

FREE SOCIETY

AN ADVOCATE OF COMMUNAL LIFE AND INDIVIDUAL SOVEREIGNTY.

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WHOLE NO. 140.

TO MY MARTYRED COMRADES, 1897.

November's chilly days have come
To open up the old-time wound,
Where Freedom's sons were brute-like slain,
That four-fold act so world renowned,
That marked a state so crimson bound.

They said that we would soon forget
When friends were laid beneath the sod,
Called us cowards and bravadoes,
Non-believers in State and God,
And vowed they'd make us kiss the rod.

Has time effaced that crimson act
So checkered with its legal flaws,
Have we forgot our martyred dead,
Those men who lived above the laws?
Who died in harness for the cause?

Speak from thy graves in green Waldheim,
Speak comrades true that nobly led,
Are you to unknown graves consigned?
Hurl back the lie to those who said,
We'd soon forget our murdered dead.

Go, gallant clubbers, seek the mounds
'Neath which they've slept for ten long years,
View sculptured art with labor crowned
Our token that each year appears
Bedewed with our fair women's tears.

Go ask the trees, the plants, the grass,
That in those mounds their tendrils wed,
Ask you the chill November's blast,
The falling leaves that o'er them spread,
Ask these, have we forgot our dead.

Not time itself shall e'er efface
That trial imbedded deep with hate,
Nor generations hide the trace
Where justice could so abdicate
To quench the raging thirst of state.

When hope despairs and mem'ry fades,
When love and hate go hand in hand,
When truth of right a farce shall be
And courage shun the haunts of man,
Shall be forgot that act so damned.

This monster crime to go unscathed?
This deed of hell without a name?
Its valedictory drenched in blood
In crimson shall all ages frame;
Not centuries shall hide its shame.

Before my vision rises yet
The bastle walls and cells within,
The gloomy windows in the rear,
The trap, the noose, the scaffold grim,
Deep freighted with its darksome sin.

Again I hear my comrades speak
In words that sound a nation's shame,
Methinks I see the hangman wait
As huntsman waits for noble game
Prepared to act when signal came.

"Our silence shall," said stoic Spies,
"More potent be in time to come
Than if our voices speak today."
How true those words as time rolls on;
Death could not still the martyr's tongue.

Then Adolf Fischer, tender, brave,
Who smiling met poor Schwab in tears
And cheering spoke in gentle tones
To soothe his mind and still his fears,
Again that scene to me appears.

Nor did he shudder at the brink
When hangman's noose defiled his throat,
"Happiest moment of my life,"
Rang through the jail like bugle note;
Thus at his death brave Fischer spoke.

Then spake the Texan, staunch and true,
"Oh let the people's voice be heard,"
That was the last he ever said,
The trap was sprung, no voice demurred,
The people's voice was never heard.

Liberty draped in robes of white
In Parsons' blood was there immersed,
There cold and lifeless in the air
Hung crime of hate so deeply nursed,
A state revenged, a nation cursed.

What tongue could paint that last dark scene,
Reflection of the darker age,
Where crime gown in name of state
Presumed the judgment of the sage
Automaton on mimic state.

All comes today as plain as then
Their march to death so glorified,
The circle dark around their necks,
The words of Spies so verified
Comes flooding back on mem'ry's tide.

What page of hist'ry marks the names
That prouder died on battlefield
Than they who perished there that day
Those men whose doom with noose was sealed,
That fearless died, but could not yield.

But vengeance to the last was lost,
To that last hour proud men's ribs cling,
That moment grandest of their lives
When death its horrors failed to bring,
Oh puny foe where lost thy sting.

Oh peaceful glades of green Waldheim,
Each year we greet you with our dead,
Not echoless shall time speed on
Or silence drape the martyrs' bed;
Their lives shall not remain unread.
Their monument a lasting fame
That will not crumble or decay,
Their fame shall reach beyond the grave
And grow still brighter day by day
Till crime of hate it shall betray.

As men have died for ages past,
So died these men at hand and state,
As I review their dying
Their calm disdain at death,
I almost envy them their fate.

STATE SOCIALISM UNDER THE INCAS

(Extracts from Prescott's "Conquest of Peru")
Under State Socialism a people may be made
"happy" only on condition that they abstain
from all individual initiative and become vassals in the wheels of a machine.

PART II.

All the mines in the kingdom belonged to the
Inca. They were wrought exclusively for his bene-
fit by persons familiar with this service and ap-
pointed from the districts where the mines were sit-
uated.

The members of the royal house, the great no-
bles, even the public functionaries, and the numer-
ous body of the priesthood, were all exempt from
taxation. The whole duty of defraying the ex-
penses of the government belonged to the people.

The great hardship in the case of the Peruvian
was that he could not better his condition. His
labors were for others, rather than for himself.
However industrious, he could not add a rood to his
own possessions, nor advance himself one hair's-
breadth in the social scale. The great and uni-
versal motive to honest industry, that of bettering
one's lot, was lost upon him. The great law of
human progress was not for him. As he was born,
so he was to die. Even his time he could not
properly call his own. Without money, with little
property of any kind, he paid his taxes in labor.

No wonder that the government should have
dealt with sloth as a crime. It was a crime against
the State, and to be wasteful of time was, in a man-
ner, to rob the exchequer. The Peruvian, laboring
all his life for others, might be compared to the
convict in a tread mill, going the same dull round
of incessant toil, with the consciousness that, how-
ever profitable the results to the state, they were
nothing to him.

Religion furnished a plausible pretext for inces-
sant aggression, and disguised the lust of conquest
in the Incas, probably from their own eyes as well
as from those of their subjects. Like the followers
of Mahomet, bearing the sword in one hand and
the Koran in the other, the Incas of Peru offered

no alternative but the worship of the sun or war.

Far from being a tax on the labors of the hus-
bandman, or even a burden on his hospitality, the
imperial armies traversed the country, from one
extremity to the other, with as little inconvenience
to the inhabitants as would be created by a pro-
cession of peaceful burghers or a muster of holiday
soldiers for a review. (1)

Yet little less remarkable [than the choking out
of the original tongue and substitution of a single
language throughout the empire] was another de-
vice of the Incas for securing the loyalty of their
subjects. When any portion of the recent con-
quests showed a pertinacious spirit of disaffection
it was not uncommon to cause a part of the popu-
lation, amounting, it might be, to 10,000 inhabi-
tants or more, to remove to a distant quarter of the
kingdom occupied by ancient vassals of undoubted
fidelity to the crown. A like number of these last
was transplanted to the territory left vacant by the
emigrants. By this exchange the population was
composed of two distinct races, who regarded each
other with an eye of jealousy that served as an
effectual check on any mutinous proceeding.

Neither could the colonist who had been thus
unceremoniously transplanted return to his native
district. For, by another law, it was forbidden to
anyone to change his residence without license.
He was settled for life. The Peruvian government
prescribed to every man his local habitation, his
sphere of action, nay, the very nature and quality
of that action. He ceased to be a free agent; it
might be almost said that it relieved him of per-
sonal responsibility.

The extraordinary regulations respecting mar-
riage under the Incas are eminently characteristic
of the genius of the government, which, far from
limiting itself to matters of public concern pen-
etrated into the most private recesses of domestic
life, allowing no man, however humble, to act for
himself, even in those personal matters in which
none but himself, or his family at most, might be
supposed to be interested. No Peruvian was too
low for the fostering vigilance of government.
None was so high that he was not made to feel his
dependence upon it in every act of his life. His
very existence as an individual was absorbed in
that of the community. His hopes and his fears,
his joys and his sorrows, the tenderest sympathies
of his nature, which would most naturally shrink
from observation, were all to be regulated by law.
He was not allowed even to be happy in his own
way. The government of the Incas was the mildest,
but the most searching, of despotisms.

"Science was not intended for the people, but for
those of generous blood. Persons of low degree
are only puffed up by it and rendered vain and
arrogant. Neither should such meddle with the
affairs of government; for this would bring high
offices into disrepute, and cause detriment to the
state." Such was the favorite maxim, often re-
peated, of Tupac Inca Yupanqui, one of the
most renowned of the Peruvian sovereigns.

Under their patient and discriminating culture,
every inch of good soil was tasked to its greatest
power of production, while the most unpromising

spots were compelled to contribute something to the subsistence of the people. Everywhere the land teemed with evidence of agricultural wealth, from the smiling valleys along the coast to the terraced steep slopes of the sierra, which, rising into pyramids of verdure, glowed with all the splendors of tropical vegetation.

* * *

There were certain individuals, however, carefully trained to those occupations which minister to the demands of the more opulent classes of society. These occupations, like every other calling and office in Peru, always descended from father to son.

* * *

A closer resemblance—as I have more than once taken occasion to notice—may be found between the Peruvian institutions and some of the despotic governments of Eastern Asia; those governments where despotism appears in its more mitigated form, and the whole people, under the patriarchal sway of the sovereign, seem to be gathered together like the members of one vast family. Such were the Chinese, for example, whom the Peruvians resembled in their implicit obedience to authority, their mild yet somewhat stubborn temper, their solicitude for forms, their reverence for ancient usage, their skill in the minuter manufactures, their imitative rather than inventive cast of mind, and their invincible patience, which serves instead of a more adventurous spirit for the execution of difficult undertakings.

A still closer analogy may be found with the natives of Hindostan in their divisions into castes, their worship of the heavenly bodies and the elements of nature, and their acquaintance with the scientific principles of husbandry. To the ancient Egyptians, also, they bore considerable resemblance in the same particulars, as well as in those ideas of a future existence which led them to attach so much importance to the permanent preservation of the body.

But we shall look in vain in the history of the East for a parallel to the absolute control exercised by the incas over their subjects. In the East this was founded on physical power—on the external resources of the government. The authority of the incas might be compared with that of the pope in the day of his might, when christendom trembled at the thunders of the vatican, and the successor of St. Peter set his foot on the necks of princes. But the authority of the pope was founded on opinion. His temporal power was nothing. The empire of the incas rested on both. It was a theocracy more potent in its operations than that of the Jews, for, though the sanction of the law might be as great among the latter, the law was expounded by a human law giver, the servant and representative of divinity. But the inca was both the law giver and the law. He was not merely the representative of divinity, or, like the pope, its viceregent, but he was divinity itself. The violation of his ordinance was sacrilege. Never was there a scheme of government enforced by such terrible sanctions, or which bore so oppressively on the subjects of it. For it reached not only to the visible acts, but to the private conduct, the words, the very thoughts, of its vassals.

* * *

The government of the incas, however arbitrary in form, was in its spirit truly patriarchal.

Yet in this there was nothing cheering to the dignity of human nature. What the people had was conceded as a boon, not as a right. When a nation was brought under the scepter of the incas it resigned every personal right, even the rights dearest to humanity. Under this extraordinary polity a people advanced in many of the social refinements, well skilled in manufactures and agriculture, were unacquainted, as we have seen, with money. They had nothing that deserved to be called property. They could follow no craft, could engage in no labor, no amusement, but such as was specially provided by law. They could not

change their residence or their dress without a license from the government. They could not even exercise the freedom which is conceded to the most abject in other countries—that of selecting their own wives. The imperative spirit of despotism would not allow them to be happy or miserable in any way but that established by law. The power of free agency—the inestimable and inborn right of every human being—was annihilated in Peru.

* * *

Where there is no free agency there can be no morality. Where there is no temptation there can be little claim to virtue. Where the routine is rigorously prescribed by law, the law, and not the man, must have the credit of the conduct. If that government is the best which is felt the least, which encroaches on the natural liberty of the subject only so far as is essential to civil subordination, then of all governments devised by man the Peruvian has the least real claim to our admiration.

COMMENT.

1.—Since the soldiers while on march lived upon stores previously laid up by the inhabitants, it is difficult to see why Prescott should have made such an unwarranted assertion as this.

The following extracts will not be inappropriate here:

"Whatever, then, the State Socialists may claim or disclaim, their system, if adopted, is doomed to end in a state religion, to the expense of which all must contribute and at the altar of which all must kneel; a state medicine, by whose practitioners the sick are invariably to be treated; a state system of prescribing what all must and must not do; a state code of morality to content itself with punishing what it prohibits and prohibiting what the majority desire; a state system of instruction, to do away with all private schools, academies and colleges; a state nursery, in which all children must be brought up in common at the public expense; and, finally, a state family, with an attempt at stirpiculture, or scientific breeding, in which no man and woman will be allowed to have children if the state prohibits them and no man and woman can refuse to have children if the state orders them. Thus will authority achieve its aim and monopoly be carried to its highest power."

—B. Tucker, in "Instead of a Book."

"To be governed is to be watched, inspected, spied, directed, law-ridden, regulated, penned up, indoctrinated, preached at, checked, appraised, sized, censured, commanded, by beings who have neither title, nor knowledge, nor virtue. To be governed is to have every operation, every transaction, every movement noted, registered, counted, rated, stamped, measured, numbered, assessed, licensed, refused, authorized, indorsed, admonished, prevented, reformed, redressed, corrected. To be governed is, under pretext of public utility and in the name of the general interest, to be laid under contribution, drilled, fleeced, exploited, monopolized, extorted from, exhausted, hoaxed, robbed; then, upon the slightest resistance, at the first word of complaint, to be repressed, fined, vilified, annoyed, hunted down, pulled about, beaten, disarmed, bound, imprisoned, shot, mitrailleused, judged, condemned, banished, sacrificed, sold, betrayed, and, to crown all, ridiculed, derided, outraged, dishonored."—J. P. Proudhon.

DOCTRINES OF ANARCHISM.

The following letter was written to a Western miners' paper during the strike of the Coeur d'Alene miners:

Having read an extract of your manifesto in a German paper, I'll enclose herewith \$1 in postal note to help defend the boys. One of your men, I think Smith is his name, was here in town on Labor Day, and described the conditions. I have also assisted him, but without giving a name.

I am fully aware that it is useless to try to get justice at the courts in this country (or any other for that matter), because the courts, as a part of the government, are run in the interest of the capitalists and plutocrats in general; because government, no matter what kind it is, is simply a machine, a contrivance, to protect the slaveholder—not the slave. I use the word slave because all of us working people, all of us who either work for wages or, as we think work on our own hook, are more or less under the control of those who own—no, not own, but who control, who have in a legal, legitimate, but not just, right and honest way, acquired the control over the opportunities to labor, to create wealth, to make a living—and backed up by the government, by the church, by the press, by the supporters of the plutes, and last, but not least, by a great number of our own men, who either join the militia or are too ignorant or of such a slavish disposition that they always ride with the blood-sucking capitalist, who cannot imagine a state of society where there would not be an employer, to give them work, as they say. Backed up by all of this they force us to accept such terms as they see fit.

Political freedom without economical freedom or equality is a glittering generality, as J. C. Calhoun said about our declaration of principles. The slaves of old, the black slaves of the South, were forced by the whip and paddle (a piece of board with holes in it, which sucks up the skin when applied unmercifully on the back), but the slaves of this latter-day, the white slaves, the free American citizens and any other citizen, the men who were born free and equal, but of whom the greatest part live and die in bondage, these men are forced by a more insidious means to obey the dictates of their master, and that is hunger. Having, with the aid of the government, cornered most of the valuable lands, and having accumulated untold wealth by making us produce all wealth and then paying us back just enough to exist on, and not even that much voluntarily, they use this to make improvements, to buy machinery, to employ or hire more slaves, to make them still richer, until they roll in wealth.

In ancient mythology a place is described called the Valley of Despair, where men suffered from hunger and thirst amidst plenty; whenever they went to drink out of the river at their feet, the water receded from them as a mirage on the plains; whenever they went to pluck the ripe fruit hanging over their heads, the bough receded. That was an ancient picture of hell. But do we not see the same thing today? Whenever a famishing man wants to take what justly belongs to him, the law, the government, steps in to punish him for an infraction on somebody else's property. The rights of property must be respected, no matter how many human lives are destroyed by it. Property! What is it? What I have produced with my labor; no, that does not amount to anything, being compelled to give an employer two-thirds and have the other third eaten up, taken from us by the government in form of taxes and tariffs, to support a whole army of men and women, in idleness, as figureheads; it is taken from us by the railroads, who take all they can get; by the trust combinations, who fix the price to producer as well as consumer; by all of these are we being robbed, and then when we dare to assert our manhood, when we dare to say what is right and what is wrong, we are being hung like the Anarchists in Chicago; when we dare to set force against force, we are being shot down, imprisoned like so many sheep, tried and convicted of murder for having dared to defend our lives against a lot of hired assassins. An example will be set by our masters, as it was in Chicago; many of our men will suffer death at the hands of the plutes, but as that puritan said who was burned at the stake in England, this torch will set the whole of England afire. So will it be with these men, our brothers; they will be like the stones thrown in the placid pool of suffering humanity; their fate will set the whole mass in motion, and when once in motion they will rise up and annihilate their oppressors, and take possession of what rightfully belongs to them.

Many years ago in Louisiana, a negro said to me, while looking at a magnificent sugar plantation: "See," he said, "all of this belongs by right to our people (meaning the colored); we have cleared the swamps, built the houses, planted the cane, and never get more than a bare living." And so it is with us; we have produced all the wealth and never had more than a bare living, and not always that, and we are going to take what belongs to us. It is our property; the mine, the factory, the furnace, the iron mill, is the

result of our combined effort, therefore does it belong to us, and not to a private individual; the land belongs to us, because the earth was here before we came and will be here after we go. The land to those who use it, the tools to the toilers, the product to the producers. These three sentences are the mere declaration of economic independence, and after we have that we are actually free and equal; we do not need any government, a voluntary agreement between the workers is sufficient.

When all men have an equal opportunity to gain a good living, there will not be any need of laws, because law is the expression of the profit system, of the system of private ownership of the means of production, creates crime, makes criminals. What must we do, then, to be saved. Shall we engage in politics, as many tell us? No, because politics, the use of the ballot, is a plaything for children, to keep them in good humor; but whenever they do not use it to suit their parents, or our master, it will be taken away from us or simply not counted. Political strife uses up the energies of the people, is a sort of safety valve for the plutes. You cannot fight an enemy with a weapon he himself has given to you; it will break in your hands. It is not reform we need, but a complete change. We must cut loose the shades of wage-slavery and be free: a land of brothers congregating for their common good. But if we shall not vote, what shall we do? We cannot get up and fight right now; no, but you can circulate radical literature, instruct your fellow laborers, prepare more generally for the coming struggle. The rebellion must be general in order to be effective. It is not the scab, not the boss, but the infernal system, the root which produces both, which must be annihilated. It is not a question of wages, but of retaining all we make, of being free.

In the next fight, let the miner take possession of the mine, the steel worker of the mill, the factory hands of the factory, the tenant farmer of the land, and hold it in common, but under the control of those who use it, let the railroad men control the railroads, the postoffice employees the postoffice, the telegraphers the telegraph, abolish the whole government with everything belonging to it, exchange your products as you see fit, have a common storehouse, or fix it any other way as the occasion will demand, abolish money, the root of all evil, and then you'll be free; you'll be able then to follow your inclinations, to surround yourself with the comforts of life, be happy, be brotherly, you'll not be compelled to fight your fellow laborer, because there will be plenty for all; national boundaries and race prejudices will fall away and the whole world will be a land of brothers, because this coming revolution will be all over the world almost simultaneously. Everywhere the oppressed will rise up, and armed with this new weapon, this friend and defender of the poor and lowly, this modern Minerva, dynamite, we will shatter the strongholds of our robber kings; their militia, regular army and Pinkertons, with their costly arms, will be of no avail. They may flee to the uttermost ends of the earth, but their accusers will be there also; capital is international, labor more so. If a man does not work, neither shall he eat; the time will have passed forever where a few will be able to hold the many through cunning devices in subjection. Therefore, brothers and comrades, be of good cheer, as the coming storm, of which we have heard the first rumbling, will sweep away all the dead and rotten leaves. As the prairie fire, which absorbs the dead grass, to make room for the new, so will this revolution make room for a greater and better society, the true brotherhood of humanity.

These, my friends, are the theories of Anarchists, and if you ever had any prejudice against them I hope you will lay them aside, after candidly reading this very long letter.

Portland, Ore.

CHAS. DOERING.

INSULTING A WOMAN.

"Der Arme Teufel," (The Poor Devil) Detroit, Mich., one of the best edited and written literary weeklies of the United States, or for that matter of the world, in speaking of the 11th of November commemoration meeting in that city says among other things:

There are hardly any men reading newspapers in Detroit who do not know something about Emma Goldman. One who knows what the capitalistic press has accomplished in vilifying her can imagine how the same papers write about Louise Michel.

Let us occupy ourselves for a moment with the last named personality.

Even enemies and the bitterest opponents of the Commune of France; even monarchists in Germany, do not today withhold their respect for this unusual woman. A contributor to the "Koenigsche Zeitung," one of the greatest capitalist dailies of Germany, who has made it his mission to study and observe Louise Michel, writes about her: "One may condemn her ideas as fanatical and utopian, or as dangerous, but when she speaks, she convinces and carries away her hearers. One must admit that she is homely, but if you know her deeds, her life-long sacrifices in the service of misery, then she becomes an angel of beauty."

"Louise Michel not only denounces the social system in meetings and demands with the ardor of a fanatic the destruction of it, but she penetrates into the slums of misery; she claims that part of humanity which is born with insects; she nurses the sick who are not admitted to the hospitals; she encourages the wives and looks for work for the men. She finds time amid all her duties, to teach the children of the slums whom no school could keep, no teacher restrain. But in the presence of this woman, who with her bony hands pets and straightens their entangled hair, these arabs of the slums are making stirring efforts to sit still and learn something. She also conducts an evening school for adults. She teaches geography and history; the other branches are taught by voluntary teachers obtained by her persuasive eloquence."

"History is to her the summary of all knowledge and one can imagine how she interprets it according to her own pet ideas. Her ceterum censeo with the children and adults is still today—25 years after the commune: Do not forget the commune; your father went down with it; your mother, your brothers and your sisters were murdered for it: you must become an avenger. Some day the commune will resurrect itself in its magnificence and we will have peace."

"That is the fury, the petulance, the destructionist; she climbs six flights of stairs to the garret of a sick seamstress to bring her a bundle of green branches or a bouquet of meadow flowers. 'Here,' she says, 'if one has this, one can dispense with a country villa. So lie down now, I will work for you.'

"This single woman does, according to the testimony of the district commissioners, more real charity than a philanthropic millionaire could accomplish. And she will take no money, not even for her foster children. All that she disposes of she earns with her own hands."

Against this woman the whole American press howled with vindictive fury when it was said that she wanted to visit this country. The much-vaunted gallantry of the Americans was thrown to the winds, and at this poor, old, homely maid every literary swash-buckler struck with might and main. On the other hand the Anarchist Kropotkin was treated by the New York press with all respect. Why? Oh, inextinguishable sycophancy of the scribes!—because the renowned Russian revolutionist is of princely strain. . . .

Speaking of Emma Goldman it says: There are significant points of resemblance between these women. Emma Goldman also has a strong penchant to be charitable. It is to a great extent due to her restless efforts that the prisoners in Pittsburgh were not forgotten. She has also the reputation for bravery in the United States at a time in which the most prominent labor leaders with barefaced shamelessness went over into the ranks of the people's enemies. With defamation and scorn she has been received by the press, with brutal threats and outrageous interference by the police in different cities.

One day she harangued the striking workmen in one of the squares in New York—anything will serve her as a platform, a cornerstone, a cart, or a heap of earth. Any case of the poor and miserable is her own case. They dragged her from the platform to the court and condemned her to a year's imprisonment for inciting the mob. From the prison on Ward's island she returned still braver, more zealous and more aggressive than ever before. Yet it is more the energy of love for mankind which actuates her than it is the fanaticism of revenge. And it shall not be unmentioned that Miss Goldman is a young woman, whose appearance left a very favorable impression according to the testimony of those papers which published the most absurd caricatures.

Detroit has in such cases always made a gratifying exception. Our newspapers have mostly tried to be more or less decent; an encroachment by the police is hardly thinkable. It is quite a different circle in Detroit which has manifested an unprecedented narrow-mindedness. It was concluded, and quite naturally,

that when the "Forward Maennerchor" [an organization connected with the German Turners' association], would sing at the meeting the "Socialist Maennerchor" would also. But, lo and behold! a message comes to the Central Labor Union that the "Socialist Maennerchor" would not let their sacred voices be heard where Emma Goldman opened her profane mouth to speak.

The "Socialist Maennerchor" has once before acted in the same manner when Most made the memorial speech. The refusal upon this occasion had at least a glimmer of justice for Most had not handled the Social Democrats very gently. But many thought a great deal about it at that time that men who desire to be free and paint beautiful pictures of future society should not sink personal hatred when there is a memorial meeting in question.

But the refusal this time is an infamy. Emma Goldman places no great importance to the credit of any one: she is simply an advocate of the revolutionary spirit of the proletariat. She denounces the oppressor and appeals to the bravery and not-yet-lost dignity of men. To purposely insult such a woman on such an occasion is not absurd, it is infamous.

The Central Labor Union is a socialistic organization of different labor unions; but it is neither distinctly social democratic nor anarchistic. If instead of this woman a distinguished social democratic speaker could have been procured in this neighborhood, they would, without doubt, have engaged the gentleman and there hardly would have been a society which would have interfered with the committee's plan. If the "Socialist Maennerchor" arranges a social for the benefit of its treasury, who patronizes such a social? The liberal-minded workman, no matter of what religion. Yes, they even tolerated it when the proceeds were turned over to the section of the S. L. P. It was these same liberal-minded laborers who summoned the citizens and workmen to the November 11, commemoration meeting; yes, even the religious, who comprehend the infamy of this crime and believe in some kind of protest against it, will be welcomed by us. Taking all this into consideration the action of the society must be branded not only as infamous, but as an enormous stupidity.

It must be stated, however, that the resolution of a society is not always an expression of the sentiment of its members. May those who think differently enough to despise the resolutions unite with the "Forwards" and thereby help us to make a success of the commemoration meeting of which all of us expect so much this year.—Translated from the German by A. I.

HOT RESOLUTIONS.

Following is a set of resolutions adopted October 25, by the United Building Trades of New York, at Cooper Union, without a dissenting voice. But something besides resolutions are needed:

Whereas, The liberty to peaceably assemble and walk the streets and highways unmolested and unmolested is one of the most important of civil liberties, to be zealously safeguarded in every possible manner; and

Whereas, This liberty has been wantonly violated by a disorderly band of armed men impudently styling themselves the sheriff and deputies of Luzerne county, Pennsylvania, who after unwarrantably reading the riot act to a number of inoffensive laborers parading the public highway, did then and there act riotously themselves, opening a murderous fire upon unarmed and unresisting citizens and killing and wounding them by scores; and

Whereas, The governor of Pennsylvania sent the state militia to the scene, not only to protect the riotous officials from the vengeance of an outraged people, but to suspend the administration of justice without a declaration of martial law, and to prevent the application of its legal processes to the arrest and punishment of the flagrantly guilty—it is hereby

Resolved, By the friends of liberty and labor here and now assembled, that the sheriff of Luzerne county, Pennsylvania, and his deputies, were the principals in an act of murder and massacre; that the governor of Pennsylvania, and the officers and men of the militia sent by him to the scene, were accessories after the fact; that all these murderers, both principals and accessories, deserve the treatment usually accorded to other murderers; and that we hope they will get their deserts. And be it further

Resolved, That in view of the violations of individual liberty now more and more constantly occurring, it behooves all citizens, and especially working people, to give earnest study to the laws of political economy and social life, with a view to the discovery of a way whereby they may dispense forever with the so-called "service" of governors to whom they now pay salaries for robbing and murdering them, and to particularly inquire whether Oliver Wendell Holmes, a justice of the Massachusetts supreme court, is right in his assertion that "there is nothing better than a guess at the foundation of the claim that our criminal law, as a whole, does more good than harm."

FREE SOCIETY.

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Anarchy.—A social theory which regards the union of order with the absence of all direct government of man by man as the political ideal; absolute individual liberty.—Century Dictionary.

EXCHANGES NOTICE.

The paper of which **FREE SOCIETY** is the successor having been on your exchange list we have been sending the paper to you. But very few of our exchanges have made the necessary change in their lists. Please do so at once, or we shall conclude you do not read, hence do not need, our paper and act accordingly. Fraternally,

FREE SOCIETY.

From our thousands of readers we have so far received but one "kick." A Boston comrade writes: "Although pleased with form and contents of **FREE SOCIETY** it surprised me a little to get only TWO copies. Why did you not send TWO HUNDRED?"

The comrade follows this up by insisting on having several hundred copies of **FREE SOCIETY**. Has anyone else a "kick" of like nature? If so, we cheerfully await it.

THINGS AND THOUGHTS.

Bellamy, in "Equality," outlines his ideal system. He admits that government nowadays carries with it an arbitrary implication which he claims does not inhere in his ideal. Ah! if it only were or could be so we might be tempted to turn Bellamyites to save the trouble of upsetting the whole infernal machine. He defines it as being "the servant, tool and instrument by which the people give effect to their will." Even if this could be, we would still have to submit to majority rule or be set aside on a little isolated patch of ground with a hoe and a rake to "work out our own salvation." They'd set us on the repair track and label us "Bad order." Our share in the products of the past would be mighty small.

In the year 1800 Indiana was admitted into the Union as a state and given power to make her own laws, subject to the restriction of the national constitution. Sept. 15, 1897, at Versailles, Ind., five men who were held in jail, charged with BURGLARY, were taken from jail by a mob of "law-and-order" citizens and KILLED. In no country and at no time was a more terrible punishment meted out for "suspected burglary" than was recently done in Indiana. Yet we are asked to believe that government is necessary in order to prevent crime. If these men were really guilty of crime did the government prevent its commission? Guilty or not, did not the mob of law-worshippers commit a far graver crime? Then of what use was law in Indiana?

Of what use is law in any country? Of this use: It protects property holders in the holding of their property, and it is not over-careful to make sure that the property was not stolen or taken by force or fraud.

Could we see the population of Mars or Jupiter engaged in wars, murders, gold hunting in a frozen Klondike, or engaged in stock jobbing we would put them down as savage or insane. In what respect are we as a people above the same plane of action?

The Individualist would war with Nature; the Communist would co-operate with her. Which is the more sensible?

The United States government is getting hard up or the San Francisco Examiner is doing some tall agonizing. The revenue cutter Bear, which sailed to the Arctic regions, was supplied with provisions and clothing to a large extent by the Examiner, as the latter claims, to "eke out the somewhat meager rations furnished by the government." Were government dispensed with and an Arctic relief expedition should

be necessary there is little doubt that the expedition would be well supplied with necessities. Humanity, when unrestricted, usually has some feelings.

Buckle styled the Dark Ages, the "ages of faith," he might as appropriately have referred to the present as the age of servitude and superstition.

"Lean liberty is better than fat slavery." So runs an old saying. But a State Socialist recently tried to convince me that under State Socialism the people would be well housed, well fed and well clothed. "And being so," I replied, "would they not sink into slothful, unambitious contentment?" His answer was, "If they were contented what fault could be found with their condition?" But when I asked him how the minority who were not contented would fare he was forced to fall back upon the plea that the world would never be perfect. Perhaps not, but the old proverb suits me better than fat contentment.

The slaves of the law cheerfully advocate legislation to curb the "vicious" propensities of others, but when that legislation steps up and raps them over the knuckles then, like Editor Dunlop of the Chicago Dispatch, they cry, "Injustice." As though a law could be a law yet be just!

The man who is largely given to contemplating and parading his own greatness in studying his own goodness always uses a microscope which magnifies his good deeds a thousand fold. When he tries to convince his neighbor of his goodness and greatness he usually forgets to also hand over the microscope; this explains the obtuseness of the neighbor.

In the old countries the middle and lower classes today to men of title, in America they today to wealth. The complaint that Americans are becoming title worshipers is probably due to the fact that would-be aristocrats don't like to bow to the wealth acquired by some vulgar pork packer, and their example is followed by all the snobocrats whose ancestry above the vulgar "trade" mark goes back but a quarter of a century. The Goulds cannot go that far back.

In a court martial held at Chicago last week the judge advocate, Hunter, made a statement that reveals an apparent recognition of the laws of evolution which will yet crowd the soldier and politician off the stage of life. At least that is all I can make of this (note the word "hasten"):

"Anything in the nature of punishment should conform to law, and a general use of arbitrary power, or punishment not restrained by law, and in opposition to the spirit of our free institutions, is calculated to hasten our disbandment as an organization. The law makes no allowance for the infirmities of human temper. It perceives that loss by soldiers of self-control is loss of power to command and respect.

"Between officers who exercise power in the manner the accused did and the enlisted men who are liable to become their victims, there can be no other relation except that of master and slave. The general exercise of power and means such as the evidence shows the accused to have employed in executing his order to have Private Hammond brought before the summary court would necessarily result in our officers owning the enlisted.

In this country no decent man seeks an office, and few offices seek an honest man. A man may possibly be an office hunter and yet deem himself honest, but he only fools himself and the people who vote for him.

Every good thought is a sword which, if used, severs a strand of the bonds of tyranny.

Out of the 500 most aristocratic families in Europe only five can trace their genealogy back to the fifteenth century by the male line. In the twenty-third century no one will want to trace their ancestry back to the nineteenth century. They will seek through shame to obliterate all traces.

The Statists object to being called Statists. Sorry for their sensitive feelings, but that word best expresses what I mean when I refer to them, besides which it is short. I might say governmentalist or authoritarian, but I prefer the word "Statist" and shall use it when I see fit. If any of those so designated

will show me that the word is at all inapt I'll promise to discontinue its use in referring to them. Isn't this a fair offer?

A comrade in ordering two copies of **FREE SOCIETY** says: "Do not mention this in your paper, as I am in a position where I am a slave to a gold-standard christian civilization, but hope some time to be free." Well, comrade, "there are others." I got a letter less than a month ago from an old friend, a printer, who once was and may yet be, a member of the S. L. P. He is now editing a Republican paper, as he could find nothing else to do; so he closed his letter: "Don't print any of this or I'll lose my job." But this is a free country; I heard an animated dummy say so only last night.

The deal by which the Mexican government was to sell the people of Mexico outright to the Rothschilds has fallen through, owing to "premature publication." It was too black a transaction to stand publicity. The "power of the press" was this once used for the benefit of the public weal—the Rothschilds neglected to bribe the dailies.

There was a football game in San Francisco on Thanksgiving day at which a dimsy shed collapsed, seriously injuring a dozen people. Two phases of civilization in this "christian nation" were emphasized by this. Both of these were based upon the ruling passion of American life—greed of gain.

The contractor who put up the shed warned the managers of the game that they were overcrowding the stand and that the roof was not built to hold spectators, but the greed for gold was upon them. Life and limb might be jeopardized, but not the American eagle—when stamped on gold.

The other incident was the work of pickpockets in robbing the unconscious victims of the other fellows' cupidity. But the pickpockets only "polished off" the job. If caught, however, they will doubtless see the inside of prison, but with the greater scoundrels nothing will be done, while if they but tickle the priest's palm with a strip of "long green" they will be lauded as saints. On top of all this the president of Stanford university says football has a civilizing tendency! ! !

In Chicago a few days ago a lion tamer was attacked by one of the lions, whereupon two other lions came to the rescue of their master. While they acted upon strictly humanitarian principles, still, from a leonine standpoint they were traitors. In fact their conduct reminded me somewhat of two gangs of railroad laborers fighting each other for the pleasure of the corporations. But there was this difference: The lions did not fight for a boss who stood by with his hands in his pockets and a leer upon his greasy face. F. A. O.

OSTENTATIOUS CHARITY.

"There were heads bowed with age, there were men in middle life and there were youths to whom the dinner was welcome. Women, too, scores and scores of them, found places at the tables, and when the dinner was over they stayed and in simple aprons gathered in of the fragments that remained."

"The order was perfect. There were no vociferous demands, no impatient appeals from the hungry. All waited patiently and accepted gratefully the food spread before them."

In the show window of the business office of the Examiner four turkeys and two plum puddings were placed on exhibition yesterday, together with all the et ceteras of a good dinner. This food is a good sample of that which will be served at 1 o'clock today at the Pavilion. Those holding tickets will be admitted first and then those who have not tickets; none will be refused. The sight will be a memorable one and those who wish to see the dinner will be admitted to the galleries of the pavilion.

At the Odd Fellows' hall the children will be dined in three relays of 700 at a time. All the youngsters will gather at the Examiner business office at 11 o'clock and, accompanied by the bands of the Musicians' Mutual Protective Union and the Pickaninny Band from "In Old Kentucky," will march up Grant avenue to Geary, down Geary to Kearney, to Market and then straight out on Market to Odd Fellows' hall, where dinner will be served. The children will carry flags and banners, and if only the weather be fine, the sight will be a stirring one.—San Francisco Examiner.

The Examiner has for weeks been having carried by the Salvation army banners advertising its liberality (?) and asking others to foot the bill by chipping in their ducaats.

Then the Examiner puts four turkeys and two plum puddings on exhibition in its window to show how charitable it is. But this might not fully advertise the act, so the galleries of Mechanics' Pavilion are reserv-

ed that sightseers may see the "show"—starving men getting a square meal once a year, and a beggar's meal at that. Hurrah for civilization and its products!

But the Examiner didn't stop there. The poverty-stricken children "got a feel," but not till they had marched the streets carrying banners and flags and more than EARNED their dinner in advertising Silver Baron Hearst's paper. This display not only lacked the elements of justice, but it was not even charity.

The Examiner starts its report of the dinner with "There was a lesson to be learned Thanksgiving day." Yes, there was for those who read between the lines in that report—for those who can see below the surface.

Here are two of the mottoes on the banners carried by the children:

"Garfield drove a canal mule. Lincoln split rails. They got to be president and so may we."

"Work comes every day, but Thanksgiving comes only once a year. We remember it."

How many of the children, thus befuddled by a pseudo-patriotic bait will ever get to be president?

If "work comes every day" why is it that these people (5,000 of them, the Examiner says) did not have money to pay for their own dinner?

Damn such civilization!

F. A. C.

REASON.

Reason is the beacon light that illumines the pathway to a higher civilization, to a realization of a common brotherhood and the common interest of all mankind.

Reason, not violence (either in speech or in action), is the lever that must and will move the world forward; albeit such movement is slow, yet it is the true basis of evolution. This society's evolution, being of necessity slow, the lever of Reason must rest on the solid fulcrum of Patience, else the lever but sinks into the mire and becomes ineoperative.

Reason is the true iconoclast; it breaks the images of superstition and idolatry.

It is the true emancipator; it strikes powerful blows that fall with crushing effect and shatter the shackles of slavish obedience to custom and of reverence for false traditions; it frees the mind from superstitious fears and plants therein hope of final material freedom as well.

It is the true teacher; it impels its students to seek to lead in the race for knowledge, to substitute courageous investigation for cowardly faith.

It is an investigator, an inventor; it explores and searches out the hidden secrets of nature, follows the hidden paths of scientific fact, and despite the scoffs and sneers of the ignorant and prejudiced world proclaims the result of its labors and maintains them.

It is a destroyer of the false, of the untrue, of the old; yet it is the upbuilder of truth and right, the creator of the new; it throws out the foundation of shifting sand and substitutes a superstructure of knowledge; it demolishes the shrine of error and erects the "temple of truth."

It embraces judgment and calmly but firmly waives passion aside.

It weighs and reflects, sifting the wheat from the chaff.

It teaches obedience to the laws of nature, does not sanction the red tapeworm that coils itself about the vitals of society regardless of human rights, which defies natural laws and substitutes for justice a mimicry of traditions of the past, ignoring the cry for justice.

It advocates justice knowing that injustice produces violence and all manner of evils. By promoting the cause of justice it will destroy the citadel of crime and misery and make of every home a palace of happiness.

It encourages the beautiful and the refined; discourages the uncouth, the vulgar, thus adding to the intensity of true pleasure.

It is the one power that "doeth all things well," and never errs.

Reason is the monarch of the individual. Some day it will be monarch of the world; when that day comes the Age of Reason will be here.

Other ages have crossed the threshold of Time, played their parts in the progress of the world and passed away, but the Age of Reason, when it shall have been reached—or rather, attained—will endure forever.

F. A. COWELL.

LAW.

"The guillotine is the concretion of law," says Victor Hugo. And what a host of great and small miseries are in the summing up of law as Americans have it in the gallows, in imprisonment for life, and, most horrible of all, in starvation.

Perhaps, my friend, you deny that starvation is a component of law. Starvation is the result of conditions. Law is a rule of action and makes conditions. It matters not what manner of association issues the decree. It may come from a synod, a congress, a banker's convention, "society," or from a silent combination of all these. In the latter case the regulation will be most rigidly enforced.

Property is back of the laws of every combine. All law-making parties agree, some openly, others with hypocritical reserve, that profit is a necessary ingredient of "social order," and thus agreeing, they dash, each into his chosen business, with a clear conscience and public sanction. The shrewdest, least scrupulous person rakes in the most profits, and may starve by law some of those in his power.

When the church was the path that led to the greatest aggrandizement, it owned the land; tithed the products at will; collected profits at marriages, christenings, confessions, funerals, by sale of indulgences, etc., etc. Starvation was not an unheard of thing, and as for other instruments of torture!—

In the state's season of greatness, it imitated the holy league. It taxed, tarified, licensed, fined, collected internal revenues, allowed fees—coined names to fit the fact of spoil and the fancy of the spoiler. Starvation was not uncommon! But church and state are "small fry" now. Their phrases and ceremonies still serve a purpose; they perplex the populace, and prevent a too minute examination into the ways of the dictator of the day, the commercialist. Stock manipulating, profit and interest excel conquest, tithing and taxing, for confiscating lands or goods. Starvation is abroad and rampant!

Wealth is master, whether church, state or commerce be the road to it. It is not less merciless to the slave because it calls him laborer. Today it hurls cardinal, its courtier, but it dubs him superintendent. "Nothing for you to do," may, in an extremity, cut the profit-ridden as severely as the lash ever did the chattel slave.

The monopolizers are masters; the poverty stricken are slaves. The processes that make them such are laws—market prices, gallows!

The agitators who expect "reforms" through the law, and those who think freedom will be a certain consequence when the usual governmental machinery is annihilated, are surely doomed to disappointment.

All varieties of dominion are bad applications of natural elements—I do not like the term, *laws*. Nature's elements are, without exception, good, but they may be either foolishly or sensibly employed, and pain or pleasure follows the employment. To possess a powerful will is to possess one requisite of greatness, but to exercise that will in domination is folly.

If to enforce law is to domineer, then "reform through the law" is an absurd proposition. To demolish established governments and yet allow any method for cornering and hoarding natural resources, or cultivated, or manufactured products, to remain, is to leave alive and alert the enemy we wish to destroy. Why should anything be hoarded? There is but one reason: for profit—to get something for nothing. Hoarding is principally done with paper or metal money, titles, notes, etc. The natural destructive agencies prevent the storing of commodities for indefinite periods.

Profits are nailed to social conventionalities. Improvement in dress, diet and amusements is checked by profit mongers who see their business endangered by the proposed innovations. Commercialists oppose advancement along many lines as fiercely (if more quietly) as did the church.

Our revolutionary predecessors have been hoodwinked again and again by alterations in modes of procedure and a change of names, merely. Let us take heed lest we be thwarted in our efforts in like manner. Remember that riches are weapons of rulership, and that the ruled are slaves although they may be called subjects, citizens or laborers.

No one is entitled to his own productions if they be more than he has use for. He may be more expert in handicraft than his neighbor, but that gives him no right to monopoly or dictatorship over the product. More than that, it is impossible to determine

exactly what one person produces. He is indebted to his ancestors for ideas and tools, and his contemporaries for numerous helps. Could his products be minutely measured the case would not be different. Idiots and more or less incapable people of divers kinds exist, the results of society's ignorance. They must be sustained. What plan to do it is more equitable than, "From each according to ability; to each according to need"? It would insure to everyone satisfaction in all necessities, and fullness of enjoyment in every conceivable way. Enjoyment, as well as handiwork, must be proportioned to the capacity of the individual, for there can be no equality of opportunity; there is no equality anywhere.

The introduction of this plan for producing and distributing the product would exterminate law.

VIRGIL DANIELS.

A ROAD TO LIBERTY.

Because of the economic pressure from the rich and powerful on the one side, and the ignorance and stupidity among the masses on the other, I am once more prompted to pen my thoughts, with a view of stimulating thought and action in others.

The question, how to get out from under this economic pressure is ever uppermost in my mind; for it is out of the question to try and combat the whole system like one would a barn door with a ram. Habit and usage are the principal supports of the present system. It is also said, "that the environments of the individual are obstacles to independence." But this view, I question very much; for I consider it more of an excuse for lack of energy and forethought.

Another support of the present system prevailing among the people is the belief that a person should do anything for payment, regardless of his or her adaptability to or the love for the particular occupation. Men and women will engage in an occupation, not because they like the work, but because it promises financial or social advantages or both.

Everyone is bent upon getting rid of useful labor, simply because it offers them no social recognition and affluence. They can see nothing but drudgery in it, and by not engaging in it, they heap more drudgery upon those left to do the useful work. The drudgery we find attendant upon useful labor, is such only because the ones engaged in it are ignorant. Wherever there are a number of workmen assembled, there will be found some who brag about the quantity of work they can perform. Of course such conduct on the part of the workmen is fostered by the bosses; for an ambitious, subservient slave is what they need and at the present day they find all they want.

No one can hold his position at present unless he is a perfect subservient slave to his employer, and few think that such action enslaves them perpetually. The men out of a job the greater part of the time are those who refuse to submit to slavery, and upon such liberty-loving (though ignorant of its exact meaning) fellows, their better situated companions add insult to injury by considering them lazy loafers.

But I consider a first class slave more dangerous to the moral and economic status of society than a hundred lazy loafers. For while a lazy loafer will, if given an opportunity to do so, refuse to perform as much useful labor as he consumes, the first-class slave increases the wealth and consequently the power of his employer to tighten the screws of exploitation.

If I am too lazy to shine my shoes and can hire or induce no one to do it for me, then I'll either have to do it myself or else go without having it done. So with the farmer. If he will raise no more than he needs for himself, instead of raising farm products for sale, then he will not be subject to the mortgage sharks. If the mechanics would consider it ignoble to build court houses, jails and penitentiaries for themselves, and palaces for their exploiters, then they would have no cause to complain.

Teach this to your children and in twenty years some parts, if not the whole of this country, will be better to live in.

BODENDYKE.

Competition is an ogre of the very ugliest kind. It is a maleficent being whose essence is the exact opposite of that of co-operation. It is a thing which lives only in strife, in which the weakest must go to the wall. Let there be no mistake about it—competition and co-operation are deadly opposites. One means strife and the other harmony. Competition must die before co-operation can truly live.—Benjamin Hoare.

Comrades everywhere are requested to send us the names and addresses of liberal bookstores and news stands. We will do the rest.

"LYRICS OF THE GOLDEN AGE."

Gems culled therefrom by Myra Peppers for FREE SOCIETY.
Every wrong brings its own vengeance.

The crouching menial shall become a man,
Put off the livery of servitude
And fawn no more on pampered vice,
But own all men his brethren.

There are two theories of government:
One based on the eternal rights of man
To fashion from his wisest, purest thoughts
A social order, like himself, divine;
Where justice shall be meted out to all,
And thought be, like the soaring eagle, free.
Not a man unless deprived
Of half his better self, but longs
For universal liberty.

'Tis ignorance that multiplies the wrongs
Of human nature. Almost all the crimes
Directly may be traced to ignorance
And indirectly, through the passions, all.
The man is ignorant of law who gives
Being to offspring cursed before their birth
With passions that destroy their future peace.

The man is ignorant of law who takes
A forced, reluctant wife unto his breast
Whose inward soul another's spirit claims.
Whose deepest heart expires in constant pain,
Dying and waking daily to new deaths.
O, cursed ignorance that educates
Maidens for public barter; that first crowns
With orange blooms their brows, then turns the key
Of wedlock, falsely called so by divines,
To crush them in its infamous bastille,
Making the marriage bed a rack where they
Must wed themselves, poor children, to despair.

Let marriage be the sacrament of soul,
The deathless union of accordant minds.

The kings and priests of earth hold power by means
Of the same falsehood, building up the domes
And battlements of empire based on crime.

Authority to rule by right divine,
Whether in church or state, keystones of the arch
Of despotism; smite that stone away
And the huge fabric falls to rise no more.

All men are parts of one humanity;
The true religion is democracy—
Equality of rights.

Think not thy evils can endure, because
Shielded by armies. Soldiers are but men.
Oppression is more terrible when laws
Framed by the rich, the helpless poor condemn,
And when the poor once learn heart union then,
Rising as one, their angry frown shall sweep
Their foes before them—voice, sword, tongue and pen.
When once united shall, like panthers, leap
Avenging all the wrongs men dare not now to speak.

Were't not for priests, state, churches, bloody creeds,
Mankind would feel how great the wrongs, the needs,
The woes, the sufferings of the sons of men.

Love on, love on, humanity, love on,
Through love at last deliverance shall be won.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

A lecture of Elisse Reclus on Anarchism is published in the Hebrew language and can be had from W. Weiss, 260 Cressy House, Stepney Green, E. London, Eng.

Comrade Henry Bauer writes our German contemporary, the "Chicagoer Arbeiter-Zeitung," that there is hope of releasing Berkman from the penitentiary. The board of pardon decided not to look into the matter until his time for the first charge, expired (seven years), i. e. the case will be taken up again after seven months. "Certainly," he continues, "it costs

money, but when we consider what it means to be buried for 22 years in the penitentiary, then one does not take the expense into consideration, i. e. if there are prospects of success, and, according to my opinion, the prospects are not hopeless."

The Socialist deputy, Mirman, of the chamber of deputies, has resigned to be a candidate for the next elections. Mirman declared that he considered himself a respectable man, and therefore could not take part in parliamentary intrigues. I wonder if The People, of New York, or the New Charter, of this city, will publish and appreciate the conduct of an honest member?

MARTYRS' DAY IN CHICAGO.

Chicago is a "famous" city in many respects, the most noteworthy of which is her adoration for the god Mammon. So immersed is she in her devotion to this heinous joss that she has committed the most diabolical crime in the history of America to appease his envious wrath. It is now ten years since she offered up the precious lives of Spies, Parsons, Lingg, Fischer and Engel, as a sacrifice upon the crimson altar of that infernal deity.

On the morning of Nov. 11, 1887, the black flag was raised over the Cook county jail and those noble heroes marched boldly upon the scaffold without a halt in their steps, stood manfully upon the fatal trap and without a quiver in their mighty voices, in clear, ringing tones bid defiance to the tyrants, and a last fond farewell to their friends, passed into eternal martyrdom, happy in the thought that the cause they were dying for, and to which their powerful talents had been devoted, would be espoused by others, who would carry on, as fearlessly as they, the mighty battle for human freedom. Those men feared not to die; death to them was as nothing when compared with the falsehood and injustice that surrounded them and their fellow men. They knew no danger in the sight of misery and woe.

That the producers of the country were being fleeced of the product of their toil, and were dying in their hovels for want of food and raiment, and were ignorant of the causes of their misery and want was what urged these brave fellows on to the work they had undertaken—that of educating the toilers. But they learned that education in this free (?) country that had not the sanction of the masters was forbidden; that only such knowledge as passed the close scrutiny of the modern slave owners was permitted to reach the white slave. The exploiting class say what shall constitute the education of the fleeced mass, and woe unto any who infringe their decrees. Education is as dangerous to their interests as it was to that of the chattel slave owner forty years ago, when it was a crime to educate a negro. It wasn't a capital offense, however, to teach the black slave, but it is now, to teach the wage slave, as the memory of our valiant comrades testifies. They were teaching the people the true definition of liberty in whose name the finkies and priests of Mammon have been practicing the most infamous of tyrannies for the last 100 years in this country. They taught that liberty consisted not in the freedom by which one set of men can exploit the labor of another, but in the equal and free opportunity of all men to exploit nature, unencumbered by any artificial restraints, under whatever disguise they might appear; that the liberty dealt out according to law was a mockery, a delusion, a snare that held the unthinking worker in the most abject slavery, whilst believing himself free; that liberty admits of no restriction, and that any attempts at regulating or measuring it by law or authority, whether intentional or not, are but aims at its destruction; that where law and authority are supreme, hypocrisy, injustice and tyranny prevail; that where liberty is, no law, authority, or any of their concomitant evils can prevail; that liberty and authority cannot exist in any one place at the same time; that where one is, the other is not, and cannot be.

It was for teaching these grand truths that they were hung, becoming martyrs to the cause of liberty and humanity; in memory of which martyrdom thousands of wage slaves who have grasped the force and import of their teachings assembled in two of the largest halls in the city on the evening of Nov. 11 and paid fitting tribute to their memory. The exercises proper began in the morning, when representatives of trades unions and other advanced organizations, visited the resting place of our martyrs, and deposited their offer-

ing of flowers upon their graves, a solemn duty indeed. Many and large were the floral decorations; I will describe but one. It represented a large wheel out of which five spokes had been broken, typical of the five heroes who had been torn from the masses, who are constructing a gigantic wheel that when once started upon its revolution will crush every tyrant on the earth. No demonstration was held at the tombs, owing to the cemetery authorities admitting but a limited number to the grounds. At Turner hall the people began to assemble as early as 7 o'clock. The decorations consisted of the several large red banners of the trades unions and other appropriate mottoes, one a painting of a gallows with four nooses dangling from it, and underneath, the inscription "Murdered but not dead." Another gave the last words of the immortal Spies. "There will be a time when our silence will be more powerful than the voices you strangle today." And surely there were none present but fully realized that that time had come.

The vast hall was thronged almost to suffocation by men and women who toil, their calm and determined faces bearing testimony that they fully comprehended the gravity of the occasion, and when Prof. Meinken's orchestra opened with a funeral march a look of deep sorrow overspread their pallid countenances.

L. S. Oliver was the principal English speaker. His utterances were well received. In reviewing the history of the trial he arraigned the judge and police in the most scathing language. Dwelling at some length upon the principles advocated by our dead comrades he showed that Anarchy was not a foreign importation, but that it grew and flourished wherever tyranny and oppression reigned, and that the best indication of the tyranny, injustice and hypocrisy of the American rulers was the fact that vast numbers of the oppressed class are arraying themselves on the side of liberty, equality and fraternity as propagated by the Anarchists. "Law," said he, "is a name for all the tyrannies of the human mind."

Emma Goldman spoke in German. Her speech aroused our German comrades to a high pitch of enthusiasm. The vigorous and determined manner in which she condemned the wrongs of society, and the clear, defiant ring of her eloquent voice could not fail to arouse even the most apathetic.

"Our Martyrs' Hymn," to the air of "Annie Laurie," written especially for the occasion by Mrs. Shirlee Woodman, was sung with much effect by Mrs. V. Kinsella, the audience, which had been supplied with printed copies, joining.

L. S. Oliver delivered an original poem entitled "My Murdered Comrades."

The allied German singing societies gave some beautiful vocal selections, as did the ladies' chorus.

Prof. Meinken and orchestra displayed perfect musical training in the several appropriate selections they rendered.

The meeting closed at 12 o'clock with the singing of the "Marseillaise" by the audience.

Our Bohemian comrades held a large and enthusiastic meeting in another section of the city. Thus the tenth anniversary has passed into history as the largest and most successful yet held. The silence of the dead is being heard.

Nov. 19, '97.

OUR PURPOSE.

I miss the little "Firebrand" very much, as I have but the two radical weekly papers, Lucifer and the Firebrand. I have learned much from both, and can but respect the general tenor and purpose of each to keep on its own beat. True Anarchism, absolute liberty, especially the right to obey natural law, ignoring all other, while sometimes discussing the sex question as an important part of the liberty to be achieved, this seems to be the field of the Firebrand; while Lucifer, making a specialty of woman's absolute right to herself and all her faculties without legal interference, and the right of her children to be well born by virtue of her own choice, love and best judgment in selecting their father, still claims the whole field for human rights which necessarily includes obedience to natural law to the exclusion of all other. Both stand for advancement in all ways possible toward human happiness which can be attained only through freedom.

Like many others I have had great respect for men's laws—for the institution of marriage—have dutifully paid taxes and worked for years to help attain the ballot for women, yet now I find it difficult to realize or understand the "point of view" of those who con-

sent to the imprisonment and persecution of their fellow men and women because of a difference of opinion though law books mountain high furnish venerable precedents. I wonder, too, how men and women who truly love one another "for better or for worse" can "take" each other legally and bodily "until death do them part," under the system of marriage which constitutes a deeper, vaster network of legalized prostitution than that outside of marriage laws, which fetters their wills, retards their development, and brings them into classification with those who marry for convenience, for money, for lust, for position, for title, and all the category of unworthy motives for the protection of which mating has been "legalized."

I refuse to pay taxes, and urge others to refuse, seeing that "government" is already outgrown, having degenerated from national, state and county economic management to a system of fee taking, official robbery and bought decisions where the greatest financial investment brings the largest returns, exactly like an investment in cattle, coal mines, real estate or banking, the workers paying the cost, and the more they work to improve property, or increase their products, the more they are assessed to pay. It is a monstrous disorder of things, and the sooner dropped the better.

For similar reasons I no longer use the ballot, for which we women struggled so long and anxiously in Colorado, and are still struggling in most of the other states. We imagined it meant self-government, but such are the tricks of politicians who constitute the vast army of engineers for the monied interests of our country that the ballot cuts very little figure in elections, and after our "periodical insanity," as one of our clear-headed thinkers calls it, and after much waste of printers' ink and debauchery of voters we are surprised to find that notwithstanding a majority voted for reform in various ways the old conditions still prevail, the disgraceful history of dishonesty is still repeating itself, yet people are still hoping and expecting through governmental methods to win peace, justice and what they call civilization.

Why marry under such corrupt laws and fee their officers? Why pay more taxes to support a system of robbery, and why vote in new masters when the old ones are bad enough?

The old ideal of our republic was self-government; now let us achieve it—singly, collectively, co-operatively, lovingly. Let us put aside all thought of our legal wrongs and press forward bravely to a social and economic union, of purpose at least, which shall secure to the worker his products and untrammelled interchange with others, bringing light, hope, energy into his life, education to his children, art, beauty, comfort and love into the lives of all.

Impossible, say you? Yes, it is impossible under present conditions. Men and women, cast off your chains; work cheerfully and lovingly for one another, replace fear with faith, servility with independence, faltering with courage. Leave wage-working for self-employment; dig, delve, dance and sing for those who love you but never sell your labor or its products to those who work not for you in return.—Albina L. Washburn, in Lucifer.

Someone has said that "a tack points heavenward when it means the most mischief." We know of men who do likewise.—Ex.

Not long ago a church in Georgia adjourned ten minutes to lynch a negro. After jerking the poor fellow to Jesus, they returned to sing, pray and preach as if nothing unusual had happened. Well, it was a very small and common affair for pious christians, considering their record in the past.—Freethought Ideal.

Society in every state is a blessing, but government in its best state is but a necessary evil; in its worst state an intolerable one; for when we suffer or are exposed to the same miseries by a government, which we might expect in a country without government, our calamity is heightened by reflecting that we furnish the means by which we suffer.—Thomas Paine.

The most brilliant Socialist, using the word in its widest sense, was Saint Simon, a French count. He fought under Washington in the Revolution. He was a revolutionist on principle and Ferdinand de Lesseps got the idea of the Suez Canal from the followers of Saint Simon.

SOME SARCASM.

I have just received a clipping from a newspaper, which states that the Anarchist, Pope, has been endeavoring to subvert the "morals and principles" of the prisoners in jail, and "seduce them from their loyalty to the government." This lets a cat out of a bag. We have been sending loyal people, with morals and principles, to jail instead of to the legislature.

The Firebrand editors were lucky in securing government positions. One of them, A. J. Pope, can't be induced to leave the jail. The authorities want to get the Pope off their hands, but he won't go. I always said it would come to this under a system that is obliged to make life possible in jail, and not obliged to make it possible outside.

PATRIOTIC RAGE.

Under the present system of capitalism and competition, the principle of selfishness and stubbornness is carried up into the policy of nations, patriotism being a name by which to conjure up hatred among misguided patriots who labor under the disadvantage of being separated by boundary lines.

The amount of labor that goes to support worse than useless standing armies and pay unnecessary and fraudulent war debts would be more than sufficient to abolish poverty and supply all the workers with the necessities of life. This is the bitter fruit of the general teaching of the gospel of selfishness and hate, individual and social.

I have attended church more or less for over forty years and I never yet heard a sermon against war and in favor of universal peace, and never even heard the subject referred to. When nations go to war the servants of God all go to praying to their heavenly father to help his children murder one another. Oh, what crimes people will commit under the insane delusion that God is helping them! But how can people who uphold the present system of competition and industrial warfare in business life, consistently oppose international warfare? They cannot do so; they are bound up in themselves. Capitalism, competition, crime, cruelty, corruption, war, wage slavery, debt, death and destruction, all belong in the same system.—New Dispensation.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE.

ITALY.

Two young comrades, Nencini and Traiani, were tried at the Tribunal in Siena on account of distributing Anarchist literature in their native villages. The trial was conducted behind closed doors in spite of vehement protests by the defense, which was led by Comrades Gori and Merlino. One of the young men was found innocent and the other was sentenced to 52 days in prison. Law and order is again safe in Siena! At Ancona there was a cloudburst which very much damaged the city. Men who were asked to aid in the rescue work refused to do anything unless paid. In the midst of torrents of rain Count Ricotti (millionaire) wanted a ride through the town at a certain place; the rescuers hailed the count and told him that it was dangerous to ride through there, but the millionaire replied: "Count Ricotti can pass everywhere," and in a few moments he was carried away by a torrent of water and drowned; meanwhile his lackey accidentally escaped the same fate.

TUNIS (Africa.)

This colony is under the protection of the French republic. The way French officialism understands a "free press" is to make a fiscal law so that if you can deposit 6,000 francs then you can publish a periodical—provided it is not in the Arab language, as the French government is very eagerly watching the progress of radical ideas among the Arabs and do not allow any Anarchist literature in their native language. The Protesta Umana, an Italian Anarchist paper published by Comrade De Converti, was also obliged to suspend publication on account of the fiscal law. Hey! A hundred years after the fall of the Bastille? What progress toward reaction.

SWITZERLAND.

There is a big strike at present in Luzerne where almost the entire building trade suffers. The streets are patrolled by squads of infantry, blank bayonets on the rifles, and the suburbs are patrolled by the cav-

alry, probably looking for a Hazleton. The freest republic on earth don't want to take a back seat for America.

AUSTRIA.

In the Austrian parliament, the factory of law and order, the fraternal gentlemen members of the house came out lately with their proper names at their roll calls; here are some specimens, which can also be well applied in the White House: "Thieves, liars, rascals, robbers, loafers, hoboes," and many more of that kind from these gentlemen of profession. That's right, gentlemen; come down to business.

BRAZIL.

The 'longshoremen in Rio de Janeiro are on strike, and the railroad men of a line leading to the port also stopped work and struck for solidarity's sake.

A. K.

FRANCE.

The manufacturers and politicians in Roubaix have formed a society called the "Social and Native Federation" for the purpose of combating liberal ideas among the workmen. They began their noble (!) and patriotic work by discharging many of their employees who held advanced ideas. Every laborer who wants to work in this city has to be a member of the federation; and this is not a secret society, as many may suppose! No, they openly and shamelessly declare that the workers who struggle for the betterment of their fellow men will be blacklisted.

It is to be hoped the exploiters will soon come out as frankly and shamelessly everywhere, and we will have much less to do to open the eyes of the exploited.

AUSTRIA.

This country has recently had some edifying scenes showing the necessity of government of the people by legislators without the intelligence requisite to govern themselves.

On Nov. 25 the lower house of the Reichsrath was a scene of confusion. The president of the chamber was denounced as a swindler and was not allowed to open the session. He put a motion, not a word of which was audible in the tumult, called it carried and made his escape.

Press reports say that "the sitting was delayed while the carpenters built fences around the president's chair. While this was going on the assembled men indulged in animated discussions and jested about the 'presidential cage.' Five Vienna newspapers, including the Neue Freie Presse and the Socialist organ, the Arbeiter Zeitung, in addition to several provincial journals, have been confiscated for articles on Wednesday's proceedings."

Nov. 26 the president was attacked in person. This was followed by the expulsion of about a dozen members. On the streets a crowd of 10,000 assembled and threatened the government with revolution—but there it ended.

GERMANY.

A well-deserved and complete defeat was given the Social Democratic leaders Haug and Krauter in Germany (Freiburg) in their own ranks. The Socialist brewers decided to boycott a brewery, but after their leaders had spoken with the administrators of it, they made a protest against continuing the boycott. A majority of those present at the meeting, filled with indignation at such rascality, resolved to continue the boycott. Only one individual, the manager of the brewery, praised the leaders. This action by the workers ended the difficulty in their favor. Thus the "leaders" everywhere begin to dig their graves.

UNITED STATES.

According to the latest census the cotton weavers of Lowell, Mass., earn an average yearly income of \$310, or \$5.96 per week each. The yearly income of the manufacturers is \$1,479,237 or \$3,536.75 per week per manufacturer.

Just think of it! Each one of these drones has an average income equal to the earnings of over 593 of these operators. Why is it thus? Because we are a lot of blasted idiots; that's all.

From the report of the labor bureau of Missouri it is learned that many children are working for 50 cents a week in St. Louis factories. The state of Missouri has stringent laws against child labor. But laws are made in the interest of the rich, as those that are opposed to their welfare can never be found (and enforced). But when laws are needed to assist our masters in oppressing the poor, our judges easily find them, whether or no they are on the statute books.

CALLED DOWN.

Oregon has a new-style religious institution which denounces other religions as frauds and styles itself free thought, but woe to the man who dares to be free in thought. At the head of this body of hypocrites is a contemptible coward who is well "shown up" in the following article from the pen of J. L. Jones, of Corvallis, Ore. The article is from the Portland Commoner. Of all the despicable intolerant the worst is he who hypocritically poses as a liberal. Following is the caustic criticism referred to:

QUEER KIND OF FREETHOUGHT.

There is a free-thought paper called the Torch of Reason published at Silverton, the editor of which seriously believes the authorities did right in suppressing the Firebrand. The Torch devotes most of its space to fighting christianity, and very frequently makes use of language which the orthodox christian would consider shockingly indecent and immoral. It seems to me that the orthodox christian has just as much reason to desire the suppression of the Torch of Reason by law as the said Torch has for desiring the suppression of the Firebrand.

The Torch does not mention the Firebrand by name at all so as not to advertise it. It speaks of "licentious scoundrels," evidently referring to the Firebrand editors. Now, we must bear in mind that there is no law to suppress a paper on the ground of its editor being licentious or a scoundrel. If there was nearly every editor would have his contemporary across the street sent to jail, and there would not be enough papers left to start fires with.

The Firebrand editors may have opinions on questions of sexology different from those of the Torch editor, but that can hardly be urged as sufficient reason why their paper should be shut down.

The delay in bringing the Firebrand editors to trial seems to be on account of want of ground for legal action against them. But why, in the meantime, should the paper be denied admission to the mails? A paper called Lucifer, which takes the same position on disputed questions of sexology as the Firebrand, has been running for many years and has been decided by the courts to be mailable.

There is matter in the Firebrand that I do not approve of, but that is no reason for its suppression. On the other hand, there are many good things in it. My plan is to pick the good out of everything and let the bad alone. I believe in liberty of opinion and liberty of expression within limits of reasonable decency, and the law has not yet decided that the Firebrand editors exceeded these limits. That is my idea of free thought. That of the Torch seems to me to savor of orthodox bigotry and intolerance. I do not know whether the Torch has lost its reason or reason has lost its Torch; there appears to be something the matter that I do not understand.

THE CRUSHER CRUSHED.

And now Canovas has gone, murdered by an Anarchist who glories in his deed as a protest against the injustice and oppression of Spanish rule, but gone in a way that strengthens the hand of oppression, that puts back the growth of liberty; that leads not to freedom, not to the overthrow of autocracy, but to the strengthening of those who rule with the hand of iron. For a quarter of a century Canovas has been as much the life of Spain as Cavour was the life of Italy, as Bismark was the life of Germany. Yet great in the sense of Cavour and Bismark

he was not. Cavour built a nation, Bismark an empire, out of chaos. Canovas but re-erected a dethroned and trembling monarchy. He put the father of the present boy king on the throne; he steadfastly upheld the monarchy, crushed the Republican movements, crushed the Carlist revolts and kept the monarchy he enthroned upon the throne. He guided Alfonso, the weak and incompetent king he put on the throne, as he guided the queen regent down to his death. He guided the monarchy, not the monarchy him. He was the ruler of Spain, not the queen.

True, he has not always been at the head of the government of Spain since he re-enthroned the present monarchy. Upon the death of the king he enthroned and the succession of the present king, under the regency of his mother, Canovas deemed it wise to lay down the premiership and hand it over to the liberal S. Casta, thus stifling the discontent of the moderate Republicans under the rule of a Conservative. But though he laid down the premiership he continued to wield influence over the queen regent just as if he had been premier, and, when the storm blew over, he reassumed the premiership which he held almost uninterruptedly until the time of his death. So it is Canovas who has guided over the destinies of Spain. He is accountable for the good and the ill that have come to the monarchy. It was his ability that found the means to suppress the Carlist rebellion and prevent Don Carlos, cousin of the late king, from usurping the crown. To him again is due the success of the monarchy against the Republican movements. It was his harshness that caused the revolt in Cuba that can but end in the independence of the gem of the Antilles. In short, he has put a monarchy on Spain and lost the richest of her colonial possessions. Such are the results of his life. Under his rule Spain has been for the monarchy, not the monarchy for Spain.—The American.

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WHOLE NO. 219.

AMERICA'S FLAG.

Hurrah for the rights we have had and have not!
Hurrah for the heroes thro' whom they were got!
Hurrah for their ashes that helped to cement
An over-ruled people without their consent!
Hurrah, boys, hurrah! Pray, what else may we brag?
Why the glorious, resplendent American Flag!
Hurrah for the mill slaves compelled to compete
With the lightning's mad bolts as before them they beat!
Hurrah for the stomachs half empty and faint
Which perish contented, nor strike 'gainst restraint,
But cling with affectionate tears despite "kag"
To our glorious, resplendent American Flag!
Hurrah for the thousands entombed in our mines,
With death ever fighting, while hope seldom shines,
And hurrah for the cheerless ones gathered at home,
When the mother 'mid sobs whispers—"Father wont come!"
Then hurrah for the baron in mellow punch "jag,"
Who seeks night's repose in America's Flag!
Hurrah for the millions of promising lives,
Shut up for want wage in our mercantile hives,
With honor imperiled, which soon must succumb,
Selecting its place in the dive or the tomb,
Or live on in shame 'till time wrinkle the hag,
And adds one more star to America's Flag!
Ah, yes; we have stars set in mock-Heaven blue
And we've stripes neatly traced to enliven them, too;
And we're told equal rights by each stripe and each star
To the nation—the people—inserted and upheld are,
While the millions whose lives still thro' poverty drag,
Look up with delight at America's Flag.

—Edward O'Donnell.

LABOR VS. POLITICS.

What has politics done for the labor movement?
This question is asked in all seriousness by thinking men; and emanating from such mature sources the response demands well poised consideration, tempered with that degree of fairness, which the gravity of the query and the great issue involved is entitled to.

The treatment of this proposition, first of all, compels one important concession, namely: that the labor question is simply and purely one of economics. Any other environment flung around it is erroneous.

Setting out therefore, from this premise, adjustment is wholly impossible upon political lines. If legislative effort has any pretense at all to consistency, and if its zeal be founded upon justice, which must be generally mutual, then the adjustment of the labor question by statute is impractical. You cannot by any stretch of logic or reason unloosen the wheel of the chariot of progress by binding one other, and expect to reach a desired goal.

In making this claim I am of course not blind to the fact that the labor side of the axle has been, and is today, and always will be corroded, so long as politics and industrial economics are forcibly matched.

Emancipation must not be hoped for by tying down one hand and releasing the other, and this is precisely what political dabbling is alternately accomplishing in every detail.

Right here we are unconsciously brought face to face, as it were, with the true magnitude of the great question agitating busy minds—"What has politics done for the labor movement?"

There is only one reply admissible: Nothing!

Of course the advocates of political action will laugh, and say: Nonsense! But it requires more than a rebuff to establish a contrary claim.

The legal protection afforded stock gambling, which stands as a watch-dog before the gateway of industrial economics, more than offsets labor legislation.

I will not deny that many of the bills framed into "law" through the instrumentality of the labor

organization have given a modicum of satisfaction in some direction to the manifest dissatisfaction of other features of the economic movement.

Legislation that will not release every limb of the labor problem only fastens tighter the shackles, and diverts the evolutionary process from its legitimate trend.

The politician is merely playing possum with the labor "reformers," and in very many instances the labor reformers are playing possum with the politician.

There is not one solitary enactment spread upon the public statutes for the assumed benefit of labor that will remain intact when passed through the legal sieve.

When "constitutionally" tested, as they sometimes are, when occasion requires it, they fall to pieces, and "constitutional" agitation is confronted with the ghost of its inadequacy and futility in its attempts to solve the problem upon political lines.

Politics and labor make very poor housekeepers, and, in the light of experience they should not be forced into unfraternal partnership.

The passing odor of politics contaminates the labor movement, since the principal involved savors not of politics, and the purest motives and best intentions which fail to perceive the danger line, are oftentimes impugned. For this reason alone, if none other were presentable, the solution of the labor question should be continued solely upon economic grounds.

Corruption has sapped the economics out of the body politic in every land, with perhaps the single exception of Switzerland, and even here it is fast developing into an article of commerce. Political economy, as a science, is like justice; you hear a great deal about it but never see it; it is a "Will o' the Wisp," flung out to mislead the unwary.

Far from labor being indebted to politics the latter has been its curse; its very rottenness is contagious, and the moment labor reformers come in contact with it they are smirched in spite of themselves.

Every attempt to adjust labor grievances by law invites hostile legislation and swells the treasury of the lobby.

The conspiracy and injunction laws more than counterbalance all your labor legislation, which of themselves are oppressive upon the very interests they aim to ameliorate.

Political tinkering with the industrial economic problem only retards its progress, and stimulates the vicious side of human selfishness, too weak to resist the temporary inducements alluring the labor movement into destructive channels.

The eagerness with which labor leaders throttle one another when they take political issue, even with labor the presumed object of benefaction, is sufficiently suggestive of evil doing on either or both sides, and right here, if nowhere else, labor suffers most criminal injustice. Unfortunately for the cobweb politicians in the labor organizations, ignorance of the true status of the movement cannot be placed to their credit in every instance. Many of them are criminally censurable because they are fully conscious of the depth and magnitude of their offence. True, transgression oftentimes finds itself on the gridiron, but the labor movement is the greater sufferer in the process of incineration.

In as much as the labor question is one of economics, I deny point blank that its solution comes within the scope of politics, and every statutory

attempt to fathom it only misleads and tempts it from its legitimate course.

A third of the time devoted to the study of the economic side of the problem within the labor organizations, now given its erroneous political phase, would be more healthy and profitable to the principles of freedom.—Edward O'Donnell.

WILL THEY EVER LEARN?

Trades union methods have been displayed in the Coeur d'Alene. A fight against the "scabs," i. e., an attempt to prevent any one from working except members of the union culminated in the blowing up of a mill that had cost many days of hard work by these same unionists. Oh, how brave they were! Two thousand of them put a small squad of "scabs" to flight, and yelled: Cowards! after them. But what did they do when the United States deputy marshals put in an appearance? Who were the cowards then? Instead of carrying on the war they had commenced, instead of standing by the challenge they had slung out, they allowed themselves to be driven, like sheep, into filthy pens. They allowed negro soldiers to insult and assault their wives and daughters. They allowed the "scab" deputies, as they call them, to overrun the towns, pillage houses, scare women and children and kick and cuff them around like so many dogs.

This is the kind of heroes we find moulded in the trade union mould. The unionist hates the scab—a fellow worker—but, oh! how he worships the flag! Any enormity can be committed in its name and he bows in resignation, even though it may be in the deepest and most bitter sorrow!

When, oh, when will such sycophantish, cringing cowardice come to an end!

It seems that the miners love to be bossed, love slavery. With the Wardner episode and its consequences in their eyes, in fact with this sickening transaction going on, the miners' union convention at Salt Lake City endorsed the S. L. P.

It seems they are unable to learn the lesson, though its tuition comes high, that government is conspiracy and murder, and that they had as good a right to take possession of the mill at Wardner as to blow it up. It seems they don't understand that if the government owned and operated everything they would be more powerless, more servile and more completely under the thumb of the bosses.

The work of the military officials in destroying the union is tyrannous in the extreme, but perhaps it will eventually result in showing the sickly fawners before public authority that governments are not created and maintained for them, but rather for their enemies.

HENRY ADDIS.

LUCCHENI'S PUNISHMENT.

A friend, intimate with the prison system of Switzerland, was telling me the other day of the fearful torture that the sentence of perpetual seclusion passed on Lucceni, the assassin of the Empress of Austria, involves. For the first six months he will be in a dungeon eight feet under ground, where never a sound is heard, and only the faintest streak of light is admitted. He dare not speak to his jailers, and the punishment is severe if he makes the slightest remark, unless it is in reply to a question. When his spirit is broken by this treatment he is removed to a better-situated cell, but the same silence prevails. To the end of his days the exercise of the powers of speech and hearing are denied him. As a rule the prisoners go raving mad.—Boston Post.