth, and the gentle qualities of heart, no longer goes unchallenged. The culture that is kept close smells to high heaven : only running water is pure —

And it is a pleasing fact that altho the men of the Social Exodus lay the blame all on woman, yet the credit of the return move must be given to her. Hull House is primarily woman's work. " Where is your home ? " I askt Miss Jane Addams a short time ago.

" My home is at 357 Halstead Street—my work is there and there I expect to live and die," was the quiet answer.

The number of earnest women, highly cultured in the best sense, who are deeply interested in social questions, is most encouraging. And



when that strong and gentle woman, Charlotte Perkins Stetson, deliberately casts her lot with the lowly and tells us that poor people often have a deal more culture and true charity than we who consider ourselves rich, she voices a truth that should be passt down the line.

☞ Have your beautiful things, of course—why not? encourage the workers in art, & use your money to decorate and beautify, but do not think that these things will benefit you if you join the Social Exodus and make hot haste to put distance between you and those who are less fortunate ☞ Owners of art must build no spite fence! Show the marbles that fill your niches and the canvases that glorify your walls to those who seldom see such sights; give your education to those who need it, your culture to those who have less, and you double your treasure by giving it away.



**WE** ARE going to have the curtain raised ere long on some great mysteries, so Mr. Nikola Tesla says. I hope it's so. Some of my substance went into Mr. Keely's similar promise a few years ago, and now

Keely is dead and all that 's left is a lot of rusty wheels and some blighted hopes in the possession of a woman. Tesla, by the way, is not so cunning as the late Mr. O'Leary. When that gentleman, with his corn cobs, beat the six-day record of Mr. Weston, the first real gentleman sport, he was careful not to put his own record a peg higher—for he would have to hoof it up to that later on, or go backward. Nikola long ago out-bragged the buoyant and inventive Edison and silenced him, but he does n't quit promising for a' that. He is going to send electricity thru the air without a track—from any part of the world to any other part of it—at will, & he will not only convey messages in that go-as-you-please fashion, but he will direct malevolent streaks of nothing to speak of, that will wreck Spanish ships, or do any other job of work desired with Dewey-like precision and despatch. I am waiting to see him do it—not doubting, but just waiting. What makes me reserve opinion is his statement that the air is full of electrical currents. I am wondering how his current is going to get the right track ♣ I should as soon expect to see him send a feather across the Atlantic by telling it where to go.

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**TO GARCIA**  

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It is in the fact that every book is different that the meaning and value of this experiment in

art colonization consists. Here is a country village, without ideals, without industries of consequence, with no great amount of money, & it is one of the last places on earth that one would pick out as the seat of an enterprise like this. Commonly, the best thing we expect from a country village is a chair factory or a woolen mill where the people grind away at the same old tasks year after year, never growing wiser or abler or developing in any way. In the Roycroft Shop the farmers' boys and the boarding house waiters and the mechanics' girls are learning to become artists. Many of them have become artists. There is a quiet-faced daughter of the village blacksmith, who, two or three months ago did not know a paint brush by sight. She went to the free art school instituted by Mr. Hubbard, and now she has one of the tables in the illuminating department and is doing work that shows a remarkable aptness. Nobody in the Shop has a finer feeling for color & a nicer delicacy of taste than she.

One noticable thing in the Shop is that there are no bosses, no heads of departments. All are on equal terms. Mr. Hubbard looks around, encourages, advises, but never commands. He never has to. This is an industrial commune & no member of it feels himself forced to stay. All are working not merely for money, but for art. The rules if there are any, are lax, but the observance is so willing that you would suppose it to be strict. Nowhere will you see a quieter, more willing looking company than that of these healthy farmer lads & these pink-checked girls in light shirt waists. Every morning and afternoon there is a recess of fifteen minutes to rest the eyes of the painters; a full hour is

allowed for dinner : there is no work on Saturday afternoon, and the people are encouraged to play ball or anything else. The Shop is open for any that want to use it after hours, & there are books, baths & a piano for all hands. When Mr. Hubbard was swapping horses he never kickt & whipt them, as they do in Manambatu, Madagascar, & he found, to the astonishment of the others, that they never refused to work. He believes that human beings may be treated as well as horses without exciting them to revolt 🐾

So here is a place where one industry has led into another—pottery is a recent addition—and all of them artistic and all of them manual, and there is work now for sixty people at good wages and sharings, where four years ago there was none but mechanical and distasteful work where there was any. The Shop has proved the feasibility of a revival in hand industries 🐾 It has proved the saving force of industry, for the busy are the moral 🐾 It has proved that the country people are at least as apt as those in the cities, and possibly it will be found that they are more so, for they are not forced to see horrible examples in such multitudes every day. It has proved that by partially re-establishing monastic conditions of quiet, seclusion & common purpose one may secure results similar to those which were obtained from the cloisters. It proves that a beginning can be safely made of an industrial commune 🐾 It doesn't matter about the center of a village's activities being a printing shop. Without a Hubbard to start it the chance is it would do very bad printing. But there are things enuff to do with one's hands, and a growing company of people who

are willing to buy the best things when they are made by hand, instead of the monotonous machine-made stuff that fills the city shops at present.

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