

# THE WOMAN REBEL

NO GODS NO MASTERS

VOL. I.

JULY, 1914.

NO. 5.

## TRAGEDY

Even if dynamite were to serve no other purpose than to call forth the spirit of revolutionary solidarity and loyalty, it would prove its great value. For this expression of solidarity and loyalty and of complete defiance to the morality of the masters, in a time of distress and defeat and death, is the most certain sign of that strength and courage which are the first essentials to victory. On July 4th, three revolutionists, Caron, Berg and Hanson, were killed by the explosion of dynamite—sacrificed because of their willingness to risk life for their convictions. This tragedy created a wonderful spirit of loyalty and solidarity among their comrades. It ought to have awakened the same spirit among all those who advocate the overthrow of the present system—at least among those agitators and leaders who urge direct and revolutionary tactics against the master class.

But instead we have witnessed a far greater tragedy than the death of our comrades. That event in itself bespoke courage, determination, conviction, a spirit of defiance—unfortunately, unusual qualities. The real tragedy has been the cowardice and the poisonous respectability expressed in the apologies of those adepts in that glib and oily art to speak and purpose not—those agitators and leaders who howl about solidarity among the workers, only to white-wash themselves with respectability when an episode occurs which actually offers an opportunity for the expression of such a spirit of solidarity. Instead of this expected defiance of conventional morality and standards, they have given nothing more than involved, shamefaced explanations and apologies actioned which do more to discredit the organizations they represent than any number of bombs or ill-advised acts of violence.

Explanations and apologies, like patriotism, are the cloaks of cowards, not the reactions of strong men.

It is time to learn to accept and exult in every act of revolt against oppression, to encourage and create in ourselves that spirit of rebellion which shall lead us to understand and look at the social situation without flinching or quivering or running to cover when any crisis arises. Not until we do create this spirit will the revolutionists ever be feared or even respected in America.

We are all talking revolution and direct action, solidarity and freedom. If we are not willing to back every word that we utter publicly by determined action, we will never accomplish anything except to render ourselves ridiculous.

Solidarity is a means, not an end. It will unite the working class against its oppressors not at a single catastrophe but some dim and distant future date, but only as we individually incorporate it. We must Live Solidarity, not merely talk it. Even if we disagree regarding the social value of the act of revolt, we must accept it and acclaim it for the spirit and the motive in back of it. Never repudiate or apologize for the comrade who, by an act of revolt has given the best evidence of loyalty to his class, of his SOLIDARITY.

If the so-called revolutionary labor movement must justify its actions at the bar of the very public opinion and morality that have created and sustained laws against labor, it is a wishywashy, milk-and-watery, weak-kneed movement at best. If it cannot accept as possible and inevitable and valuable among its ranks such men as Berg, Caron and Hanson—if, in short, it is not moving in the direction of REVOLUTION, it is time for us to build up a movement that is

## A DEFENSE OF ASSASSINATION

ROBERT A. THORPE

It is generally agreed that lower forms of life must give place to higher types, and when the pioneer of civilization makes his way into the forest, he must of necessity destroy the man-killing animals living therein. Exterminating warfare is also waged against the savage members of the human race wherever they oppose the establishment of conditions necessary for the development of the more highly organized types. Of course, where improvement by instruction and subsequent co-operation is possible, this extreme of annihilation need not be practiced, but unless it can be shown that there is room enough on earth for both savage and civilized, the savage must go.

Having thus indicated the operation of the law of the survival of the fittest, it would seem that we should apply the same treatment accorded to wild animals and savages to those men in civilized countries whose natures still display traits characteristic of the tiger and wolf, and who, owing to the nature of our social fabric, are beyond the reach of correction.

It is immaterial whether such men are conscious or unconscious of their true natures and the effect of their actions on others. If their position in modern life is an entirely false one, as in the case of the czar or king, this is their misfortune, but, like the savage or wild animal, they should not be permitted to live upon or block the march of the many toward better conditions.

There is no difference, ethically, between killing a man instantly or slowly over-working or starving him to death, yet those are the conditions imposed upon millions of workers throughout the world to-day, owing to the brute of the employing and official classes, and their ability to control large armies of ignorant police and soldiers to intimidate the workers whenever a clash occurs between Capital and Labor.

Another weapon used by these undeveloped czars of industry, whose egoism runs riot, is to dictate to their legislative hirelings what laws shall be enacted, or, if any exist that balk their selfish desires, to coerce their judicial puppets so to interpret them as to nullify the beneficial effect sometimes intended.

The point I wish to bring out is this—that since the great mass of people are by force of circumstances unable to use the same weapons employed by the better educated and privileged class, this does not preclude the working class from using whatever other means of defense may be at its disposal, such as the strikes, boycott, sabotage or assassination.

The assassination of tyrants has been practiced throughout history in all parts of the world, and in regard to nihilism in Russia, Wendell Phillips has this to say: "Nihilism is the righteous and honorable resistance of a people crushed un-

## INDECENCY vs. DECENCY

der an iron rule. Nihilism is evidence of life. Nihilism is the last weapon of victims choked and manacled beyond all other means of making the oppressor tremble. God means that the unjust power shall be insecure—and every move of the giant prostrate in chains, whether it be to lift a single dagger or stir a city's revolts is a lesson in justice. One might well tremble for the future of the race if such despotism could exist without provoking the bloodiest resistance, honor or Nihilism, since it redemns human nature from the suspicion of being utterly vile, made up only of the heartless oppressors and contended slaves. Every line of our history, every interest of civilization bids us rejoice when the tyrant grows pale and the slave rebellious. We cannot but pity the suffering of any human being, however, richly deserved, but such pity must not confuse our moral sense. Humanity gains."

The attention of our editors and judges called particularly to the following from the same speech—

"I know what reform needs, and all it needs, in a land where discussion is free, the press untrammelled, and where public halls protect debate. In such a land he is doubly and trebly guilty who, except in some most extreme case, disturbs the sober rule of law and order."

History shows that individual's can be so highly organized and so sensitive to human suffering as to be irresistibly impelled to seek relief by killing the person responsible directly or indirectly for the suffering imposed, and when the assassin merely obeys an uncontrollable natural impulse to eliminate destructive oppression, it seems to me that such killing is a high expression of the individual's outraged better nature.

Governments, of course, exercise their power to restrain and punish common criminals by imprisonment and death, but since the average intelligence does not perceive there are many more ways scores of less apparent and more insidious crimes go unpunished, and it is left of stealing and murdering other than by pocket-picking and throat-cutting, to the more discerning to denounce the greedy commercial and official octopuses that prey upon society from behind legal barricades.

There is no reason why those members of society possessing highly social and sympathetic qualities should not attempt to create an environment suitable to their natures, and if the removal of the tiger, the savage, the political or industrial tyrant, conduces to that end, such removal becomes a necessary duty.

If assassination has failed to achieve very much in the way of reform, it may be not because the method is wrong, but because it has not been practiced persistently enough. Where physical force is employed, numbers mean strength; and while one may fail to produce substantial results, one hundred will succeed. The American revolution is a case in point. If we concede the right

"She wants to sell baby! It's thin, of course, for there isn't much food."

So read the title of a story appearing in the New York Evening Mail of June 18th. Then it went on to tell of a sick mother, deserted, with three children, by the husband and father. The children's ages ranged from six years to two months. The two months old baby was the one offered for sale.

A doctor in the Bellevue hospital told this wretched mother that she had rheumatism; ought to keep away from the washtub; eat proper food, rest and go to the country. All of which not being able to comply with, and not wishing to subject her tiny baby to any more starvation, she advertised to sell or give it away.

A clever and sympathetic newspaperwoman wrote up the story and on the following day a headline read: "Mother won't have to sell baby!" Then the story told of six dollars already donated for the good cause and more hoped for.

You will guess, perhaps, that this mother belongs to a class where "sacred motherhood" is a grim joke. To a class where motherhood is debauched; where it becomes a greater curse with every unwelcome child; where the children that are born, come into an environment of poverty, faith and rancor; where every new born mouth comes to rob those already there of their mite of bread and milk. I hope that you have already guessed without much trouble, that it is not the class that has maids, nurses, governesses, private tutors and fashionable schools to take care of the children, that are born into it.

No, not even the class that can provide comfort without luxuries for its children. The women of those two classes either have no children—and they know how not to have them—or only have as many or as few as they want. They have learnt and are practicing the control of child-birth.

Whether the fashionable woman wants no offspring because it interferes with her figure or social life, or the middle class woman because she can only give comfort and education to one, or two, and so brings forth no more, both classes of women have gained for themselves the recognition that they have the right to choose. Indeed, such women are

to a group to resist tyranny or injustice by violence, we must also concede the same right to the individual.

It must not be supposed from the foregoing that I have any scheme of wholesale slaughter in mind. My idea is that if during an industrial crisis such as a strike or lockout, where sometimes the way to a settlement is blocked by the stubborn selfishness of a single man, it might prove a good lesson to the employing class if such an obstacle were promptly and effectively removed.

praised for having only as few children as can be happily provided for.

But this acquiescence is, of course, only for those who are credited either with superior brains or a superior income. But not—perish the thought—for such mothers as the one who advertised her baby for sale. No, such mothers have to raise from their child-bed and go to the factory or mill; and so their milk is vitiated if not harmful. Such mothers have no nourishing food for the nurslings. Such mothers are too poor, too ignorant, too weak to have many children. Therefore—let them have them—many of them, even if they have to perish in the struggle.

What do we care for such mothers? They are only workingwomen anyway. Cheap trash. What if they die—thousands do, you know—in the attempt to bring forth and raise five, six, eight, ten or more children? They have done the work society wants them to do—to produce plenty of food, and cheap food for the mines, the mills, the factories and last, but not least—the wars.

Since the upper class woman refuses to bear unlimited numbers of children, it behooves the proletarian woman, for the glory of God and the love of her country, to supply the industries with cheap material, so that profits may not be interrupted. The more prolific the women of the working class are the cheaper this profit producing commodity is.

In the terrible scramble for jobs, the employing class loves to see many combatants—the fiercer the competition, the lower the bid—the lower the bid, the greater the profits.

It is, then, logical to expect that the ruling class and its emissaries should hold out a crumb of charity to mothers who are forced to offer their babies for sale. That is civilized, human, DECENT.

But it is INDECENT, lascivious, obscene, a SOCIAL CRIME, to tell these mothers HOW NOT TO HAVE BABIES, so they won't have to advertise them for sale, or become beggars in order to support them.

Let us, WOMEN OF THE WORKING CLASS, transvalue the conception of the words "decent" and "indecent."

Let us make everything that contributes to the intelligence, the freedom, the happiness among the masses, DECENT. Anything that will enlighten the working-woman—the woman who needs it most—let us welcome it, and work for it, and spread light. And let us do it by ALL MEANS.

When the masses are sufficiently awakened to the importance of CHOOSING instead of BLINDLY SUBMITTING, then will the sham morality, forced upon them by the master-class become obsolete, unheeded—INDECENT.

M. G. R.

## FEMINISM

## CANTANKEROUS KATHERINE

An unpublished contribution to "Life's" contest.

The Feminist movement is an organized attempt by women of to-day to extricate themselves from the "moral" standards that originated in the benighted past.

In this age of revolt and re-valuation, some women are putting a new value on their lives; thereby incurring the ridicule and scorn of their more submissive sisters, and the anger of politicians and shallow philosophers.

The practicability of their methods towards attaining their object is a debatable question; nevertheless, by ignoring that great bug-a-boo,—public opinion (as they are doing in England)—they show their sincerity and determination as well as their contempt for precedent and established moral values.

To all lovers of progress this is a very healthy sign, because, on the one hand, female attendance at churches is diminishing in proportion to their interest in social advancement;—thus becoming investigators instead of believers—which is in itself a good enough reason for the clergy to oppose Feminism, while, on the other hand, the State is not only proving itself to be far from the "paternal" institution that women have been taught to believe, but is changing their admiration for its uniformed defenders into well-deserved disgust.

The ultimate object of this movement, (which is yet in its infancy) is unquestionably, Liberty for all, in the full sense of the word. Many of its adherents may not be aware of that fact yet, however, the opposing forces arrayed on the one side, and self-sacrifice on the other, are concrete evidence that the spirit of revolt and liberty is the predominant influence of the movement—aye, its very soul.

Morris Beck.

The Rebel Woman—she dwarfs the door of legal procedure with her bold demands; she begs for no love pledges, makes no vows and turns away in scorn from motherhood prescribed by the law of men. I am very glad to know that such a paper is published by women and will do all I can to promote its circulation.

A Subscriber.

The most revolutionary invention of the nineteenth century was the artificial sterilization of marriage.

G. B. Shaw.

The recent revolt of the prisoners in Blackwell's Island against the unbearable tyranny of Warden Hayes should prove to Katherine B. Davis, the commissioner of correction, that cruelty, when exercised on men, only breeds rebellion. It is to be feared, however, that the lesson is altogether lost on the fossilized reactionary female, who is at present responsible for the prison administration.

Commenting on the situation in Blackwell's Island, one of the morning newspapers, whose name is not fit to print, says: "The population of the 'coolers,' strange to say, is increasing. On Sunday, July 13th, 16 were confined there, but now there are 24. It is understood that informers in the prison have picked out a number of disturbers." Frank Tannenbaum, the courageous I. W. W. boy, has been in one of these coolers for 130 hours. He has been forced to sleep on a damp cement floor and in the whole of the time he has been incarcerated in solitary con-

finement, has been allowed only two pounds of bread! Other prisoners fared as badly.

The women of the State of New York should truly be proud of the first Woman Police Commissioner who tried in vain to make sneaks and tattlers of men by coercing them into "smitching" on their comrades. How womanly of her to shake hands with the bath attendant who licked her boots in his endeavor to curry favor, and told her what he had overheard the prisoners say.

Women who hope for recognition of their rights and look for that time when they shall hold office equal with men, have a striking proof of it here. The Club of Capitalism will descend upon their heads with the same brutality in the hands of women as in the hands of their lords and masters.

Vote on, sweated toilers, and hats off to the first Woman Police Commissioner and Strike Breaker.

## MILITANTS IN ENGLAND

On another page of this paper appears a letter from our English Comrade, Rose Witcop, in answer to an article in the June issue on "The Militants in England."

In reply to this letter I would point out that the sympathy and admiration I have shown for the Militants is not because of petty persecutions they have suffered, but in their revolt against sex subjugation, and their militant, courageous attitude in demanding the vote, not because it is necessarily a weapon against sex subjugation. They demand this recognition of the principal of political equality because it has been denied them by men on account of sex.

Conflicting views held by the Militants as to the utility of political action, socialism, anarchism, free love, etc., have really little to do with the issue, which is essentially a revolt of a few women against an age long sex subjugation.

What will come out of militancy will not be reflected in the attainment of the right to vote but in the control and freedom women will obtain over their bodies. To the extent that militancy succeeds in arousing "married" women to a realization of their subservience and implants in them and their children the ideal of a new erotic ethic, to that extent will militancy in England have shown itself to be a revolution. That the militants in England are doing this, consciously or unconsciously, is unquestionable, and the most daring of them have been

impelled to action by outraged feelings which have awakened their womanhood and inspired them with an extraordinary and amazing courage.

## AN IMPORTANT BOOK

The latest champion of the idea of birth-control is Signor Robert Michel, whose "Sexual Ethics" is a recent contribution to the Contemporary Science Series (Walter Scott, London.) With a knowledge of the latest scientific research in Germany, Italy and France, Michel indulges in no cheap glorification of unrestricted motherhood that is so common to-day. On the contrary, he claims: "the type of woman continually engaged in child-bearing is a primitive one, out of harmony with the needs and ideas of modern life"; and that "education and convention... have effected a development of the wife's concentration on her child, physiologically grounded, as that concentration is, to a degree beyond what is neither necessary nor normal." He writes incisively on the offence against both love and modesty in the average middle-class engagement and honeymoon.

We look forward to the immediate publication of this book in America.

What Every Mother Should Know.

Price 25 cents.

What Every Girl Should Know.

Cloth bound cover. Price 50 cents.

Send orders to

MARGARET H. SANGER,

34 Post Avenue, N. Y. City.

# CLASS AND CHARACTER

Article No. 2.

## THE GIRL AND CHARACTER.

We cannot free mankind from its present slavery nor build up a new society until there exist constructive character among the individuals who shall create that society.

It is seldom that character is associated with women; but always with men. A woman may be "sweet," "dainty," "goodhearted," "a good wife," "a good mother," and so forth, but seldom do they say she is a woman of character.

There is no need to catalogue special mental or moral traits of the most value to womanhood, but certain it is that there are deep-seated dispositions and inclinations which are essential in the mental make-up of those who set before themselves a high ideal in seeking to attain an individuality.

Every girl should aim to know herself; her desires; her inclinations; her weaknesses, and early in life decide what kind of character she would make of herself. She will find she has conflicting longings, both of a material and ideal kind, and it is well if she can experience and satisfy them as they come to her, especially, if they come strongly urged from within, for it is only by experience that she can know herself and discover what stands out strongest in her nature.

It is only after an accumulated number of varied experiences that she will be able to set herself a standard or an ideal to live up to. It is then the time to grasp every opportunity, to act upon emotional promptings which are in the direction of the ideal she aspires to reach.

Every girl is a magnet to attract or to be attracted. She is the strongest who attracts and draws to herself; who creates an atmosphere; who is free to express and give out those thoughts which "flash across the mind from within," all of which come through having a positive and creative character. A girl with such a personality is likely to draw negative characters to her—persons who have no creative thoughts. Their tendency is to criticise and destroy any constructive idea she should express. She will at first have an instinctive antagonism to such persons. They sap, exhaust and take from her; they come to feed their egotistical natures upon her personality, to invade it, to use it or bend it for their own use. Her sympathies will often make her tolerant of such persons, and she overcomes her antagonism, but in the end they destroy her ideals, shatter her stability, and her individuality is weakened. It is not the one who comes in the garb of the enemy, who invades her; but the friend, the husband or the lover.

## HER AIM:

A girl is a law unto herself, in making herself into a well proportioned charac-

ter. "Not a failure but a low aim, is crime," said Lowell. A girl should aim to make herself not a wife, or a housekeeper, or a business woman, or a mother, but a WOMAN, and develop her womanhood to its fullest capacity. Motherhood should not be the highest aim of a girl, for surely all animals may fulfill this function; rather let motherhood be one of the avenues through which the girl may pass in enriching her womanhood.

The blossom cannot tell what becomes of its odor, a girl cannot tell what becomes of her influence and example. The girl agitator seemingly has to fight not only the boss, but the shop mates as well, who do not stand with her but let her fight their battles alone. Yet there is always that something pouring out of our lives like heat from a flame or perfume from a flower, and just that something will take root in the minds of the others, which a year later will set the whole shop aflame with revolt. There are girls who exert an influence out of all proportion to their ability, just as there have been women in history whose power over men was beyond understanding. Some would have us think it was the power of sex, but I claim it was character, and a strongly conscious character. In all the paintings by the great masters, there is always a central figure or idea which stands out boldly, everything is subordinate to it and finds its significance in pointing it out; so character should be the dominant feature of every personality, and a girl's experiences are but to enrich and fortify it.

## SOCIETY AND THE WORKER.

There is inherent in all human beings a desire, as insistent as that for food and drink, to live a high and noble life, doing good to our fellow creatures, together with a deep social love for all mankind. That this spirit of love and kindness has been seized upon by a few whose greed for power has turned mankind into classes of masters and slaves, no one who is awakened to the social and industrial conditions existing to-day can doubt. In the meanwhile, what chance has a girl who toils for bread, shelter, and a few covering rags, to develop her character? What kind of character should she build, under existing conditions? What should be her attitude toward society? How can she develop herself and at the same time help her class to free itself? These are the questions she will ask herself, and will continue to keep in mind.

Is it not insulting to the intelligence of the working class, who do all the drudgery, all the serving, all the toil; who make garments of warmth, comfort and beauty for others while they and theirs go in rags, and ugliness, who pro-

duce and make the choicest food, while they and theirs go hungry, and die by the thousands of diseases from starvation; to ask or expect them to look upon life from the same view point as the master class.

## MASTER MORALITY.

The test of civilization is not the size of its cities nor its marvelous inventions or discoveries, but the kind of men and women it develops. Certainly there is little manhood or womanhood in the slaves of any country who submit tamely to their fetters.

If we could infuse into our every day work the sense of beauty, pleasure and harmony, we would soon grow from artisans into artists, but there is no choice to-day of the kind we would like to do or how it shall be done. It must be done quickly as an output; for the lords of industry have no souls for art, their natures are tainted with greed, love for humanity or its progress they have never felt. It is this survival of greed for power which the workers must defend themselves against if they would survive. To love your master allows him to turn that love into profits for himself; he profits and feeds upon all such qualities as meekness, kindness, unselfishness, humility, faithfulness, honesty, truthfulness. Revalue these attributes to fit your class interests, and you will hear the howl come from the moralists.

A revolution will be won or lost, not only by the spirit of the moment, but by the formation of the characters of revolutionists years before. "Men did what the gods forced them to do" was the idea which permeated Ancient Greece. Through this philosophy they became stagnant, atrophied, and sensuous. This same idea has to some extent influenced the world ever since. In Christian Europe it found its expression in the doctrine of predestination. Such a philosophy cuts the nerve of endeavor. Man-kind rots and stagnates under it. There is this same tendency among us to-day in the revolutionary movement. We have come to think that men and women can have no development until the bread and butter question has been settled, whereas, the truth is, there is too much soul starvation among us and too little self-development along existing class-conscious lines. Emerson says every great woman is a compelled woman, what she did she did because she must, for she is compelled by something within her which he calls character. There must be something finer in her than anything she can say, for character is greater than any career.

## A NEW KEYNOTE.

The self-sacrifice of women, both primitive and civilized, has partly unfit her for social organization of the world's work. She has at last evolved out of this state and has come to stand in her new attitude toward the world.



Keep the faculty of mental effect alive by exercise, and develop moral courage which gives one calm in storms and fearlessness under persecution.

The absolute consecration and devotion of self to the emancipation of her class is the secret of character building in a girl. It is such sublime living as shall stamp the features with the finest and rarest beauty. Without ideals there can be no beauty.

It is this struggle for the ideal, this fight which shall create a womanhood who shall not be content to die peacefully of old age by the fireside, but shall insist upon being ever present on the firing line as long as there exists a tyrant or a master to be overcome; a womanhood which shall be ready to battle, to keep her ideals and standards high, for which jails, and scaffolds shall have no terrors.

### A SONNET BY CAMPANELLA

Translated by John Addington Symonds

The people is a beast of muddy brain  
That knows not its own strength, and,  
therefore stands  
Loaded with wood and stone; the power-  
less hands  
Of a mere child guide it with bit and  
rein;  
One kick would be enough to break the  
chain.  
But the beast fears, and what the child  
demands  
It does; nor its own terror understands,  
Confused and stupefied by bugbears  
vain.  
Most wonderful! With its own hand it  
ties  
And gags itself—gives itself death and  
war  
For fence doled out by kings from its  
own store.  
Its own are all things between earth  
and heaven;  
But this it knows not; and if one arise  
To tell this truth, it kills him unfor-  
given.

Christian morality considers the act of generation an odious crime; it covers its face before it as before an abomination and it lays upon everything which has the slightest connection with the sexual life, or which even calls it to remembrance, the ban of a timorous silence.—Max Nordau.

"All truth is safe, and nothing else is safe; he who keeps back the truth or withholds it from men, from motives of expediency, is either a coward or a criminal or both."

—Max Muller.

I say discuss all and expose all—I am for every topic openly."

—Walt Whitman.

## TO EMMELINE PANKHURST

EDMOND McKENNA

Woman of calm grey years  
Mother of sorrow and pain  
Heart of what leader of spears  
Leaps in your bosom again!

Voice of what warrior gone  
Pleads on your passionate lips  
Prophetic as hurricane dawn.  
Rising on wounded ships.

Flood of what tides of life  
Meets in your heart of gold  
Flower of centuried strife  
Lamp of the hopes of old!

Did chief of a Saxon clan  
Who fell by the Roman sword  
Teach you death in the van  
Is sweeter than bartered word!

Does blood of the rebel Celt  
Shed in his ceaseless war  
Bring you the hate he felt  
His scorn of the conqueror!

Did sworded mother of France  
Looking calm-eyed on Hell  
Teach you scorn of the lance  
Before the Bastille fell!

What fate has decreed your part;  
What creed of love has hurried  
Your quenchless, untamable heart  
On this anvil of all the world!

The heels of the century grind  
Hard on the bones of your breast.  
O Mother of chainless mind  
Can victory give you rest!

## THEROIGNE DE MERICOURT

NORA MANN

Against the lurid background of the French revolution stands conspicuously the fascinating figure of Théroigne de Mericourt; passionate, eloquent, vivacious, determined and fearless: a girl who loved the people and fought for the freedom of her sex. From village maiden who wandered in the green meadows of the province of Luxembourg, she suddenly appeared as an impassioned street orator and a partisan of the Girondists in that whirl of events which filled the closing decade of the eighteenth century. Her passion for liberty drew her into a maelstrom of terror and bloodshed; and in this she typified, more than any other woman, the spirit of the French revolution.

Captivating, cajoling, bribing and threatening by turns, garbed in a neat riding dress and wearing a phrygian cap, she would harangue the people and raise her well-trained voice in the inspiring revolutionary hymns of her age.

Neglected by her parents and relatives in her childhood, Théroigne ran away from home at the age of fifteen and became governess to an English-woman of culture. They journeyed to London and it was here that Théroigne's charms aroused the love of a wealthy young Englishman. She eloped with her lover and journeyed to Paris. But the somewhat dissolute habits of the man caused her to terminate the alliance. She plunged into the gay life of London and Paris. Her musical talents were successful wherever she went. She was fresh, lithe and charming, and lavishly exercised her power to gather

laurels and inspire passion. Her lovers were many and there is no doubt she extracted considerable wealth from them.

It was during her stay in Rome that the first rumors of the Revolution reached her. Théroigne forgot her life of luxury and ease; she remembered she had once been a peasant. The news of the formation of a national assembly enraptured her. Her love of life and movement, her thirst for knowledge and experience, her need for a definite expression for certain unfulfilled desires in her nature, all combined to awaken in her a sudden passionate sympathy for the people. In a struggle for liberty it was inevitable that she should be drawn into that whirlpool of activities which was shaking the foundations of European society. Hurriedly she put her affairs in order and reached Paris on the eleventh of May 1789, full of curiosity and expectation, a woman whose heart beat wholly for the race and who was to devote her life to their service.

Paris was changed as well as Théroigne. The people were now gathered into knots and groups, whispering ominously, stamping, shouting, gesticulating, full of a tremendous purpose at which Théroigne could only guess. Everywhere the cry was for bread, but bread was dearer than ever. The people were starving.

The instinct of expropriation, the rights of an oppressed class, were in the air, creeping into the blood and vitals of every human being. "I had no understanding of the rights of the people," wrote Théroigne in her "Confessions," "but I naturally loved liberty. An instinct, a keen feeling which I could not define made me hail the Revolution without in the least knowing why." She attended the debates in the National Assembly. "The Assembly,"

she says, "seemed to me a fine and noble spectacle. I experienced emotions of an elevated nature and my soul soared to unknown heights."

At first Théroigne was content to remain a spectator, but soon her sympathies were strongly aroused. Her independent and resourceful nature rebelled at the thought of oppression to others. Her heart thrilled with sympathy.

On July 12th the gardens of the Palais Royal were opened to a debate and the people thronged everywhere. There was no longer any distinction between classes. Rich mixed with the poor and each one dared to show his natural faculties and character in public. Camille Desmoulins was present that morning. He leaped upon a table to denounce the dismissal of Necker. He moved the crowd by his eloquence and gave them a green cockade as a symbol of his purpose. They stripped the leaves from the trees and wore them in their hats. Then he led them in procession through Paris. The people helped themselves to food, arms, and guns, and as the evening wore on their methods of expropriation became more pronounced and interesting.

Théroigne was in the streets. Armed men passed and repassed, besides many who were in search of weapons. She deliberately stopped some of the soldiers and put the favorite question to them, threateningly:

"Are you for the *tiers-état*?"

The proceeding proved to be not always a safe one. An officer resented the liberty and ordered her arrest. She fled and he followed, until, discovering she had no one with her, he gave up the pursuit.

The next morning, the fateful thirtieth, Théroigne was hardly able to control her excitement. The people flocked to the Hotel de Ville for the purpose of forming the National Guard. Fifty thousand volunteers were enrolled and on every side arose the cry "To the Bastille!" Théroigne appeared dressed in a riding habit of the color of blood, a plume of feathers in her hat, a sabre at her side and two pistols in her belt. Thus garbed she hastened to join in the insurrection. She herself led the people. She seemed to be everywhere directing the insurgents, having detachments of men placed at the barriers, intercepting despatches which the Court was sending from Versailles to Paris, and generally organizing and encouraging the undisciplined. Thus did the once famous courtesan become a heroine not unlike the Maid of Orleans. Lamartine calls her a name that does not suit her—the impure Joan of Arc of the public streets.

At the storming of the Bastille and the final surrender of Governor De Launay and his mob, Théroigne literally leapt with joy. Bloodstained and blackened with gunpowder, she was carried shoulder high by the crowd. "I still seem to be in the fray of that fa-

## THE FREEWOMAN AS TEACHER

BEE

The celibate, class-room teacher must go. In her place stands the Freewoman. She of the passionate heart and great courage to do. She who has learned to laugh, with sweetness and tenderness, through knowledge of life's great sorrows—She who loves all. She who gives all to those who need.

To the children of workers she speaks, herself a worker. They are equals, she and the children.

All things that have been denied to her will be denied to them.

One thought she must teach them—that they belong to the working-class and that school is the place to prepare themselves to fight for Industrial Freedom. Whether she teaches Arithmetic,

History, or Geography, that is the vital thought in her lesson. These children will take their places as workers in the shops and mills and schools

and mines. Not with the same feeling of bewilderment and helplessness as their fathers and mothers, but with a vision of the world as it will be when all are free.

To this end, to make all free, the teacher should be getting the children ready to take their part. Their greatest interest lies in the perfection of their personalities in order to push forward the revolutionary idea of their day.

In this way only can there be Progress.

Through reverence for the New Idea, Through love for all,

Through curiosity about each day's happenings in the world,

Through visualizing a New Society, Through responsibility in their part in the fight for Industrial Freedom.

Thus the Freewoman as Teacher can express herself and help the New Generation.

mous day," she wrote. "I hear once more the sharp whistle of the balls, the thunder of the artillery, the clamor of the multitude, the cries of the wounded, the despair of the mothers and wives whose sons and husbands had perished in the sacred cause of Liberty. Glorious moments! Intoxicating day! How quickly you passed!"

When the cowardly governor of the prison was pointed out to her, she advanced to him. "Assassin of the people!" she cried, "you will be conducted to the Hotel de Ville to render your account." She made a signal. They threw themselves upon him and so he died.

But Théroigne did not stay to see the end. She hastened to help free the prisoners. When this had been done, she exclaimed "What! Citizens, shall we leave this prison standing to menace us with its fatal tyranny! No, we must raze it to the ground." Her suggestion was received with acclamation and the fortress demolished.

Meanwhile the Revolution broke out everywhere and blazed throughout the provinces during July, August and September. But the King had returned to Paris to consecrate its triumphs. As he drove through the streets of Paris, the people once more foolishly greeted him with amity. The cries of "Vive la Revolution!" had been silenced. They were soon to be heard again. Maddened women were ready to sacrifice life in redressing the horrors which were causing themselves and their children to perish.

For four days and nights Théroigne had been indefatigable in stirring up the people in the streets. On the sixth

of October she marched at the head of hundreds of women to Versailles to protest against the hated queen—Marie Antoinette.

At Versailles, Louis XVI., gazing timidly from the palace window, saw that strange doings were afoot. The Garde du Corps was ordered to disperse the women. They rushed and broke their ranks, but Théroigne rallied them and a deputation was sent to the palace between the lines of regiments still loyal to the King. Within the palace, council after council followed. One bright spot remained to Royalty in that gloom. Lafayette was marching from Paris with his men. The troops still stood at guard, their lines unbroken.

The guards and soldiers of Flanders were asked not to fire. Women cast themselves among them, entreating them not to hurt the people. Théroigne, lively, passionate, interesting, original and strange, with her red riding habit and hat, and a sabre by her side, threw herself at once among the soldiers. She was laughable and irresistible. Impetuous, charming and terrible, she was insensible to every obstacle. She had had amours—now she felt but one passion which was dearer to her than life; the passion for the Revolution.

Some of the women entered the guard house of the regiment of Flanders. They grew more and more excited, the soldiers rather more quiet and subdued. The women shouted, sang and gesticulated, giving unsolicited embraces to all they fancied and scorning those they disliked. At midnight Lafayette arrived with 20,000 guards and the danger of the Court for that night was passed.

(To be Continued)

## CRITICISM

## THE BIRTH CONTROL LEAGUE

To the Editor, THE WOMAN REBEL.

Dear Comrade: In your article in the June issue of your paper, you give what I consider to be an idealistic account of the suffragette movement in England. It is true, that at times, in spite of ourselves, we are inclined to become sympathetic towards "the cause," because of the petty persecutions, which some of its advocates suffer. But are we to be ruled by sentiment? If so, why not avow ourselves Christians, because in some districts the poor tools of the "general" were met with something stronger than hard words? That women are entitled to the vote (for what it is worth) I do not wish to dispute; but what I do deny,—and that emphatically,—is that they are inspired by "a new passion for liberty." I would rather say the suffragette is inspired by the *passion to govern*. Really one marvels at the interest our movement is taking in the Woman's struggle for the vote. For there is not the least doubt that some of the brainiest and most energetic members of the Socialist movement have been sent right off the track by means of a few catch phrases. Yet perhaps it is as well that we sort ourselves out occasionally, and realise how many, or how few of us are really prepared to stand by the clearest principles of revolutionary Socialism; understand what Parliament stands for, and the corrupting effect it has upon even the most disinterested.

And let us not presume that those who are financing the militants are doing so from any philanthropic motives. It appears to me that the American Radical movement as well as the English, is deluding itself that *woman*, the *sex* is the victim, and that the vote will prove a means to emancipation. This is obviously illogical. For how shall we benefit if, instead of electing our master,—as we do to-day—we elect his wife to govern us?

That is all, actually, the property vote movement stands for. It does not dream of abolishing this wage-slave society; it does not even demand Adult Suffrage. The mere mention of Free Love would horrify any self-respecting militant, whilst freedom, as you or I would define it, would meet with their very severe disapproval, our object should indeed be to instil into the heart of the toiler a cordial hatred for the "White livered monster" you refer to, "that fattens upon child labor—and prostitution." But we must take great care to point out, at the same time, that the monster is a bi-sexual creature called capitalism.

Yours for a free society,

Rose Witcop.

The recently organized and much needed Birth Control League of America has for its aim as follows:

1. To carry on an extensive, nationwide campaign of education, of literature, to prove to the workers that it is to their interests to have a thorough knowledge and understanding of the means for regulating the size of their families

2. To agitate most vigorously for the repeal of the state and federal laws against the spreading of knowledge relative to methods for the prevention of conception.

3. To render all possible aid to those who are prosecuted under these laws, and to bring their cases to the attention of the entire *thinking* world.

The headquarters of the league will be in New York City, while autonomous locals will be organized all over the country to carry on the propaganda.

Suffragettes, feminists and all wom-

en's organizations, will never make much progress, until they recognize the fact that women cannot be on an equal footing with men until they have full and complete control of their reproductive functions.

We are anxious to hear all advocates of woman's emancipation, in connection with the question raised above.

We want the help and co-operation of all enlightened women—mothers and potential mothers,—who see the danger and criminality of reckless and indiscriminate child-bearing—women who are not afraid to learn the physiology and hygiene of their own bodies.

The membership dues are \$1.50 a year, but additional contributions for a literature and campaign fund are badly needed.

Address all letters and contributions to the Secretary, Otto Bolsien, 75 East 120th St., New York City.

## THE MARRIAGE BED

The marriage-bed is the most degenerating influence of the social order, as to life, in all of its forms,—biological, psychological, sociological—for man, woman and child.

In order to attain to the highest development of the sex-nature, man should not possess a sex-slave, whom he can compel by both legal and conventional standards to serve him sexually at his will. He should, on the contrary, have the constant necessity to use his personal powers to win every opportunity to exercise his sex-functions, just as he needs to do with any other part of his make-up, as to the development of his nature to higher and finer issues. The easy way—the groove-way,—though a desirable way enough for *trained physical habit*; which has been regulated to the sub-consciousness of the individual, for that special stage of its development,—is the way of degeneration and death, as to starvation of higher ideals and powers.

In order to attain the highest development of the sex-nature, the woman should not have the good of a master, Such good destroys her native spontaneity—or it fosters physical habit to hypertrophy—or it arouses bitter antagonism and rebellion—as it prevents the development of her sex-nature to higher psychological issues.

As to the child, in its vertical evolution, its heritage,—the degenerating influences in the parents, must inevitably handicap its faculties and powers.—and the extension of such influences in the form of traditional ideals, into its horizontal evolution—its environmental development—must tend to foster such degeneration, and to more and more hinder the development of higher and finer ideals physical, psychological, sociologic-

Thus we see, that scientifically considered as to physical, psychological, sociological hygiene—poetically considered, as to love—artistically considered, as to the aesthetic nature—spiritually considered, as to the flowering of the soul—the marriage bed is a decadent institution—a reactionary development of the sex-instinct—an institution that arrays itself against the two great fundamental principles of life—self-preservation.

Let this institution then, be anathema to all thinking minds.

Alice Groff.

## TO THE BOTTOM DOG

If you belong to the vast and ever-increasing number of so-called "unskilled" workers, and want a live organization, join the Migrant Workers World Union, Parent Camp, 1237 West Madison street, Chicago, Ill. There are no dues or assessments and the membership fee (for life) is only fifty cents. This Union stands for the submerged half of humanity—for the women and men who bear the work and sorrows of civilization, and share none of its joys or pleasures. Every member must pledge himself not to scab on any workers, nor to bear arms against any workers nor to act as detective or informer for any financial interests.

## AGENCIES

The Woman Rebel can be obtained at the following addresses in New York City:

Brentano's, 6th Avenue and 27th St.  
Radical Book Store, 347 Bowery.  
Mother Earth Publishing Assn., 74 West 119th St.

## THE WOMAN REBEL

### A MONTHLY PAPER OF MILITANT THOUGHT

The Woman Rebel will be pleased to receive reports of meetings, strikes, etc., which should reach N. Y. C. by the 7th of the month.

Yearly subscription \$1.00—4 mo. 50 c.  
Sample copies 10 cents.  
Bundle Orders \$1.25 for 20; \$2.50 for 50.  
Money Orders should be made payable to Margaret H. Sanger, 24 Post Ave., N. Y. City

A blue pencil mark here denotes your subscription is due.

The Editor does not necessarily agree with all signed articles.

### WORKING WOMAN

Build up Within Yourself a Conscious Fighting Character Against All Things Which Enslave You.



## NO GODS

"Alas, brethren, that God whom I created was man's work and man's madness, like all gods.

Far too many are born. For the superfluous was the State created. Behold how it devoureth them....Aye, it findeth out even you, ye conquerors of the old God. Ye got wearied in battle and now your weariness searcth new idols."

Friedrich Nietzsche.

From the dawn of civilization man made the gods in his own image and likeness. He crouched before the creature of his imagination and the incarnations of his spirit; before idols of wood and stone, of flesh and blood. Often he became heartily ashamed of his creations.

Before the conventional lies of Society and the superstitions of Science, democracy is now on its knees, offering its daily happiness at the shrines of petty idols, vainly struggling to rise unashamed, fearless and free. The State, the Flag, Law, Justice, Progress, Precedent and Large Families each in turn receive the service and homage of the masses.

In this country the social position of woman has undergone a remarkable change. The rich man places his wife on a pedestal and serves her with docility in order that she may be admired, and he, envied. He has raised her to the rank of queen. This deified woman is one of the new idols at whose feet plundering plutocracy lays the shining gold wrung from the sweat and blood of the toiling long-suffering masses.

But the rich woman is not happy. Her sensibilities have been crushed, and her mind impoverished by her parasitical position. Working women do not realize these facts. While man gazes upon his idol with admiration and desire, the woman worker tamely follows the beaten path. Instead of seeking elsewhere for a free and joyous existence, she struggles in competition to attain or to imitate that costly and dependent life

which involves dresses, diamonds and expensive dinners. The prizes are few and the victims many.

Plutocracy makes it its business to support the priesthood. The common people must have "gods" to keep them in subjection. And so, before the vision of the workers is flashed the ideal of a grossly material existence, and by appeals to vanity and worldly ambition, the free slaves of society are lured into the domain of the lower senses. And, for the reason that civilization is what it is, working women are taking the same wrong turn, missing the ideal and forgetting that one ever existed.

The road of Happiness lies open to all, but it will not be found until we workers cease to immolate ourselves on the altar of man-made idols. For beneath the cruelty and the filthy cynicism of our commercial system, we women workers are being dehumanised. Our womanhood is being shamefully destroyed. The woman rebel wants to destroy the tyranny. The priests and profit-mongers want to destroy the womanhood.

This silly subjugation by woman to the conduct and habits of man; this surrender and supplication to his gods, is all part and parcel of the programme of the master class. Working women even more than men share in the idolatry which throws fictitious glory on the "defenders of country"; the soldier and marine. Romantic liars in the press sedulously foster the idea that the military or naval serf as a type possesses in battle—Courage, Patriotism and Chivalry. The truth is, as was recently shown at Vera Cruz, that the marine's nerves go to pieces after three hours under fire, and that he prefers food to fighting.

The only logical cure for all this is our assertion of a human ideal. If we do not strike the fetters off ourselves we shall be knocked about until we forget the fetters. To our society apologists, and to their plausible excuses for modern oppression, the only adequate answer is—we have done with your civilization and your gods. We will organize society in such a way as to make it certain for all to live in comfort and leisure without bartering their affections or their convictions. Let us turn a deaf ear to the trumpet-tongued liars clamoring for Protection, Patriotism, Prisons, Police, Workhouses and Large Families. Leave them to vomit their own filth and let us take the good things mother earth daily offers unheeded, to us her children.

### ARE PREVENTIVE MEANS INJURIOUS ?

It is often asked by those interested in the control of offspring whether the use of preventive means does not injure the health. According to investigations carried on among physicians in Paris, the families who average about two children each and who have practiced and used preventive means have

certainly not found the means harmful.

The people of each country have found means of prevention differing from those used in other countries. The people in this country shall soon demand such knowledge just as they do preventive medicine and anti-toxines, and open discussion of these means. To-day the women and men of the middle and upper classes certainly use preventives, the death rate among them is proportionately small. It is the working class who do not use these means that fill the hospitals of the country as well as the grave-yards.

There is greater harm being done to-day where women, only half and poorly informed, use strong solutions, which are often injurious to the delicate membranous linings of the generative organs.

There are, however, harmless preventives, which, when used, have a temporary effect, and when the woman later desires a child she will be in condition to have one.

These are the same measures to be advanced; and the stupidity of Comstock as well as the 'morality' of the Post Office censors, shall never prevent your knowing these preventive means or in passing on this knowledge to your shop mate; for every time you place such information into the hands of your fellow-workers, you are building the foundation of a clean and intelligent society.

### SAVE RANGEL CLINE ET AL FROM "TEXAS JUSTICE"

The I. W. W., labor and radical organizations and groups everywhere are showing their solidarity by combining for the defense of Rangel, Cline, Alzade, Cisneros and our other ten comrades now undergoing trial for their activity in the cause of industrial freedom. Money has been collected, but more is needed, for 'justice' is expensive, though not so dear in Texas but that Labor cannot afford to 'buy' and effect the liberation of our comrades. So send in your contributions to the Rangel-Cline Defense Committee, Financial Secretary, Victor Cravello, Room 108, Labor Temple, Los Angeles, California.

The reversal of the brutal sentence of fifteen years in the penitentiary passed on Leonardo Vasquez and the granting of a new trial is encouraging. All that is needed now in order that our comrades may be saved from the gallows or the penitentiary is one final rally of a united working class, to enforce their acquittal.

Make your protest heard by the Texan Governor, Oscar B. Colquitt, Austin, Texas. Remember that our exploiters are crazy for the blood of all who rebel against their authority and their system of ownership, and now more than ever before it is necessary to press home to the masters our solidarity and determination to take that justice into our own hands which they and their class deny to all industrial workers.