

# ANARCHISTS IN WILD DEFIANCE CURSE JUDGES IN COURT

Support **William Sanger**, One  
of Their Band, in His Re-  
fusal to Pay a Fine.

One hundred Anarchists at noon to-  
day in the Court of Special Sessions  
made a wild demonstration when  
a **William Sanger**, thirty-seven years  
old, artist, architect and Anarchist,  
was convicted of disseminating ob-  
scene literature, and said that he  
would go to jail in preference to pay-  
ing a fine of \$150.

Men and women rose in their seats  
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peared.





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Men and women rose in their seats and shrieked, cursed and cheered. Hats were thrown into the air and debris hurled at the bench which the three Justices appeared powerless to prevent.

The screams and yells of the frenzied followers of Alexander Berkman, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, Carlo Tresca and Leonard Abbott, all of whom were in court, could be heard all over the Criminal Courts Building and in the street. It required the efforts of a dozen court attendants, policemen and detectives to clear the court. No arrests were made.

**Sanger** was arrested Jan. 19 by Anthony Comstock for giving out a pamphlet composed by his wife, called "Family Limitation." In the interim he has gone as high as the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court in his efforts to have a jury trial. This morning he was called to trial before Justices McInerney, Herbert and Salmon in Special Sessions.

The wife of the artist Anarchist is in Europe in consequence of an indictment against her for sending the pamphlet through the mails. Sanger is of medium stature and exceptionally thin. He has bushy black hair, small brown eyes and lips as slender as knife-blades.

Among the interested spectators was



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Among the interested spectators was Mrs. Amos Pinchot, occupying a seat in the midst of the Anarchists. Sanger had with him a 7,000 word type-written statement, which he announced that he would read to the court. He didn't though.

"My plea is 'Not guilty,'" he announced, "but I have dismissed my lawyer and will argue my own case."

There was a visible movement among the "Reds" in the back seats, a shuffling of positions for a better look, some coughing and many significant glances.

"I admit having given out this pamphlet," **Sanger** continued, "but"—

"That's enough," interrupted Justice McInerney. "There's no occasion for reading that volume you have there. All the Court is interested in knowing is whether you are guilty or not. Are you ready to have judgment pronounced on you?"

"It is not enough!" shrieked the prisoner. "I claim that it is the law and not I that is on trial here today. This pamphlet is for good and should not be checked. Anthony Comstock told me that if I pleaded guilty he would see that I received a suspended sentence; and I refused to do it."

Justice McInerney's gavel silenced



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the demonstration which started. Then, turning to the prisoner, the Justice said:

"You think that you have done nothing wrong. Your crime is not only a violation of the laws of man but of the laws of God as well. In your scheme to prevent motherhood, if you and your ilk would marry decent women you would not have time to think of such worthless projects. You would all be better men and a benefit instead of a disgrace to the community in which you live. The sentence of this Court is, and I think we are letting you off easily, that you pay a fine of \$150 or go to jail for thirty days."

"I will not pay the fine!" yelled



"I will not pay the fine!" yelled **Sanger.**

"Very well, then. Take thirty days."  
"I would rather be in jail," screamed the artist Anarchist, "with my ideals and convictions intact, than out of it, stripped of my self respect and manhood. But this court cannot intimidate me!"

It was then that the storm broke and Leonard Abbott, lawyer and Anarchist and officer of the court, stood up in the midst of the tumult, smiling and egging it on. In vain Justice McInerney rapped his desk with his gavel and ordered the courtroom cleared. The tide of anarchy was not to be stayed. No moral suasion had the slightest effect over the screaming, cursing mob which surged toward the bench. Pale, but determined, the three Justices sat on the dais, gazing at the scene they were powerless to control.

Finally, the court attendants and police, tired of supplications, got into the throng and ceased gentle handling. They herded the crowd like a lot of cattle and rushed them from the courtroom without further ado. Outside in the corridor the Anarchists kept up the din until more police were summoned, and then resolute measures were adopted to drive them into the street.

"It was a splendid demonstration," said Lawyer Abbott.

"What's the use of arresting them?" said Assistant District Attorney Wilmot, sarcastically. "It will only make more martyrs."

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