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I Am an Anarkist

Elbert Hubbard

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perintendent, 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 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.

One mild 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 Anarkist.

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 Su-

The Better Part

I Am an Anarkist.

All good men are Anarkists.

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 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 warships 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.

“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 laugh-
ter and dust,
And nothing at all in the world is left for a man to trust.
Let us hope no more, nor dream, nor profesy, nor pray,
For the iron world no less will crash on its iron way;
And nothing is left but to watch, with a helpless pity-
ing eye,
The kind old aims for the world, and the kind old fash-
ions 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, watch-
ing 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.

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 Anarky. One is the North Pole of Truth, the other the South. The
Socialist believes in working for the good of all, while Anarky 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 governments cease from
governing, and the meddle is at rest. Politicians are men who vol-
unteer 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 pro-
tect 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 them-
selves against these thieves, but now we are powerless and are
robbed legally.