



Emma Goldman, *Living My Life*

## Volume Two

### CHAPTER XLV



#### *Our offices are raided and we are arrested*

Carl, the "Swede," was mailing our circulars. He was a staunch and dependable comrade who had been with us for a long time, first in Chicago, where he had helped with my lectures, then in San Francisco where he associated with the *Blast*, and now in New York. Carl was among the most trustworthy and level-headed men in our ranks. Nothing could ruffle his even temper or make him give up a task once undertaken. He was being assisted in the office by two other active comrades, Walter Merchant and W.P. Bales, who were true American rebels.

Above the hum of conversation and the clicking of the typewriter we suddenly heard the heavy stamping of feet on the stairway, and before any one of us had a chance to see what was the matter, a dozen men burst into my office. The leader of the party excitedly cried: "Emma Goldman, you're under arrest! And so is Berkman; where is he?" It was United States Marshal Thomas D. McCarthy. I knew him by sight; of late he had always stationed himself near the platform at our No-Conscription meetings, his whole attitude one of impatient readiness to spring upon the speakers. The newspapers had reported him as saying that he had repeatedly wired Washington for orders to arrest us.

"I hope you will get the medal you crave," I said to him. "Just the same, you might let me see your warrant." Instead he held out a copy of the June *Mother Earth* and demanded whether I was the author of the No-Conscription article it contained. "Obviously," I answered, "since my name is signed to it. Furthermore, I take the responsibility for everything else in the magazine. But where is your warrant?"

McCarthy declared that no warrant was necessary for us; *Mother Earth* contained enough treasonable matter to land us in jail for years. He had come to get us and we had better hurry up.

Leisurely I walked towards the stairs and called: "Sasha, Fitz!-- some visitors are here to arrest us." McCarthy and several of his men roughly pushed me aside and dashed up to the *Blast* office. The deputy marshals took possession of my desk and began examining the books and pamphlets on our shelves, throwing them in a pile on the floor. A detective grabbed W. P. Bales, the youngest of our group, and

announced that he was also under arrest. Walter Merchant and Carl were commanded to stand back until the search was over.

I started for my room to change my dress, aware that a night's free lodging was in store for me. One of the men rushed up to detain