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A PERIODICAL OF ANARCHIST THOUGHT, WORK, AND LITERATURE.

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WHOLE NO. 354.

The Minor Poets.

Those little shivering poets—where are they?
Behind the battlements of caste and gain:
No deep and thrilling chords they dare to play,
For fear they might be called on to explain.

Melodious are they and touched with fire,
But earnest, honest ardor for things great
Pervades them not; they only work for hire,
Like lawyers or the servants of the State.

They'll get just what they ask for and no more—
A little transient praise and dainty fare;
But ne'er will gain a foothold on the Shore
Of Honorable Mention anywhere.

Why, twenty lines of Shelley will outlive
A hundred thousand volumes of their rhyme;
Thou might'st as well hold water in a sieve
As pledge them Fame for any length of time.

WILLIAM WALSTEIN GORDAN.

Radical Reflections.

One of the greatest figures in human history is that of Napoleon Bonaparte, the Man of Destiny, the impress of whose genius is left upon the sands of time, and whose individuality dazzles the mind and intoxicates the imagination with involuntary admiration, as we peruse the story of his deeds.

The world witnessed with wonder the career of this Corsican lieutenant of artillery, whom genius raised to an imperial throne, and whose restless and resistless energy defied alike the burning sands of the Arabian desert and the ice and cold of the frozen north. Rising suddenly from obscurity, Napoleon launched upon his career like a meteor flashing across the sky; and the powers of Europe viewed his course with the same terror that the comet once excited in the credulous mind of semi-civilized man. They saw their armies scattered like chaff before his legions, and beheld the ancient fabric of States and kingdoms dispersed by a whiff of grapeshot from his cannon. Kings were made and unmade; and the haughty aristocracies of Europe were astounded at the spectacle of a subaltern officer of artillery waving his imperial flag over the proud capitals of ancient monarchies, while before him fled in helpless fear the haughty representatives of the world's greatest dynasties.

History crowns Napoleon with the laurels of greatness. He stands alone in human record, a gigantic figure, a towering personality, in whose presence the men of his time become mere pygmies by comparison. Upon the throne of France he sat, the eagle of Eu-

rope, isolated among men—the awful embodiment of unconquerable will—wrapped in the sombre solitude of his peculiar genius. In his personality the Spirit of Ambition became individualized; and throned upon his brain the god of war flashed forth in the storm of battle, and swept in victorious flight from the ponds of Egypt to the icy barriers of Scandinavia. The path of his conquests carries us beneath the shadow of the Pyramids and across the heights of the Alps, and leads thru the capitals of all Europe; and the soil of three continents felt the tread of his footsteps, while the din of his victories filled the wondering minds of the remote and savage nations of the farthest east with admiration and fear.

At the head of his legions Napoleon confronted the armies of united Europe; and maintained his haughty claim to dictatorship for more than a decade; but Fate and Fortune suddenly turned upon their former master, and on the fateful field of Waterloo his star of destiny vanished forever from his gaze, and in the night of utter defeat no beacon of hope shone upon his path. The man of destiny, who so long had startled Europe with the reckless audacity of his genius, and whose ambitious dream of universal empire had drenched a continent with blood, suddenly found himself as powerless as the poorest peasant in all France. In the passing of a moment the greatest conqueror of modern Europe was hurled by the fortunes of war from the throne of unlimited power to the narrow limits of St. Helena and exile.

The world pays tribute to the conqueror, tho his path to fame and glory be drenched with blood and tears. In the glare of martial glory and the panoply of imperial splendor, the world forgets that the object of its adulation is a common criminal and the din of victorious war drowns the cries of its mangled victims and stifles the sob of breaking hearts; and above the blood and tears—above the smoking ruins—above the despoiled cities, wasted fields and ruined homes, rises the victorious conqueror, robed in war's gorgeous splendor and crowned with fame's deathless glory. But beneath his throne, beyond the dazzled gaze of admiration, bleaches the skeleton forms of forgotten and nameless heroes, whose unuttered voices cry upward from the sod in silent protest against the world's thoughtless verdict, and impeach the crowned victor with

mute invective that haunts his peace and drives slumber from his downy couch.

The transient glory of Napoleon was not worth one tear shed by a mother for her son, with whose life and that of countless others, he purchased his vaunted victories. Behind his grandeur and his glory were the battalions of murder and massacre. Napoleon was not a success. He was in reality the world's most stupendous failure. With unlimited power at his command, the absolute master of the greatest empire since Rome, he could have enshrined his name in the fadeless fame of eternity as the world's greatest benefactor; instead he lingers in human memory as the genius of catastrophe and lurks among the shadows of history as a crowned assassin and murderer, great only in his selfishness, his ambition, and his crimes.

There rises before me a vision of the past. I see authority, calling itself the State, robed and crowned, and grasping the scepter and the sword. I see the shadow of its rule lying like a blight across the centuries. Its stupendous crimes rise up before me in ghastly magnitude. I hear the clank of the slave chains it riveted. I see the bent backs of the toiling millions who have worked in want, and suffered in silence for the glory and the benefit of the idle few who called themselves the State. I see the face of humanity wet with the tears of centuries. I see the dungeons, the thumb-screws, the racks, the scaffolds, the instruments of death and torture, invented for the use of the State. I see the countless wars it formulated and waged. I see all the blood and tears that was shed for its glory. I see its bloody hand raised eternally against the oppressed, and ever extended to aid the oppressor. I see in every age the face of genius pressed against its prison bars; liberty languishing in its dungeon cells, and progress choked in its hangman's noose. And from the voiceless victims of its lust and greed, there comes as an unuttered refrain, a something undefined, but which to me finds interpretation in these words of August Spies:

"There will come a time when our silence will be more powerful than the voices you strangle today."

War and its horrors are creatures of authority—the progeny of the State. Back of every war has been the ambition or usurpation of some government. We are becoming

to some extent civilized. We talk of arbitration. But some time man will become really civilized, and there will be no war. And there will be no war because there will be no soldiers; and no soldiers because there will be no State. And when there are no States and soldiers and wars to divide mankind, liberty will be law, and the disorder of government and authority will give place to the order of Anarchy and human brotherhood.

ROSS WINN.

Echoes from Europe.

Sad and atrocious is the news from Spain: in the Montjuich fortress at Barcelona, in that dominion of sorrow and death, which has been spectator to so many massacres and tortures, they now shoot strikers, or rather the Anarchists. These Anarchists—according to the news transmitted—were discovered as the leaders and organizers of a secret association which intended to put Spain in a ferment of revolution.

These events repeat themselves at short intervals, with singular reproduction of circumstances, and moreover with the perfectings that time and experience suggest, until they will explode in the final cataclysm of the triumphant Revolution.

The Spanish revolutionary movement, fashioned with manifold circumstances, is above all a movement frankly proletarian. In Spain, where the propaganda of the International was indirectly imported, so to speak, by the Italian G. Fanelli, in 1869, the tradition of the great association remains more sound, more durable and deep in the proletarian soul than in any other country. The parliamentary parties have no influence upon the workingmen's associations, which always remain faithful to the revolutionary traditions. It is therefore natural that the Anarchists,—the true upholders of the International, Communist, revolutionist ideals—could exercise upon that movement a greater influence than any other party. As for the rest, in the political life of Spain, the parties have an insignificant value; on the one side the closely conservative forces, the clericals, who converge to the dynasty; on the other a few, undecided republicans, more alive in the work of one of their leaders, a man of genius now dead, than by their own worth. The Socialists are not even worthy of consideration, galvanized by the ambitious activity of their leader Iglesias. The movement of the immense majority of the working people, by its anti-politician character, avoids the secret manipulations of preparations in the shade. It is sincere and spontaneous, exploded by the effusion of repressed energies, and aspires to liberty and emancipation.

But, as in 1882, in the case of the so called *Mano Negra* (Black Hand), and ten years afterward in the case of Yerez, so today, again ten years after, at Barcelona, the reaction, which cannot strike at the free, open worker's associations, invents the secret conspiracies, plots, the premeditated rising of the insurrection—and smites.

So the facts repeat themselves in identical manner. But time and events carry the fruits of experience. So, while ten years ago so-called "justice" operated after long shufflings, atrocious tortures, and protracted

over months and years, now it loses no time to put in use its murderous functions. Scarcely fifteen days elapsed, and the prisoners were shot at the walls of Montjuich, without even a trial before a court-martial. The reason for this is plain. While the red terror and perturbation still hold out, and discouragement flutters over the city and the whole country, the slender crack of the shots which strike down the rebels pass almost unnoticed. The shots of Montjuich echo from the shots in the street. Tomorrow on the contrary, after the return of the calm, the execution of the rebels *en masse* would seem enormous, horrible; the application of inquisitorial tortures would surely provoke a new international agitation of protest; and raise up from the ranks of fighters a new Angiolillo, the avenger. Thus the Barcelona insurrection seems to close tragically in a livid break of day; while the curtain descends on the Montjuich bastion, the gun shots, and the fallen rebels.

Thus in Spain. But the revolutionary ferment is not located there alone. The whole of Europe is shaken with revolutionary convulsions. The old edifice totters. Some have said that these periodical riots of the winter time, which happen especially in Latin countries (Italy, Spain, and France), were caused by the harshness of the season, the sharp sufferings of the unemployed exasperated them and pushed the miserable to revolt. While there is some truth in this, nevertheless these upstarts have a social as well as political character; they are not decreed for a settled time, but break out spontaneously thru the force of circumstances. This fact gives the lie—if it is necessary to deny—to the absurd theory of the Anarchist conspiracies and plots.

But, if the season can, with the implacable logic of the winter's harshness, push to the streets the starved miseries, these tumultuous insurrections have taught their lessons. Not only the executioners know better how to strike; but the victims too have learned to fight with better arms.

Thus in all the more or less convulsive agitation of the workers up to a few years ago, seemed spasmodic manifestations of empty stomachs begging the alms of a piece of bread. Now it is the brain which operates; the people claim something more than a piece of bread; they want above all less slavery, more open air, a greater expansion of their own beings.

And again, efforts that formerly were isolated and often contradictory, always uncertain and undetermined, now appear gradually to verge toward a common cause, toward a universal agreement and goal, seen still dimly, but that already lightens the horizon with the certainty of a splendor not far.

Experience taught that it was not sufficient to oppose the perfected arms with which the soldiers of the bourgeoisie easily repress the insufficient and poor arms of an insurrection. What is necessary is to strike the bourgeoisie in its most vital spot—in production. The bourgeoisie is not producing, it does not give a crumb of activity to social life; the others, the workers, create, produce, and without their help the capitalists could not exist. If the workers should cease

their activity, the bourgeoisie would remain an inert corpse. To the end that the suspension of social activity should be efficacious, it is necessary that it should be extended to all the trades. That is the splendid idea of the general strike now comforting and lightening the horizon of the labor movement.

Thus in Italy, the riots of the unemployed do not yet present the maturity of a common purpose, but they manifest the open tendency to the general strike. The railway employees, the unemployed of Rome, the longshoremen of Genoa, have already thundered the threatening word. Perhaps its new and powerful meaning frightened those who pronounced it; but tomorrow, when they will be familiar with the idea, it will excite them to action.

In France the idea of a general strike is gaining more and more adherents. The danger of a general strike so frightened the ruling class that they were compelled to remove the nightmare thru the able subterfuge of a politician from the ranks of workingmen, rather than to resort to repression.

Thus in Trieste, Austria, where massacre only could overcome the resistance of the unarmed people. Thus in Spain, from where the detailed news of Barcelona's insurrection cannot yet be had, but when on hand we will surely show that the insurrection was the epilogue of a long series of strikes, resulting in a grand manifestation of the general strike extended nearly to all unions.

Until now, the reactionary forces have overcome these efforts by the brutal violence of arms. But little by little, as concentric waves which ever enlarge themselves, as telluric shakes which from the center open themselves in bursts ever more toward the periphery, the movements that during twenty years occurred at Yerez, at Coruna, at Seville, at Barcelona, at Fournies, at Chalons, yesterday at Paris, everywhere in Italy, at Trieste in Austria, at Bruxelles, etc., acquire ever greater extension, greater penetration, and, above all, greater concentration and consent. It is the sound chain of workingmen's arms that extend themselves across the frontiers and solidly unite in the common action for the common purpose.

I am not one of those Anarchists who believe in the absolute *panacea* of a Revolution concentrated in the economic formula of a strike, even if general or violent. I do not believe that the manifestation of the revolutionary spirit of the people will reveal itself only by the virtue of an agreement, settled beforehand, organized, and federated. Tho recognizing the very important value of the practical intentions demonstrated by the working classes to shake off their yoke, my opinion is that there never will exist a force really revolutionary in the masses until a conscientious revolutionary force will exist in the individual. The spasmodic bundle of weak and beaten energies will never be a force. As for the rest,—the ruling class seem to feel more concern for the explosion of individual revolts than for people's insurrections, which can be easily and quickly repressed.

To accelerate the progressive but slow maturation of the revolutionary conscience of the people, the manly acts of the individual rebels, raising themselves to strike at

authority in its more real and direct incarnations, operate as lively awakens; at the same time they humble the stupid haughtiness of the governing and exploiting classes, and arouse the too inert apathy of the masses. The acts of individual revolts are as necessary as the electric discharges which set the engine in motion.

There are historical periods in which it is necessary that a MAN, a hero, take destiny in his hands and determine its direction with an effort, synthesizing the will and the dispersed energy of the masses. Vaillant, with his sour intervention in the French parliament, answered the infamous legislation proposed against the Anarchists. Henry, while the bourgeoisie celebrated the spilling of Vaillant's blood the day after his beheading, disturbed its digestion with his bomb at the Café Terminus. Angiolillo, with his revolver shot, awakened the protest of civilized mankind against the horrible tortures of Montjuich. Bresci, near Milan, closed accounts with King Humbert for the massacres of Milan instigated by the latter. Czolgosz reminded McKinley, in the middle of his Buffalo spree, of his unbridled imperialistic ambition, and his massacre of workmen to favor his capitalistic friends.

The same situations are repeating themselves, with marked accentuation, everywhere, and a resembling coincidence of events. Thus today we receive the news of the massacres at Montjuich, by order of the General Weyler, the sanguinary beast of Spain. Does this not seem an opportune moment for Spain's destiny to be efficaciously and advantageously settled by a new Angiolillo? G. CIANCABILLA.

Who Pays the Cost?

In the *Woman's Tribune*, Washington, D. C., is found the following:

Hon. W. T. Zenor incorporated in his remarks a list of our American officials in the Philippines whose annual salary, beginning with Governor Taft at \$20,000, and his four fellow commissioners at \$15,000, amounts to about \$250,000. There have been innumerable statements made in congress showing the disastrous nature of our possession of these islands, but none that will speak louder to many than this array of figures.

Add to this sum the \$20,000,000 McKinley paid the bandit rulers of Spain, to take their place in the murder and pillage business on the islands; then the expense of equipping, shipping, and paying the tremendous army it requires to continue this work of carnage and plunder, and the dominant question is, *Who pays this enormous bill?* Can a nation prosper weighted with this awful burden? A few years ago "the powers that be" turned a deaf ear to the agonizing cry of the great army of the "unemployed" for remunerative work in the line of public improvements. Was the boasted "surplus" then in the United States treasury destined to be dissipated or squandered in converting the "magnificent ship of State" into a powerful piratical craft that could sail on every sea?

The vitiating and brutalizing effect upon its people of a nation engaged in savage warfare, however distant the scene of conflict, is strikingly illustrated by the apparent readiness of Americans to enlist as soldiers for the purpose of killing those for whom they can have no reason for spite or malice.

Recently a city daily, in noticing the departure of recruits for the Philippines, remarks their good spirits and that they were "eager for service": eager for the field of carnage; eager to make weeping orphans and widows—in short, eager to add to the great sea of life's tragedies. Can a more deplorable feature of this whole deplorable affair come to this nation (as it does thru psychic or hypnotic forces) than the heartless indifference to human woe evinced by this government and its press supporters? Not only is the soldier blind, but his friends and associates also. They all seem not to know or even suspect the hidden dangers awaiting the soldiers in the Philippines; these doubtless are studiously held in the background by those interested in securing recruits. From the *Woman's Tribune* is also taken the following:

Mr. Gains took great pains to show that the climate of the Philippines is such that no white person can long endure it. To the consumptive it is speedy death. To women in general, debilitating. This statement was supported by official reports, and the report of Sternberg was quoted to show that the death rate among our troops in the Philippines was more than double for those operating in China.

EMILY G. TAYLOR.

Spiritualism Defended.

In the "Letter-Box" of your issue of February 16 I notice the statement that Camille Flammarion had declared that his investigation of Spiritualism has satisfied him that the so-called spirit phenomena was produced by "mere juggling swindle."

In answer to this I wish to say that about two years ago this same false report was started by the ignorant enemies of truth; and Mr. Flammarion flatly denied and stated over his own signature that he had investigated Spiritualism and the phenomena produced under his strict test conditions could not be by him accounted for other than in accordance with the Spiritualistic theory. And then it was that the ignorant bigots called him crazy.

The Psychical Research Society, after several years of scientific investigation, made a report to the same effect as did Mr. Flammarion. The National Anti-Spiritual Association made up of preachers stand exactly where the materialistic bigot does: denying the truth of Spiritualism because their prejudiced bigotry will not allow them to honestly investigate, and for the same reason the plutocrats and their followers condemn Anarchists, Socialists, Single Taxers, Populists, etc. Ignorance denounces and condemns. Intelligence investigates and offers sympathy to erring man. Spiritualists will not condemn Flammarion or anyone else; but instead we pity the ignorant bigots who circulate such false reports and who by denouncing what they know nothing about only show their stupid audacity.

As for "Casaneuve" reproducing in the presence of scientists ALL the phenomena of Spiritualism, as a Spiritualist I do not hesitate to assert that he cannot do it, even if he is a medium, as no ONE medium possesses ALL the different phases of mediumship; if he is not a medium for independent slate-writing he cannot produce it under the same conditions which it has been my pleasure to receive intelligent communications.

I am not in Spiritualism for money, hence I care nothing for the purported offer of 10,000 francs. It is true there are persons posing as mediums who practise fraud, deception, and hypocrisy, but they cannot destroy the truth of Spiritualism any more than the frauds, deceivers, and hypocrites posing as reformers can destroy the ideal to which the true reformer is patiently plodding.

I find the average Anarchist ever ready with a slur to fling at Spiritualism. They class it as a superstitious belief, simply because they do not reason that the laws of nature can reach deeper or farther than the economic depth of a man's stomach or his passion. Spiritualism can be proven to reasoning minds, therefore it is not a superstition. The truth of Spiritualism could not be proven to an Anarchist bigot any more than to an orthodox bigot, but the honest, earnest human can find that it is a fact, a truth in nature, and not a belief or delusion. I believe the average Anarchists, like the average churchmen, are dyed-in-the-wool materialists, but let me tell you mankind will have to be regenerated—become spiritualized—before the ideal civilization can be attained. With the clergy the Anarchists (not all of them) scoff and ridicule the divine and Christian Scientists, Spiritualists, mystics, and other earnest investigators; not knowing that these people are the best and truest reformers, the greatest teachers and lovers of liberty. They are thus, because coming into even a very limited understanding of divine law teaches them that only the truth can make man free. None of these thinkers believe in the orthodox *he* god, but in the GREAT SPYRIT, the universal; and are trying to become refined and fitted to that point of development necessary to realize and appreciate its glorious gifts, and to realize their kinship to it and their right to this kinship.

W. J. McCONNELL.

Voices.

"Give us liberty or give us death," said Patrick Henry. We are giving the Filipinos death.—*Appeal to Reason*

Young Alfonso's coronation may have to be postponed for lack of a kingdom to go with it if the revolutionists continue to make trouble in Spain.—*Chicago Daily News*.

In a recent legal case the lawyer became nettled at the ruling of the judge and started to walk out. He was stopped by the judge asking, "Are you trying to express your contempt for the court?" "No, your honor," was the reply, "I am trying to conceal it."—*Melbourne Tocsin*.

There would and will be Anarchists, in the true meaning of the word, until all human government of force, fraud, tyranny and robbery disappear from the face of the earth.—C. H. Wesseler, in *Lucifer*.

The Letter-Box

Francis B. Livesey, Sykesville Md.—Your note has been sent to the author of "A Catechism of Anarchy." Perhaps she will reply to the review in the *Christian Statesman*.

H. W. Koehn, City.—The information that Tolstoy had half a million children is very interesting; but we should like to know the particulars before accepting the statement.

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CHICAGO, SUNDAY, MARCH 23, 1902.

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If these figures correspond with the number printed on the wrapper of your FREE SOCIETY, your subscription expires with this number.

For New York.

Comrades and friends of progress are invited to attend a meeting on March 27, 8 p. m., at 1915 Third Ave., 1st floor, for the purpose of establishing a free reading room.

Notes.

Friends and foes of freedom should not fail to attend next Sunday's meeting of the Chicago Philosophical Society, 26 E. Van Buren St. A. W. Wright, the well-known Individualist Anarchist, will speak on "The Philosophy of Anarchism." The lecture begins at 8 p. m. sharp.

The 5th annual Russian Tea Party, consisting of concert and ball, participated in by Misses Mawson, Earle, Tolechko and Pissokovitch, will take place on Friday evening, March 28: 7.30 sharp, at Pennsylvania Hall, 8th and Christian Sts., Philadelphia. Dancing till 3 a. m. Tickets 25c.

All friends of liberty and progress are cordially invited.

Current Comment.

Some weeks ago I called attention to the fact that, should the anti-Anarchist bill now pending in congress become law, the circulation of the Declaration of Independence would be treasonable—or, at least, criminal. It seems, however, that the Rooseveltian empire has already placed that document under ban. The Manila correspondent of the *Atlanta Constitution* under date of December 27, 1901, writes his paper as follows:

It was discovered that there were being circulated among the Filipinos copies of the American Declaration of Independence, done in English and Spanish in parallel columns. One of the best officers, a man regarded as conservative and no extremist told us this was promptly suppressed, and gave it as his opinion that the Declaration of Independence is "A DAMNED INCENDIARY DOCUMENT."

Is it any wonder that Prince Henry received such a warm welcome from the Roosevelt crowd, and that such special interest is being taken in King Edward's coronation? Let us erect a monument to George III.

Anarchy is about to take its place where it belongs—at the head of the list of crimes.—*Express*, Springfield, Mo.

The brilliant genius who chewed his pencil

while evolving this choice morsel from his ponderous intellect is eminently qualified for a position in President Roosevelt's cabinet. He's simply a tulip, and so far as I am concerned, he can have the cake, and the bakery, too.

The fifteen-years-old son of the Rev. Henry A. Houst, of Elizabeth, N. J., disappeared last November and the Rev. Houst declares his belief that the Anarchists have got him! Those bad little boys in Chicago who play hookey from Sunday school, had better mind, or the Anarchists will get them.

Slavery exists in the Philippine Islands under the protection of the American flag, and the sanction of the Republican party. That is, chattel slavery. And in our own land, in the shadow of this same flag, another form of slavery exists, the white slavery of the wage-workers. And back of both is government. The abolition of slavery in every form necessitates the destruction of that which alone makes slavery possible—the State.

I read in the press dispatches that Pres. Roosevelt is "taking a keen interest in naval target practise." In conformance with his idea on this subject, congress is expected to appropriate nearly a million dollars, for ammunition to be used in this way. Some people may foolishly think that a million dollars spent for bread instead of lead, would be of more benefit to the American people, but such people are ignorant of the science of government. The government's bill of fare for its hungry class is always lead, with gatling sauce and Kraig-Jorgenson desert. Teddy is a model ruler. He understands his business. Let us have target practise by all means. But let us be careful that no Czolgosz participates in the target practise.

The mayor of Montgomery, Ala., knows where he's at; also what he's there for. Recently he vetoed an increase of the pay of city laborers. Then he demanded an increase of his own salary, which the city council of course granted. Government is a beautiful arrangement for preventing some people from taking advantage of others, don't-chew-know. Nobody but a wild-eyed Anarchist would think of disputing this.

A dispatch from Washington, D. C., (Devil's Corner?) says that the president and his cabinet held a meeting, at which Anarchist books and newspapers were discussed. Gee whiz! Is Teddy going to call the deal on the young king of Italy, who recently declared for Socialism? Who says we haven't got an Anarchist movement in this country, when a cabinet session is held to discuss our literature? Just imagine President Roosevelt, with his feet on the table, and a copy of FREE SOCIETY in his hands, reading a pithy article from Kate Austin, or, mayhap, some of my "Radical Reflections," to his cabinet members, pausing now and then to fling in a word of approval or dissent? Teddyboy has hit the right stuff now, and I hope he will keep it up; he may learn something yet.

A social order that is founded upon force and murder, and that is maintained by the

gatling gun and bayonet, will not be overthrown by the breath of philosophy. And the aristocracy of privilege now dominant will never yield their blood-cemented power to a political majority who threaten their interests at the ballot-box. The working class are the victims of the oppressive conditions that exist today, and they themselves must be their emancipators. This first attempt to overthrow the class domination that exploits them will be met by all the military force at the command of their masters. Therefore my advice to every man who knows that he is a slave, and who desires to be free, is to first of all, supply himself with a proper assortment of the kind of arguments his enemies keep in reserve for his benefit. When the militia is brought out to shoot down striking workingmen, there is but one proper thing for the workers to do—shoot back, and shoot to kill. When every member of organized labor owns a good rifle, and evinces an inclination to use it in self-defense, we will hear very little about injunctions; strikes will be settled without the militia, and police bullies and Pinkerton thugs will be kept in the background.

R. W.

Pen Shots.

A church in Toronto, Canada, is agitating the question of sending missionaries to the Doukhobors, who were obliged to leave Russia because they would not serve in the army, and after much suffering and hardship, finally located in Manitoba. As they are industrious, and practise Communism and non-resistance by force, and therefore come nearer the practise of an ideal brotherhood than any sect on earth, they are a source of much alarm to those Christian churches, who uniting with mercenary traders, ostensibly for souls but really for boodle, have literally exterminated whole nations of people. It is with great pleasure that I quote the following from a Toronto paper, as showing that these gentle and oppressed followers of a higher ideal are not without friends in their new home.

"Busybodies," declares the editor, "and those who neglect their own improvement in order to have plenty of time to reform somebody else, are concerned about the souls of the Doukhobors; and one newspaper with no more morals than a Billy goat, declares 'a stop must be put to these Doukhobor marriages, which consist in nothing but a shaking of hands and a mutual consent to live as man and wife.'" "Strange as it may appear," says the outspoken Toronto editor, "the Doukhobors consider they have a right to worship God without intervention of priest or preacher; and in view of how much they have suffered for righteousness' sake, perhaps it would be well to leave them alone till we tried some ourselves." These are brave, sensible words; and that class who exhibit so much energy in the work of exporting missionaries, Bibles, rum, or fire arms, as the main factors in their Christian civilization schemes, would do well to ponder them. The fact that the Doukhobors refuse to serve in the army, proves them to be civilized in the best sense of the term. Christendom generally might profit by following their example.

The little pamphlet, "Czolgosz, Anarchy,

and Roosevelt," by Jay Fox, including also an article on "Communism," from the pen of Henry Addis, is excellent for propaganda purposes. It should be widely circulated by comrades who are interested in enlarging the circle of understanding as to the real and true meaning of the ideal of Anarchy. Comrade Fox has presented the subject in a clear and masterly manner, and it is to the interest of the cause that we heartily cooperate in the effort to place the essay before as many readers as possible.

The convention of Freethinkers held in Cincinnati, January 26-27, for the purpose of forming a new and progressive (?) organization of liberals, passed the following resolution:

Resolved, That the fullest liberty of speech and press, that are consistent with public peace and good order should prevail, and that these should be limited only when they become so evidently incendiary and subversive of good order as to be menaces to public happiness.

When one contemplates the foregoing resolution, mirth and contempt struggle for supremacy. Who is going to decide what sort of speech is "consistent with public order," as to what is "incendiary" or a "menace to public happiness"? Those in power of course, backed by a bullet-headed majority. This is the sort of speech that the czar of Russia, William of Germany, Edward of England, and the ruling power in our republic, heartily sanction and enforce.

Those in power and those who uphold the authority of the State, regard all criticism of the State that tends to break down reverence for its authority as "subversive of good order, and a menace to public happiness." As the majority tacitly support such definition, the class which dispenses rules and gags in the name of law and order would have full power to persecute the advocates of new ideas, not only the Anarchists, but half-way political reformers of all schools who happened to be in the minority. Also it would be the same with the anti-Christian agitators. An orthodox community would complain that an Atheist paper in their midst was a source of great pain to them, as it was tearing down the props of Christianity, and by inciting contempt for religious authority, surely paved the way for contempt of civil law, and the final subversion of good order. Then would follow the arrest of the obnoxious editor, and the usual persecution.

It is to be regretted that the anti-Christians assembled at Cincinnati. They do not deserve the title of Freethinkers. They placed themselves on record as sanctioning laws that have outlawed and imprisoned in every country as well as our own, the best and truest humanitarians of our age. That is what such a resolution practically amounts to; and if any man who voted for that resolution is arrested and imprisoned for his opinions, as was the editor of the *Blue Grass Blade* a short time ago, he cannot consistently complain for being served with a dose of his own medicine. Men who abridge freedom of speech and press, by defined or undefined limitations, put a powerful weapon in the hands of the ruling powers of Church and State; and consequently aid the enemies of free thought and liberty. If they fear to demand free speech, or fear the

consequence of it, let them cease to pose as Freethinkers, and go over into the orthodox fold, where they truly belong. The true free thinkers realize that any institution which cannot withstand the assaults of an unlimited speech and press by its opponents, must rest upon a false basis, and ought to be destroyed; and as a means to hasten that destruction will not only advocate but practise free speech to the utmost limit of his honest conclusions. KATE AUSTIN.

Economic Facts.

1. A million dollar-bills packed solidly like leaves in a book makes a pile 275 feet high. One thousand million dollars, the price which Europe annually pays for armaments in time of peace, equals a pile of dollar-bills over fifty-two miles high. This expenditure for the supposed prevention of war represents one thousand million days labor at one dollar a day, and this, be it remembered, every year to enable each nation merely to hold its own.

2. A second pile of dollar-bills over fifty-two miles high represents the annual payment for interest and other costs of past wars.

3. To these inconceivably large amounts must be added the earnings of the millions of able-bodied men in army and navy who are withdrawn from productive industries and are supported by taxed peoples.

4. Since 1850 the population of the world has doubled: its indebtedness, chiefly for war purposes, has quadrupled. It was eight billions fifty years ago, it is thirty-two billions today.

The year 1900 has added nearly another thousand millions to the war debt of the world. This about equals the annual cost of boots, shoes, and bread in the United States.

5. Our war department, even with our small army, just previous to the Cuban war, cost nearly \$49,000,000 annually, while the total annual of public schools for both races in all the sixteen Southern States was less than \$32,000,000.

The United States paid for pensions before the Cuban war over \$147,000,000, about seven times the total income of all its colonies, and about equal to the annual cost of the German army.

6. Armies take the very flower of youth. If they could consume the weaklings, idiots, and criminals instead of the strongest workmen, perhaps something might be said for the specious argument that "war keeps down surplus population."

Military equipments must be new. One may use an old sewing-machine or reaper, but not a gun that is out of date. A new invention makes old junk of millions of costly, burnished arms.

7. The increase of standing armies and navies, accomplishing no result but increased burdens on the people, are inevitable unless the practical men of the civilized world insist upon a rational settlement of international difficulties. Is it not time for rational beings, who have abandoned tattooing, eating raw flesh, and all other savage practices except the savage practise of settling difficulties by war, to take for their motto, not the outworn charge, "In time of peace prepare for the war," but, "In time of temporary peace, prepare for permanent peace." Boston Peace Committee Circular.

A Reply.

I have intended to take some notice of T. B. Wakeman's critique on my history of the French Revolution, ever since its appearance in the *Torch of Reason*, January 23. But I have been very far down into the valley of the shadow during that time, and not felt equal to writing anything until now.

Mr. Wakeman's comments are highly complimentary to me, as an individual. They would seem more so if I could think he had read the book whose learning and style he eulogizes. But how can I believe that, when I find him saying that Paine's French Constitution would have averted the horrors of the Great Committee's rule, and that this rule was in effect Anarchy, or mere daily experimenting? Unless I have totally misunderstood and misrepresented history, the French Constitution of 1793 was that constitution framed by Paine and Condorcet, very slightly modified by the Convention. That the horrible tyranny of the Great Committee—surely as much Anarchy as Danton, whom Mr. Wakeman classes with Robespierre, was a member of the Terrorist government—occurred under this Constitution, seems to me abundant proof that the latter possessed no such magic virtues as Mr. Wakeman attributes to it, but was in fact one of those "Futile Finalities" concerning which he justly says that to make them anything more than means or ways of progress is "to invite sore disappointment." The Constitution of 1793 left open to tyranny (as unlike Anarchy as possible) that same indefinite executive power of dealing with emergencies which Jefferson, who, as Mr. Wakeman reminds us, used to talk Anarchy till he became president, applied to the Louisiana purchase; thus laying a cornerstone for that identical edifice whose pinnacle is McKinley's Asiatic empire.

Mr. Wakeman thinks that absolute individual liberty must be hard to either "make or find." But men have found or made it in religion (toleration); in international commerce (free trade); in such great matters as contract, bequest, apprenticeship, all once strictly regulated by law, now all "absolutely" free. I mean, of course, not that they are so everywhere. All are so, at least somewhere. In none of these cases, has it turned out that absolute individual freedom either is "the old metaphysical abstractions, which mean nothing" or "ends with helpless individuals without the cooperation of civilization": but on the contrary, in proportion as liberty came in, metaphysics went out, and cooperation began. This is my ground for saying that absolute individual freedom is vindicated by induction, the method of the volition to Do, which has no connection with metaphysics.

The paragraph in which Mr. Wakeman asserts generally what I have just denied, and as I conceive refuted, in detail, is a capital specimen of the Brick Pomeroy style in rhetoric. Whether this method of repeating recently refuted platitudes sets them again upon good argumentative legs, I will not question now. But since Mr. Wakeman praises my composition, he must feel obliged if I give him a pointer on that art. As a literary method, the Brick Pomeroy flippancy about subjects of scientific gravity is detestable.

C. L. JAMES.

THE POCKETBOOK.

Late one evening, Jean Loqueteux decided that it was time to go home. By that he meant a bench under a chestnut tree on the Place D'Anvers, where he had slept during the last few weeks. Famished, he had only made two cents—two foreign coins at that—at the entrance of the Vaudeville Theater, opening the door of a cab.

"Such hard luck," remarked the poor man, talking to himself. "If I only had two sous to buy a crust of bread in the morning."

Dragging painfully his ill-clad person, hungry, suffering besides from illness, he resumed his walk toward the bench under the chestnut tree, hoping that he would meet a providential man willing to part with ten centimes, the price of his breakfast. Suddenly he stumbled against something in the darkness. Was it worth the trouble to look and see what it could be? Who knows? Providence has little regard for the poor, yet she is kind to them at times. Once he had found a leg of mutton in the mud; maybe this time it was a chop.

"Let me see!" he said and picked up the object.

"Humph! This time I am deceived! It is no good to eat!"

No one, not even a sergeant de ville, could be seen in the street. Jean Loqueteux went under a lamp post to examine what he had in his hand.

"Well," he said aloud, "this is funny."

The object was a black pocketbook containing ten thousand francs in government bills, but no letters, no cards, nothing to identify the owner.

"To think," he remarked to himself, "that some people carry ten thousand francs in that way in their pockets. It is enough to make anyone sick. And now I have to go to the police station, out of my way, and I am so tired. Decidedly I have no luck to-night."

And Jean Loqueteux went to the police station, where he expected all kinds of trouble trying to see the commissary, on account of his dilapidated appearance. Finally the magistrate consented to receive him.

"Monsieur Commissary," he said, very politely, handing the portfolio, "I have found this."

"And, naturally, there is nothing in it?"

"Look for yourself, Monsieur Commissary."

This gentleman opened the pocketbook, saw the bills, which he counted at once.

"Ten thousand francs! An enormous amount of money, my friend. You are a brave man, an honest man, a hero! Do you know that?"

Jean Loqueteux remained very quiet, only repeating, "To think that some people carry in that way ten thousand francs in their pockets!"

The commissary was considering the vagrant with more astonishment than admiration.

"And you have found this? There is no use talking, you are a hero! What is your name?"

"Jean Loqueteux."

"What is your profession?"

"I have none."

"Then I suppose you have an income. Where do you live?"

"Alas! Monsieur Commissary, I am a poor beggar. I have no residence."

"What? No residence? This is astonishing. He has no residence," remarked the commissary. Then, addressing Jean Loqueteux, he added, "You have no residence, therefore you are a vagrant. You are a hero, evidently. Yes, you are a hero. But you are also a vagrant, and I am compelled to apply the law. Here is the pocketbook; no doubt about that. You may receive a reward, possibly five francs, if the owner is discovered. But this does not alter the fact that you live in a state of vagrancy. Believe me, it would have been much better for you to find a residence than to find a pocketbook containing ten thousand francs. The law does not compel you to find a pocketbook, but it compels you to find a residence; otherwise—"

"Otherwise?" asked Jean Loqueteux.

"Otherwise I have to lock you up for the night and send you in the morning to the police court."

The commissary rang the bell, and two policemen led the vagrant to a cell.

"Really," said the disheartened Jean Loqueteux, "I have no luck today!"—Octave Mirbeau, in *Current Literature*.

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Government or no Government--Which?

IV

The freest government cannot long endure when the tendency of the law is to create a rapid accumulation of property in the hands of a few, and to render the masses poor and dependent.—Daniel Webster.

The people of this most glorious of all republics are called sovereigns, free, independent citizens, who have the privilege of choosing their own representatives. But is the galley-slave of the Pennsylvania mine really as much of a sovereign as is J. P. Morgan? Is the American hod-carrier as much represented in the legislature of his country as John D. Rockefeller? Or the vote of the consumptive tailor as powerful as that of a Mark Hanna or a Richard Croker? Why, this whole system of voting for your own masters is nothing but a pitiable mockery of a nation of dupes!

The man who holds your bread in his hands also holds your life. Like dumb cattle you are driven to the polls by your exploiters to vote the way they want, or else "you needn't go to the trouble of coming to work the morning after election day." And it will ever be so, as long as economical slavery prevails. Somehow or other the people know too well, instinctively, that politics is a lie and a humbug; that it is perfectly immaterial to a nation which party is to rule it; that the living issue is not Platt or Croker, but that of bread and butter. Hence they are so ready to sell, or give away their vote for an empty promise to this or that political machine.

These great political parties of our land have become mere factions organized in the interests of this or the other trade or the sole purpose of power, profit, and prestige. The interests of the people? The very irony of Satan! "The public be damned!" they howl in their haughtiness. Would to the gods that they were all as frank and open-hearted as that brazen-faced Shylock who uttered those four memorable words.

"See yonder poor, o'erlabored wight,
So abject, mean and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil.
Then see his lordly fellow-worm
The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful tho' a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn."

No greater lie was ever uttered by man than that "there is equality before the law." Had there been equality there could be no law. The very basis of law is oppression on the one hand and license on the other, the makers of the law always putting themselves above and beyond it. Man is always afraid of the work of others, never of the creation of his own hands, and the older the law, the more sacred it is. Tradition still rules supreme and "common sense" is yet the most uncommon of all senses. Man is lazy to think and stand by himself and thus permits the dead institutions of the medieval ages to rule and regulate his life for him.

Did you ever try to realize what this electioneering business means? Did you ever ask yourself the question, "What are the factors of a successful presidential campaign today?" Is it possible that you are unaware of the fact that in every campaign millions of dollars are spent in subsidizing the press of the country, in the direct and indirect purchase of votes, in the hiring of agitators and stump orators, in the flying of flags and bunting, in the sounding of drums and trumpets as well as in covering the streets with circulars and pamphlets stuffed with the most flagrant lies conceivable?

And where did those campaign millions come from, if not from the bankers, railroad magnates, trusts, pools and rings in whose interests it is to see their tools in the White House? And is the whip of starvation and forced idleness less cruel than that of the slave-driver of some fifty years ago? Is this coercion into submission less horrible than the one of the Negro slaves? Is it not less manly and therefore more hateful than the slavery of the poor Negro before the civil war? Ah, how I hate the hypocrisy of our so-called civilization! Rob a man, cheat him, exploit him, "skin" him, cut his throat, but do it in a legal manner or have enough "pull" with the police authorities, to hush matters up in case you do get entangled in the meshes of the law.

Political liberty, economical liberty, religious liberty—nonsense! There is but one kind of liberty and that is the plain unmodified one. Political liberty is a snare for fools, and nothing else. You can no more draw the line of liberty than you can mitigate that of slavery. "What is essential to the idea of a slave?" asks Herbert Spencer in "The Coming Slavery," and he answers: "We primarily think of him as one who is owned by another. To be more than nominal, however, the ownership must be shown by control of the slave's actions—a control which is habitually for the benefit of the controller. That which fundamentally distinguishes the slave is that he labors under coercion to satisfy another's desires. . . . The degree of his slavery varies according to the ratio between that which he is forced to yield up and that which he is allowed to retain; and it matters not whether his master is a single person or a society."

As long as you are subjected to another

man's will, you are a slave. You may be an absolute slave, a serf or a wage slave,—but you are a slave just the same. Perhaps there is no boss to rule you at all; you may only imagine there is one somewhere in heaven or in hell: you are a slave nevertheless. Your will is hampered; you are afraid to manifest it because of some imaginary omnipotence, be he devil, god or man—you are a slave to him. A slave in mind means slave in body. You may live the life of a saint or a sinner, according to the dictator of the god or the devil "there is in you,"—but you don't live the life of a man, your own individual life.

"Sovereigns" of America! Did you ever stop to think what political liberty means? Are your political leaders, those of whom you expect liberty and justice for all alike,—are they really the greatest, the most noble men of your great country? Or are there some among them who practise the most unscrupulous brigandage with the lives and liberties you so generously entrust into their hands? Are not the halls of your legislatures filled with the most reckless corruptionists living? Do I need to tell you that almost all your servants—the masters—from the common policeman to the alderman, and away up to the very top ring of the official ladder, are bribable and purchasable either directly by the almighty dollar or indirectly by promotion promises?

Hear what Hon. Bird S. Coler, comptroller of the city of New York, has to say on this question:

Commercialism in politics provides no place in public life for a man who tries to be courageously honest. The system demands of those who serve it, or act as its agents in public office, a show of outward honesty of the ostentatious, rather than the aggressive, order. There must be no looting of the treasury, no squandering of funds in the open where detection is certain. . . . The public mind has been made less inquisitive, the official conscience more elastic, by the skillful cloaking of political corruption into the outward form of honesty and respectability. Commercial transactions in politics, at least all those of magnitude, now bear the label of public benefits, or municipal development. . . . Their [the politicians'] system teaches that the spoils of politics are legitimate, and they practise the politics that provide spoils. If they were engaged in trade or finance they would live up to their present standard of honesty. They would not steal from a customer, not in the broad or vulgar meaning of the word—they would merely ascertain his needs and necessities, then corner the material to supply them, and take the lion's share of the profits. That is business—business of sharp practise the moralist may say, but those who succeed at it have no fear of prison or other punishment; therefore they are honest in their own conscience. The moral code of such men is that where there is no punishment there can be no crime.—*The Independent*, October 31, 1901.

And so on. Mr. Coler is laying bare the facts as he in his own political experience, sees them. He shows that all the parties, factions and leader, tho outwardly opposed and antagonistic at all times, have a secret understanding with one another and are working in harmony toward certain definite ends. One leader controls a State, the opposing one a city. The corporations must thus "do business,"—that is, arrange for legislation and official favor with both leaders.

The modern Tweeds take no chances; they have reduced political commerce to a science. Their highway rascality is hidden under the cloak of legality.

"The man who knows in advance when

and where new streets are to be opened, new parks to be laid out, new lines of transportation to be created, can always buy on easy terms a large share of the real estate to be improved and benefitted." Millions upon millions are thus made "honestly" by "tipping" contractors of bridges, streets, parks, school buildings, court houses, or other public works.

If you dare to be honest and aggressive your political career is doomed. You are not wanted in any party, no matter what your popularity or qualification may be. You are chosen as a mere figurehead and no more. Keep mum, or quit. You are not put into position to rule the political organization or its boss. No; you are there to do his bidding, to obey orders. If you are determined to protect the public interests to the extent of blocking speculation in the commerce of politics and public office, you at once become a public enemy to the speculators and their backers. You are looked upon as a sop and kicked out with contempt. M. A. C.

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The Rights of Man.

The rights of man are very good things for people to think of and talk about, but what is to be chiefly regretted is that such an important subject should have received for some thousands of years past so very little attention from the great masses of mankind. Instead of thinking for ourselves and investigating on our own account, we have been trusting to what such people as Aristotle and Plato said, two or three thousand years ago, on this matter, or to what the Fathers said, or what the Bible said, a code of laws, or a collection of decrees, prepared many centuries ago and sent out from time to time in stray fragments for people to read. The fact is that the best judge of right or wrong, or of the justice or injustice of a man's action is the man himself. Indeed, who else could be the proper judge of his conduct, his motives, and all the circumstances controlling his action! Who is so wise, so learned, so astute as to presume to lay down the law which other men must obey? Any rational being would say that there is and there can be no such man. And yet strange to say, we have now worn our collar so long, and we have become so accustomed to the clanking of our chains, that we never take even the simplest step without first considering or inquiring whether it is lawful or not; or whether it is prudent to do or not! The only question that gives special concern, is how far will our chains permit us to go? Time-serving idiots and cowards as we all are! We require to be continually propped up by authority, by custom, by fashion, by public opinion, and a score of other spooks that we talk much about but of which we know very little! A bold, brave, manly man who dares shake off all these chains of authority, all his prejudices, his whims and his false notion of every kind, where do you find him? We have never seen one; we have never seen anybody that has seen one. We can find thousands, tens of thousands, nay millions of men that can tell to a nicety what others ought to do, what others ought to say, what others ought to contribute, what others ought to believe, but of those who can tell what they themselves ought to do, or say, or contribute, or believe—not a single one! What kind

of a world is this that we are living in; or rather, what kind of people are we who live in it?

Our attention has been turned to this subject by noticing a book that Dr. Lyman Abbot has just published on "The Rights of Man." We happen to remember that just one hundred years ago one Paine wrote and published a work with precisely this same title. But there is a vast difference between these two works. Paine wrote in defense of liberty; Abbott writes in defense of slavery. Has the progress that humanity has been making for a century past been like that of the crab, backward instead of forward? Or does not Dr. Abbott in his work fairly and faithfully represent the sentiments of the intelligent people of this country at the present day?

Dr. Abbott's book seems to be a plea for imperialism. He thinks the Filipinos ought to be evangelized, and that the United States government ought to have the job. It is his opinion that barbarism has no rights that civilization is bound to respect. He considers it to be the function of the Anglo-Saxon race to confer the gifts of civilization, thru law, on the uncivilized peoples of the earth. There is nothing new about this outrageous doctrine—we have heard of it often before. When nations get their eyes upon certain prey, and are bound to have it cost what it will, a trumped-up excuse for their crimes is just as good as any. "Shall we," Dr. Abbott is quoted as saying, "shall we leave races just emerging from childhood to acquire capacity for self-government thru the long and dismal processes of self-government; or shall we serve as their guardians and tutors, protecting their rights, etc." What a fraudulent pretense this is! Who commissioned the Americans to be conquerors or the guardians and tutors of the Filipinos, or of any other race? Have not the Filipinos just as good a right to become the guardians and tutors of the American people? They certainly would have, as far as rights go, if they had the largest and most powerful armies. All the right that is in the case lies in the comparative strength of the armies.

Talk about functions! Napoleon had his functions, and Alexander had his before Napoleon came. Caesar, Sulla, Nero, Caligula, Charlemagne, Captain Kidd and Jesse James all had their functions! Every murderer and rascal that this world has yet produced has had his functions—that is, he had his excuse for the wicked line of policy which he decided to pursue. J. W.

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Cuban Solidarity.

March 2, a large meeting was held in Havana, to protest against the atrocities perpetrated by the Spanish government upon the workingmen. A committee was formed to aid the victims in Spain, and to inaugurate a lively agitation among the working people. This committee has sent us an appeal to the "Oppressed and exploited in Cuba." It is intended to provoke a strike of longshoremen of Cuba, and, if possible, all over the world, against all Spanish ships, until all the prisoners of the last riots in Barcelona are released. The address of the Committee is: Comité de Solidaridad, Belascoain, 86, Habana, Cuba.

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— BY —

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