



Emma Goldman, *Living My Life*

Volume Two

CHAPTER XLV



We extend our hospitality to the police

me, taking hold of my arm. I wrenched myself loose. "If your chief didn't have the guts to come up here without a body-guard of thugs," I said to him, "he should have instructed you not to act like one. I'm not going to run away. I only want to dress for the reception awaiting us, and I don't propose to let you act as my maid." The men ransacking my desk laughed coarsely. "She's a caution," one remarked, "but it's all right officer, let her go to her room." When I emerged with my book and small toilet outfit, I found that Fitzzi and Sasha, who was still on crutches, were already down. McCarthy was with them.

"I want the membership list of the No-Conscription League," he demanded.

"We ourselves are always ready to receive our friends the police," I retorted; "but we are careful not to take chances with the names and addresses of those who cannot afford the honour of an arrest. We don't keep the No-Conscription list in our office, and you can't find out where it is."

The procession started down the stairs to the waiting automobiles, McCarthy and his assistants in front, Sasha and I behind them. In the rear two deputy marshals leading Bales, followed by officers of the "bomb squad." With Sasha I was given the place of honour in the Chief Marshal's car. We fairly flew through the congested streets, frightening people by the screeching of the horn and sending them scampering in all directions. It was after six o'clock and masses of workers were streaming from the factories, but McCarthy would not permit the chauffeur to slacken up, nor did he heed the frantic signals of the traffic policemen along the route. When I called his attention to the fact that he was breaking the speed regulations and endangering the lives of the pedestrians, he replied importantly: "I represent the United States Government."

In the Federal Building we were joined by Harry Weinberger, our pugnacious lawyer and unfailing friend. He asked for immediate arraignment and release on bail, but our arrest had purposely been staged for the late afternoon after the official closing hour. We were ordered to the Tombs prison.

The following morning we were taken before United States Commissioner Hitchcock. The prosecutor, Federal Attorney for the District of New York, Harold A. Content, charged us with "conspiracy against the draft" and demanded that our bail be set high. The