



A PERIODICAL OF ANARCHIST THOUGHT, WORK, AND LITERATURE.

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WHOLE NO. 356.

Courage, Strength, and Love.

It takes great courage to train
To modern service your ancestral brain;
To lift the weight of the unnumbered years
Of dead men's habits, methods, and ideas;
To hold that back with one hand, and support
With the other the weak steps of a new thought.

It takes great strength to bring your life up square
With your accepted thought and hold it there;
Resisting the inertia that drags back
From new attempts the old habit's track.
It is so easy to drift back, to sink;
So hard to live abreast of what you think!

It takes great strength to live where you belong
When other people think that you are wrong;
People you love, and who love you, and whose
Approval is a pleasure you would choose.
To bear this pressure and succeed at length
In living your belief—well, it takes strength
And courage too. But what does courage mean
Save strength to help you face a pain foreseen?
Courage to undertake this lifelong strain
Of setting yours against your grandsire's brain;
Dangerous risk of walking lone and free
Out of the easy paths that used to be,
And the fierce pain of hurting those we love
When love meets truth, and truth must ride above?

But the best courage man has ever shown
Is daring to cut lose and think alone.
Dark as the unlit chambers of clear space
When light shines back from no reflecting face.
Our sun's wide glare, our heaven's shining blue,
We owe to fog and dust they fumble thru;
And our rich wisdom that we treasure so
Shines from the thousand things that we don't know.
But to think new—it takes a courage grim
As led Columbus over the world's rim.
To think it cost some courage. And to go—
Try it. It taxes every power you know.

It takes great love to stir a human heart
To live beyond the others and apart.
A love that is not shallow, is not small,
Is not for one, or two, but for them all.
Love that can wound love, for its higher need;
Love that can leave love tho the heart may bleed;
Love that can lose love, family, and friend;
Yet steadfastly live, loving, to the end.
A love that asks no answer, that can live
Moved by one burning, deathless force—to give.
Love, strength, and courage. Courage, strength, and
love:

The heroes of all time are built thereof.

—Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

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Anarchism.

(A paper read by P. E. Biriukoff at a meeting in England on September 25, 1901, and translated from the Russian by David A. Modell.)

The ideas of Anarchism are spreading more and more. That which the preceding generation understood by the word "Socialism," and in which they saw the banner of progress, has been superseded by Anarchism. The whole of Socialism used to be divided into three main schools: libertarian

Socialism, or Anarchism; scientific-government Socialism, or Socialism simply; and opportunist Socialism, which has already penetrated into governmental spheres and, seduced and intoxicated by power, is rapidly degenerating.

Ahead of all comes Anarchism, and, as a pioneer, feels its way, slips, falls, wades thru mud, becomes drenched in sweat and blood, evokes ridicule, contempt, detestation—and enthusiasm. It holds high the banner of liberty and loses no courage, because the chief source of energy—the ideal of freedom—lies in its path, and it will attract the masses.

But within Anarchism itself ramification is noticeable. I shall speak here of the two more prominent branches which share the Anarchistic ideas—of Communist revolutionary Anarchism, sometimes called libertarian Socialism; and of religious Anarchism, Christian or Idealist, frequently called "Tolstoyism."

I intend to set forth in a few words the relative merits, the points of resemblance and of difference, of these two doctrines; and ask you not to expect from me a full, systematic exposition of each of them. I shall take up only those fundamental points in which I perceive great similarity or considerable coincidence, and such other points as characterize this or that divergence.

Every new, living idea is born of dissatisfaction with the existing order of things—whether internal or external; this is, as the mathematicians say, a necessary and adequate condition for the birth of a new idea. And with regard to this point the two branches of Anarchism are, of course, similar.

But this similarity runs still farther. These two schools also coincide in much of their criticism of modern social conditions, whether on the political side—in considering every government a hindrance to progressive development, or on the economic side—in regarding the present distribution of property as highly unjust, or especially on the moral side—in finding the suppression of individuality by all sorts of disciplinary measures (military, civil, and ecclesiastic) deplorable in the extreme, or more especially still in their protest against the perversion of the human heart by all kinds of so-called religious teachers and institutions.

The likeness of this criticism is so obvious that the representatives of the respective schools frequently borrow the best specimens of each other's critical literature.

Thus the point of origin in the two schools is much the same.

But, for the development and popularization of these ideas, we need their confession of faith, their application to life. And, fortunately, in this, too, I find considerable similarity in the representatives of both schools.

The sincere adherents alike of one and of the other school of Anarchism, condemning and renouncing the two main elements of modern evil—deceit and coercion—take it upon themselves to exclude these from their own lives.

And so in the sphere of political and civil relationships, they desist from taking any part in governmental or State organizations, even tho these be Socialistic, and, of course, do not enlist for military service, nor resort to judicial and police measures for the defense of either person or property.

Again, in the economic realm, these persons, in the first place, stop accumulating capital, as an instrument of coercion, and then endeavor to find as wise and as just as possible a use for the wealth accidentally remaining on their hands from their former life; and in all practical matters seek to form voluntary cooperations, to simplify their lives and to reduce their wants to a minimum, taking care only not to interfere with their healthy physical and spiritual activities.

Finally, in the moral sphere, the representatives of one and of the other school try in their lives to preserve individual liberty, for themselves and others, and create a circle of judicious, affectionate relationships among people, endeavoring to make of themselves a source of every kind of usefulness.

In a word, the followers of the one and of the other school do not wait for the evolution of economic, historical, and political laws which should reform the world, but begin this reform with themselves, at their own risk and cost.

But evil exists, and the positive activity of good encounters in it what often prove insurmountable obstacles. And here, in the struggle with these obstacles, the two schools which we are composing differ in considerable degree. And this difference is not accidental, but follows from certain principles corresponding to their conception of the world.

Anarchism, as the term is popularly used, rests upon a materialist conception of the universe; "Tolstoyism," upon an idealistic conception.

The essence of the materialistic view upon

which Anarchism rests, is a rather inconsequent determinism, viz. the negation of free will without a negation of free initiative. On the other hand, it rests upon the biological theory that the best of life is attainable thru a harmonious satisfaction of all the needs of the organism.

The idealistic conception of the universe which serves as a basis for "Tolstoyism," briefly stated, is summed up in this: the life of the outer world, including myself as an object, is the manifestation of a wise idea, existing apart and expressing itself alike in the various manifestations of activity of the soul and in the external forms and activities, serving as signs of corresponding ideas.

Let us suppose that in the way of his serious activity the Anarchist, alike of the first and of the second group, meets an insurmountable obstacle in the shape, say, of a gendarme, who arrests, banishes, imprisons or punishes him—in general, removing him from the ranks of the active.

What should be the course pursued by one and by the other?

The activity of the non-Christian Anarchist, if it does not cease entirely (as in the event of a death penalty), is at that moment interrupted or considerably hampered. Moreover, the activity of the Anarchist changes, so to speak, the end and means of the struggle; instead of the remote, ideal end he substitutes the present, real defeat of the obstacle he encounters, and for this purpose takes up the weapons which he himself denounces but which he sees in the hands of his enemy—force and deceit. And in this he makes an awful compromise, ruining the whole cause, which he serves so heroically.

But he cannot act otherwise, since he fears that the obstacle will put an end to his activity, and he must, if not save himself, at least sell dearly the life of which he is being deprived.

When the Christian Anarchist meets with the same obstacles in life, these need not for one moment change the course of his activity, nor disturb in the least the loftiness of his principles.

The obstacle that appears before him in the form of a gendarme, with all that follows in his wake, he regards as a concentrated sample of the evil toward the destruction of which his life is directed, and therefore tries to marshal all his strength in order to resist it,—opposing force with love and deceit with truth. The more his external activities are circumscribed, the more powerfully his inner nature begins to work, and when the end of the activity of his physical organism approaches in the form, let us say, of a gendarme, then, at that moment, his spiritual nature attains its greatest power and highest influence.

Thus, in this their bearing toward the obstacles standing in the way of the realization of this or that idea, I see an essential difference.

The difference consists in this, that when the Anarchist perishes in the heroic struggle—either physically, under the pressure of unavoidable obstacles, or morally, under the pressure of compromises inevitable in his struggle—then the Christian Anarchist becomes animated, casting away his personal, egotistical covering, and blooms forth into a new, eternally ideal struggle, leading him,

undoubtedly, by the road of progress toward universal good.

If I have ventured to select this theme, in response to your kind invitation, it was because I wished to communicate to you my views upon a subject most dear to me, since I know of nothing higher and more necessary than these two schools. I would sincerely wish to go hand in hand with my Anarchist brethren and should gratefully and with pleasure partake of their heroism and strength of character, so frequently lacking with us, and would gladly offer them in exchange the great purity of principle and courage of conviction, which so often forsake them.

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Arbitrary Arrests.

There is as much tyranny under a democratic form of government as there is under a monarchy, but it comes from other sources and appears under new conditions. While our republic is considerably over one hundred years old, we have had no tyrants as yet, no ambitious and unscrupulous ruler like Henry VIII or Louis XIV, no governor or president that has manifested any desire or disposition to sacrifice the interests of the people for his own personal advancement. Our troubles lie in an entirely different direction. It is not the executive department but the legislative and judicial department that are inclined to disturb the peace and encroach upon the rights of individuals in this country. We as a people could perhaps submit to the whims or freaks of one great despot like Napoleon or Charlemagne, but when it is the little tyrants that we encounter, in all the avenues of life, sometimes appearing singly and sometimes in squads, we begin to feel sensible of the weight that oppresses us, and we are somewhat inclined to complain.

In despotic countries the people, from force of habit and education, have come to worship royalty—the king, the emperor and the royal family. In America we have not got as far as that yet, but we worship power in a lower or more humiliating form. We worship the law, not because it is right, not because it is just or even necessary, but simply because it is law, and because it is supposed to be an article of the people's own home manufacture! Has anybody ever heard or read of a conceit so simple as this? The idea that we should obey a law because the people are supposed to have made it, when every intelligent man or woman knows that in this enlightened and progressive age of ours, the people have absolutely nothing to do with the framing or enacting of laws! It is well known that nine-tenths of all our laws are passed and put into operation against the wishes of a large portion of the people. If our laws were based upon justice or principle, the case would be different, but it is universally known that every law enacted at the present day is simply and purely somebody's job. It may possess some good features—as the worst of laws may—but nevertheless laws are always somebody's pet scheme either to make money, gain a reputation or score a point in some way. Hence arises, as already intimated, the tyranny involved or implied in all our legislation.

But we do not stop with worshipping law in the abstract, or with law as it is spread

out on our statute books. We also worship the law incarnate, law in the concrete form of courts! Here in the courts, lies the great danger of all republican forms of government. In old Roman times it was the praetor, or the dictator, or the senate, or perhaps the emperor, that made the law by promulgating a decree. In this country the court makes some new law every day, by giving some new construction to an old enactment, or declaring it unconstitutional, or possibly by granting some order of its own, or issuing an injunction! Our courts started out on this line a long time since, and they are making wonderful progress in that direction still! Will they ever stop? Probably not so long as our present form of government lasts. We are wedded to the system, and it will no doubt endure a long time yet. What are laws in this country? Not what the legislature enacts, but what the court decides. Every lawyer knows that fact and so his library is filled with books containing court decisions.

From the alarming power of our courts and of their agents, the police, the marshals, the sheriffs, *et id genus omne*, we derive a custom or an institution that should be known as arbitrary arrests. And what becomes of the liberties of a people where arbitrary arrests are tolerated—where the humblest, most incompetent, and most unfit agent of the courts can arrest and imprison any man on mere suspicion, or mere pretense of suspicion, and hold him without trial during his, the officer's, pleasure! As if it were not a serious, a dreadful thing, to arrest and imprison an innocent man at any time! And yet it is done all over the country in almost every case where some frightful crime has been committed, some murder, some case of assassination. The police wish to demonstrate at the same time their astuteness and their activity. Perhaps a big reward has been offered to spur the policemen on and have them arrest somebody, whether guilty or not. What a state of things exists, in these times of peace and prosperity, in this so-called free country of ours! Who is safe, if he has a desperate enemy, or if some public officer is anxious to make money, without being scrupulous as to the methods he employs? How much better off are we than those who lived in the times of the Inquisition, when people were arrested as now simply on suspicion, or on the accusation of some interested party? Again, we ask, who can consider himself safe under such a system?—Ex.

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"How will a Free Society Come and How will it Operate?"

I am not surprised that my dear friend Mrs. Celia B. Whitehead says, "The more I read of Anarchist writings, the more I am puzzled to know how Anarchists propose to abolish government and usher in a free society." The fact is, Anarchists, and Socialists too, usually have their heads in the air and talk only of generalities of the sweet bye and bye.

Anarchists believe that the voting business has proven a failure; for in these later days money, and not love, "rules the court, the camp, the grove." And why vote for new masters when the old ones are bad enough?

The crying need of the times is intelligent, individual self-government. John Sherman said, "The way to resume is to resume"; and so, in order to set aside a government in its dotage, administered by a self-appointed regency, variously called Trust, Syndicate, Money, Multi-millionaire; Army, Navy, Party, Power, Law, Necessity, et al., the way to abolish is to abolish; not by a furious onslaught of opposition, of money, party, guns, and power, but simply by *letting alone*. No weapon was ever so effective, commercially speaking, as the boycott—nor was there ever a remedy for numerous social ills capable of being so peacefully administered.

The ballot is no longer a remedy, if it ever were before we outgrew it,—yet men cling madly to party; building frantically party after party on the ruins of the old, hoping still to regain their lost foothold as arbiters of national destiny. Still the purest and newest of parties, no matter by what label known, carries with it the seeds of death, the office seeker, who, riding the topmost wave, ever manages to survive his constituency, the "wreck of matter and the crash of worlds."

The alarmists tell us the international trust owns the earth; that we shall soon have to buy the air we breathe. Do they not take from us the earth by laws they have themselves paid legislatures and congresses to make? And do they not by some hocus-pocus, based on money or its influence, carry on the ballot system to fool the voters? And are they not beautifully fooled year after year, when the money could as well seat the "people's representatives" without their votes as with them? And do not little children, unable to buy enough air to breathe, die by thousands of the factory system? To shut the people from the air and sunshine is equivalent to shutting the air and light from the people, isn't it?

Then, logically, the people by consenting to law consent to be governed; by elections they presumably only change masters, and arrive at no solution of their problems for relief. The masters are still masters, good or bad, as they see fit; *masters*, however, are necessarily bad.

As Anarchists desire only individual liberty—not to be hindered from doing good to one another by laws other men make—the very simplest way is to ignore those laws and go on peacefully obeying the higher commands nature has planted in every heart. We are entirely capable of managing our individual affairs, if let alone so that all may have the results of their own labor as well as free access to natural resources. Fear and ignorance keep us from freedom even more than law. The bold, cheerful worker who says nothing but laughs away the ills of a fraudulent government while he keeps on "sawing wood" (and dividing with his neighbors) is doing more to abolish government than all the office seekers; and no matter what the name of his party if his comrades, like him, keep on minding their own business, cheerfully and intelligently, they will in time succeed in abolishing government. A house divided against itself cannot stand, and so long as would-be reformers quarrel by the way as to names and methods, politics and spoils, accusing others of robbing them of

their freedom, which they have cravenly given up to the spook of government, just so long will they stand in the slough of political despond only when driven to ignoble tasks by their own elected masters.

Now what can we do today? Just what a quiet minority are already doing—applying the "initiative and referendum" among themselves in their daily life. They are working for themselves, ignoring the "competitive system" (want of system), absorbing labor and its products among themselves, refusing to measure prices by legal tender, but fixing exchange according to cost.

A voluntary tax paid in labor or its equivalent supports public necessities. When they are ready to "take possession of public utilities," as so often talked of in Socialist conventions, each coal miner demands, instead of money, stock (dry) in the mines. Together they strike, not for shorter hours, more pay, better bosses or lower rent, but simply for the coal they mine, honestly, cheerfully, bravely and persistently taking their share as may be reasonably arranged. What will they do with that coal?

Meantime workers everywhere refuse to be paid in legal tender and demand their share of the natural product which they are taking from nature, or the laborer from his work, also as natural product. They arrange to exchange, thru depositories, the various necessities which they have thus wrested from private monopolies, and at a fair valuation possess themselves of the things they need. For a medium of exchange printed paper dollars (made by the striking printers who also boycott legal tender) will supply all with money.

But products and labor thus thrown upon the cooperative market, which will prove a larger absorbent than now anticipated, will be not alone coal, lumber, gas, iron, mines, railroads, and such things as are most prominently before the business world, but small home manufactures of women, children, invalids,—the lame, the halt, the blind,—all will joyfully wish to contribute toward the happiness of their fellows. Wages will disappear, workers doing what they like best or are best fitted to do. But we do not expect to jump from the bottom of the stairs to the top at once. Without haste, if without rest, we will take one step at a time,—concentrating perhaps on one great need, then another, until all are won.

Do not imagine that because a man invests money in an oil well, it is his. It is yours also if you help develop it, and it is mine, too, if I feed you while you work. As the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker also contribute toward the living of those who drill, make the machinery, refine the product and place it on the market or in the hands of those who want it, each owns a divided or undivided share as they arrange—not as political laws dictate.

Is your rent due? Go to your landlord or his agent and see what you can pay him beside money. Bring forward your self-esteem, your courage, your conviction that these things are true, and present the matter kindly with that love for good (even the landlord has good in him—dig for it!) which thinketh no evil. The things he buys with your money he will take of you if you have

them at command. If not—remove! Find a house that suits—then see if the owner will accept your terms. If not, look further. Some Anarchists advise to pay no rent, when forced out of one place go to another, when forced from that, to another and so on; but this cannot be done if someone will be wronged by it. There are many cases, however, when such a course would be only resisting robbery.

When you need anything, look first among your neighbors; see if they have a surplus of the thing you want. This will bring about a community of interest, if you can supply their needs by an exchange. Keep aloof from big stores and their bargains. Save your legal tender for the tougher propositions you cannot yet manage. Give and take fair prices—always a definite bargain and pay down. This leaves a clear and kindly feeling.

ALBINA L. WASHBURN.

Denver, Colo., 178 S. Broadway.

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Voices.

When the late Li Hung Chang visited Germany a few years ago, the Kaiser asked him: "How do our women compare with those of China?" "I really cannot tell," said Li slyly, fastening his eyes on the corsage of a lady who was present; "we never see half as much of our women as you do of yours."

—Argonaut.

A fine old mansion in the Latin Quarter containing many mural pictures by the celebrated Fragonard, was rented by an English lady, whose sense of decorum was so greatly shocked by the pictures that she had them covered with white canvas. The next year she was succeeded by another tenant of more robust constitution, who removed the canvas and found nothing but defaced walls. The modest miss had taken the pictures to England.—*Figaro*, Paris.

There is a question whether this bill will not increase the danger to the life of the president. As the law now stands every man is on an equality when his life is attempted. This bill raises the president above the common level, and whenever this is done the Anarchist is more determined on destruction than ever. His target is ever the man who is exalted above others. He would come to see in the president some of the elements of a king or emperor.—*Nashville Daily News*.

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LETTER-BOX.

Richard Smith.—Much pleased to hear that a "large sized mental revolution" is taking place in Massachusetts. However we have a suspicion that to "vote for Socialism" (!) will not facilitate its progress.

H. W. Koehn.—I object to designation of Anarchism as a "reform." It is not a reform; it is a revolution.

G. W. M., Houston, Tex.—We are not in for "saving the people." We wish above all to "save" ourselves.

Albina Washburn.—We do not object to long articles occasionally, when the subject-matter demands the space; but our space is too limited for an indefinite expansion on a few concrete propositions.

M. T. B., Dallas, Tex.—We do not "refuse to accept anything short of perfection." Even the Anarchist philosophy is fortunately far off from perfection,—there is still room for growth. But we do refuse to accept compromises which always mean the abandonment of principles, and to follow tactics which must inevitably lead to corruption, slavery, and accomplish or change nothing. If we are satisfied with a note, we usually get nothing at all.

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CHICAGO, SUNDAY, APRIL 30, 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.

Notes.

Comrade Emma Goldman will lecture in New York on April 8, 8 p. m., at New Irving Hall, 220 Broome St., on "Modern Phases of Anarchism."

Discontent renews the appeal for funds to defend the cases of Lois Waisbrooker and Mattie Penhallow. The expenses will not be so large as in the first case, but still considerable. A small mite from many will make the task easier for the few immediately picked out as victims by Comstock's henchmen. Send contributions to O. A. Verity, Home, Wash.

La Grève Générale (The General Strike) is a new Anarchist monthly published in the Italian and French languages. Address 33 Gresse Street, Rathbonne Place, London, W., England.

Comrades who are anxious to remove the cobwebs from the eyes of the dupes of government should not fail to distribute the excellent pamphlet "Roosevelt, Czolgosz, and Anarchy," by Jay Fox, including an article on "Communism," by Henry Addis, which can be had almost for the postage. The price is 3 cents single copies, postage paid. For free distribution only ½ cent a copy, in lots not less than 25. Send all orders and money to R. Fritz, 267 Madison St., New York, N. Y.

"The Conspiracy Against Free Speech and Free Press," by Comrade G. Pyburn, M. D., is also a very appropriate pamphlet for distribution, especially among those who are not yet ready to read up on Anarchy but can be interested in the question of free press and free speech, and thus will have their eyes opened as to the machinations of the power that be. The booklet contains 32 pages, with transparent cover, and can be mailed in a common envelope. The price is 5 cents a copy, or 3 cents in lots not less than 10. Send orders to E. C. Walker, 244 W. 143d St., New York, N. Y.

Ida Craddock's Case.

Mrs. Craddock was tried on March 14 in the Court of Special Sessions at New York

for violating a State law. The judges were Hinsdale, McKeon, and Mayer. Hinsdale is one of the judges who sent John Most to the penitentiary on general principles. Hugh O. Pentecost defended her. He urged that her pamphlets were not obscene, but that Mrs. Craddock was engaged in a work of instruction. Several physicians were present to testify that the knowledge contained in her books was physiologically desirable, but the court would hear none of it. Attorney Pentecost asked the court to read the whole of the books without prejudice. On the 17th Mrs. Craddock was sentenced to three months in the city prison, which is the workhouse on Blackwell's Island. In passing the sentence Judge Hinsdale betrayed his utter ignorance by making some very foolish remarks. "I have never before known of such indescribable filth. . . . We consider her a danger to public morals." And yet her books discuss the sexual functions of men and women in a sober, earnest manner. Are the minds of these judges so depraved and obscene that they cannot read of natural physiological functions without arousing in them "lewd, lascivious, and obscene" thoughts? Comstock also had Mrs. Craddock arrested under the federal statute. The case had been set for the same week, but had to be postponed.

Current Comment.

It has taken the American republic a little over a century to travel from Washington to Roosevelt, but great as this distance of time appears, it is infinitesimal compared with the yawning chasm represented by the two extremes of presidential statesmanship.

It was Macaulay who said that the proper cure for the evils of freedom was more freedom. Those political doctors who are hunting a cure for what they call the "disease of Anarchy," may make a similar discovery later on.

For nineteen centuries the Christians have been trying to save the world with religion, but they do not appear to have accomplished anything worth mentioning. Religion has very little to do with individual character and conduct. Religion and rascality very often wear the same hat. The trouble with the Church is, that it has wandered too far from the teachings of Jesus. About the only people nowadays who advocate the doctrines taught by Christ are the Anarchists, and the Church denounces them just as the established Church in Christ's day denounced him.

A Socialist exchange is much pleased to note that, of the thirty-one Anarchist journals published in this country since *The Peaceful Revolutionist*, of 1840, all save three are dead. No Anarchist was ever narrow-minded enough to rejoice over the suspension of a reform paper, whatever its creed. But when this Socialist editor adds, that all of these Anarchist papers were published "to scuttle the Socialist movement," he lies. There is no doubt that the Socialist movement has been pretty badly "scuttled," but the work was done by the political trimmers and place-seekers within its own

fold, and not by the Anarchist press.

The first number of *Liberty*, a new Anarchist journal, has been received. It is published in New York, and the editor is Wm. MacQueen, late of England, and formerly publisher of the *Free Commune*. We welcome this new recruit, and wish Comrade MacQueen every success in his undertaking. The way they are "stamping out Anarchy" in this country is just awful.

Old Diogenes went down to Washington with his lantern to search for an honest man. Later he was seen wandering aimlessly about the streets of the American capital, with a look of disgust on his face. "Hello, Di," said one who met him. "Still looking for that honest man?" "Oh, no," replied the old sage, shaking his head ruefully, "I gave that up long ago; what I'm looking for now is my lantern, which somebody stole before I'd been here ten minutes."

Those labor leaders who are advocating compulsory arbitration as a means of settling disputes between labor and capital ought to be hung up by the heels and nibbled half to death by young ducks. Establish compulsory arbitration, with capitalism in possession of the government, and every labor organization might as well disband. Brainless stupidity can go to no greater lengths than the advocacy by laboring men of any scheme of State interference in the controversy between capitalism and labor.

R. W.

Splinters.

Russian students are being deported to penal settlement by platoons. It is estimated that one fourth of St. Petersburg have been banished, and the arrests continue. Strikers are shot down everywhere. This is for demanding the right of free assemblage and better wages. It is gratifying to note that instances where the soldiers refused to fire on the people have occurred. In Moscow an officer who gave the order to fire on the people had the guns turned on him and was killed. Even the nobility, who have long been placated with economic benefits, and are denied the right of criticizing administrative acts, are joining the popular movement. The Revolution in Russia moves on apace!

The Socialist, of Seattle, Wash., has been attacked by Czar Madden. It has been summoned to show cause why it should not be excluded from the second class mails. The methods adopted by the postoffice are illuminating. The officials simply act on a presumption of guilt, and demand of you that you prove your innocence. This method of procedure was followed in the Helen Wilman case and others.

A brilliant reporter, with more imagination than accuracy or honesty, has at last unearthed the Anarchist plot to assassinate McKinley. According to this industrious pencil-shover, a convict in a Wisconsin penitentiary has declared himself an Anarchist, and that he was present at the lodge meeting where Czolgosz was chosen. Emma

Goldman was in it of course. Now for the conviction!

Latest newspaper dispatches have it that the young king of Italy is saving for a rainy day, as he believes that Socialism is coming! He has dismissed some stable employes, sold some horses, and reduced the salary of his chef from \$100 to \$60. It is not stated, however, that any reduction in taxes is being contemplated.

Judge Tuley of Chicago has made the statement that every time he sentences a "criminal," he feels like a giant placed in his position by society for the purpose of taking revenge on victims produced by society itself. And yet in spite of this he seems able to do it. There is nothing which blunts the minds of men as does the law. What man would do such a service for private parties?

On the question of why Porto Rico did not follow Cuba in her rebellion against Spanish rule, the Porto Rico *Herald*, of San Juan, contains some interesting statements. "We did not follow Cuba in her efforts to expel Spain," says this paper, "because we foresaw another power which would take the place of the Iberic one. And therefore it was not worth while to sacrifice two generations to banishment or the grave to obtain a mere change of masters. . . . Slaves with Spain, slaves with America, the ancient servitude was preferable. . . ." It then goes on to say that Spain had offered an almost complete autonomy to Porto Rico and Cuba; while under American rule they are ruled absolutely from Washington. The Porto Rican paper is profoundly right: between two masters, one of which robs you, and the other of which impoverishes you, it is worth no sacrifice of blood for a choice. If we nevertheless sympathize with and encourage those who, like the Cubans, are in rebellion to established authority, it is only because it is a manifestation of that spirit of liberty which will finally set the world free. It is not a change of masters which will help us, but the overthrowing of all masters. That the Cubans have succeeded in throwing off Spanish masters is well, but the task of yet casting off American and Cuban masters remains. And Americans also, as well as the people of every nation, must join in this work of discarding of all the native masters, when there will be hope for liberty, for humanity.

JR.

The Commune at Barcelona.

Ludovic Nadeau, a special correspondent of the *Journal of Paris* sends his paper a long account of the events in Barcelona, on February 23, from which we take the following facts. The correspondent was obliged to cross the frontier to send his message, as all news from Spain, and especially from Barcelona, was strictly censored.

One hundred killed, three hundred wounded, and five hundred imprisoned was the list up the time of the account. The strikers in the city number 70,000, while in the whole province of Barcelona they are estimated at 200,000 or more. The governor general prohibited all dispatches immediately on proclamation of the state of siege

(martial law), until he had personally censored them. None of the local papers appeared; the Madrid and French papers were not circulated, and the few papers that were found sold at high prices.

The shopkeepers and newsdealers were terrified and closed their shops; but they were compelled to open them again by threats of the governor general, who declared if they did not open them then they never should.

The factories were deserted. On the streets no vehicles could be seen, although large crowds surged everywhere. All street corners were guarded by squads of infantry, while the cavalry galloped hither and thither with drawn sabers. At the harbor he witnessed soldiers rushing a crowd. They made no resistance and fled. Had they done so they would have been shot down.

The correspondent analysis the conditions as, first, "Anarchistic insurrection," and second, "the general strike." "The first has been suppressed, the second remains." The strikers, he declares, are not all revolutionary, and divides them into four divisions, the metal workers, who commenced the movement, the sympathetic strikers who went out to obtain the shorter workday, the militant Anarchists, and slum-dum. The two latter have been either shot down or put to flight, so that the strikers only remain.

Spanish cities afford, as a rule, great facilities for civil warfare, and Barcelona with its middle-aged, cramped, narrow, crooked streets, dark alleys, high walls, arcades, and terraced houses, is an ideal place for a street fighting crowd, which accounts for the regulars having been kept at bay until large reinforcements of troops had arrived. And tho many cowardly crimes were committed by the rebels, yet, as usual in such popular uprisings, there were also among them some that did truly heroic deeds from their own standpoint. An Italian, Claria, correspondent of a Madrid Anarchist paper, threw himself bodily into the midst of a detachment of soldiers at Ramallera street and killed their commander, only to be immediately shot and hacked to pieces by the soldiers. It was a case of courting certain death.* Other Anarchists in the face of the same fate fell in the attempt at wresting prisoner comrades from the soldiers.

On Thursday the battle in the street was fierce. At one place over 800 shots were fired, and it is a marvel that the casualties were not greater. If the insurgents had been better provided with arms, there is no telling what might have happened. Only a few of them had guns, the rest had only small revolvers or knives. Poor wretches, what chances did they have with such inferior weapons! While 400 of the rebels were made to bite the dust by the superior arms of the drilled soldiery, only about fifteen of the latter were brought down by the rebels. But the tragedy is that most of the victims of the Mausers were inoffensive non-partisans who were exposed as they passed furtively 1,500 to 2,000 yards in the rear of the fighting insurgents. Many cases of such wanton shooting and terrorizing are charged to the police, at present armed with deadly rifles. Indeed, dire atrocities are

* Later reports state that Claria is not dead, but in a hospital with twelve wounds.

A. I.

openly charged to them by people of good standing. They fired volleys at the sound of a whistle, at the shutters of a house when being opened. Why should they be circumspect or humane? Had not the state of siege been proclaimed? Had the law not been suspended? If they maltreat an individual because they don't like his ways or looks, surely in such times nobody will call them to account. Such is war and especially civil war. Under any flimsy pretext the gendarmes will even enter private houses and commit all kinds of excesses. A delegation of workmen on a peaceful errand of consultation with their employer were fired on wantonly and one of them was killed. I am told by people of undoubted loyalty that mere suspects have been peremptorily shot down. Others, unarmed offenders of the law, who could easily and without peril have been arrested by the police, were simply shot down by them. Even the local Red Cross Society, while tending to the wounded, were recklessly exposed to the too ready Mausers. I would respectfully suggest to the captain general to furnish these misguided "peace" officials with anything but far-reaching rifles.

Today as I am leaving Barcelona, tho the city looks calm enough, there is not one soldier less on its streets nor one workman more in the workshops. The vehicles have not yet reappeared in the streets, and the two great forces—that of order and that of disorder—still menace each other, tho in silence.

The Insurrection in Spain.

The fires of insurrection have burst forth in Spain. All hail the "spirit of revolt," that after such centuries of degradation, poverty, and tyranny as Spain has known, can make it possible for her people to rise. Let us be hopeful, content, seeing that tyrants cannot kill the germ of intelligence. Revolt is not the child of despair; it is born of intelligence, and nursed by a love that sees with a clear vision the ideal heights of a grander age. The martyrs of the social revolution in Spain did not live and die in vain. The prisoners of Barcelona who were tortured five years ago because they dared to think and speak the truth, that strong soul who struck at the fountain-head of such torture, their spirit and his vibrates in the minds of thousands today in Spain.

Twenty Anarchist papers published in that country, is proof that the people are beginning to understand what liberty means. Small wonder that the queen mother is in agony for her son's heritage, the crown of Spain. Evidently she has no tears for the people who are being slaughtered on the streets of her native cities. Rulers, we are taught, are necessary to protect the people, yet when it comes to a question of abdicating in order to protect the lives of the people, they never hesitate to call out their hired men to shoot the citizens down. The people's right to protection vanishes when their right to govern is menaced. If the workers in every country were aroused to a knowledge of the situation, a general strike might change the complexion of things, as it is the insurrection will probably be put down; but it will only renew the underfires that in the near future will sweep Spain.—Kate Austin, in *Discontent*.

AN AGITATOR'S WIFE.

Wife (in a loud voice)—"Aye, a nice time of night to come home at, indeed. Twelve o'clock, and me and the children might be dead, or the house burned down, or anything awful might have happened for all you knew or cared. Socialist meeting, you say. Oh, yes, the same old story, working for freedom and keeping your own wife a prisoner inside the four walls of the house."

"Other men's wives have their husbands besides them sometime. There was Mrs. Gillespie that's married to Mr. Thomson's wife's brother, her old man goes in for politics too, but he can stay beside her every night in the week, and she gets four bags of coal every quarter from the ladies who come to see him."

"That's the kind of politics and the kind of man I would like to have, but I'd no such luck. My husband, my intelligent husband, 'our gifted and energetic comrade,' spends his days at work, and his nights at committee or other meetings, and his Sundays on the top of a four-legged stool ranting like a Hallelujah lassie, and I am left stuck up here to look after his squalling children, and cook his meals, and wash his clothes, and then he will mount the platform and tell the crowd that 'the Socialistic party are the only party who, in seeking the emancipation of women, are actuated by principle, and not by expediency.'"

"Oh, for a right hypocrite, give me a Socialist. Cant, pure unblushing cant and humbug, my dear husband. Coming home at twelve o'clock at night, when all decent people ought to be in bed. Why, there was Mr. Gillespie—. What d'ye say, don't bother you about Mr. Gillespie. I hadn't so much to say about him when he was carried home drunk on Saturday night singing 'Rule Britannia' after spending all his wages in booze."

"Don't bother you, indeed. And who are you that I should't speak to you? Who are you I would like to know? That's not the way you spoke to that brazen-faced jade who came to lecture for you last month. You didn't tell her not to bother you. Oh, no, it was, 'Would you like a glass of lemonade before you speak, or in the middle of your address, or I will hold your wraps for you, if you please,' and then, when comrade what-d'ye-call him got up and said how pleased you all were to have the company of a true woman in this fight, you could be heard all over the field shouting, 'Hear, Hear.'"

"But you are not over-fond of the company of your own wife, it seems, or you would stay with her oftener, you hard-hearted wretch (tears). I'm not a true woman, I suppose (sobs and tears)."

"What d'ye say, 'We must all try to leave the world a little better than we found it'? Rubbish; leave the world a little better than you found it. Ha! ha! and you're a nice looking character to leave anything better than you found it. You've left me, anyway, a great deal worse than you found me."

"There, now, you have wakened the baby with your scolding."

"Wakened the baby, indeed! Me wakened the baby! Oh, no; but it was the sound of your voice that wakened the baby, for it is very seldom indeed the poor darling hears

the voice of its respected parent; very seldom, indeed. He has to save it all up for the propaganda. Hush-a-bye, baby, there's a darling. Don't be frightened; it's only the man who comes here to take his meals and change his clothes. He won't hurt you, oh, no; he would not intrude for the world. He is so bashful that he never comes here if he can avoid it. Hush-sh-sh, hush-a-bye. That, baby, is only your father, your respected parent, your affectionate sire; that, baby, is the Socialist agitator, the apostle of the new righteousness, who tells people that 'society in the future must be founded upon a right perception of love and duty,' and then neglects his own wife and children, and stays out till twelve at night attending meeting, and discussing problems on the way home. Yes, baby, your father."

"Hush-a-bye, baby, don't you cry, Daddy is coming bye and-bye."

"I wonder if the person who wrote that verse was the wife of an agitator? If not, she must have been inspired. Hush-a-bye, baby, look at him, your beloved, respected, darling father, your male parent of my cherub, the revolutionist, the man who talks of 'planting the flag of the future upon the barricades,' but turns white with fear if I ask him to hold the baby whilst I run a message."

"The flag of the future upon the barricades' is only a metaphorical expression you say? Oh yes, and explained it away, of course. What is there a Socialist can't explain away? It's no wonder you hated old Gladstone; he was the only rival you had in the explaining-away business. But, of course, I am only an ignorant woman, fit for nothing but washing dishes and looking after children (sobs). I know nothing about economics (tears), nothing about the theory of value (sobs and tears), nor the laws of wages (more sobs)! but I'm the woman you married and promised to love and cherish, and I love my babies and my home, and won't have them neglected for no meetings, my darling pets." (Kisses the children, and sobbing, falls asleep).—Brehon.

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The Slave of a Slave.

One December evening the Tomboy was "punging" home after dark. It had been snowing all day long—one of those gentle clinging storms; lamp-posts and houses, the old church steeple—each common object, all touched with snow, loomed beautifully unfamiliar; but now, only a few flakes glinted in the lamplight, and the white quiet streets were growing lively again. Boys and men were out with shovels, eager for the job of clearing a sidewalk, and sleighs ran easily along.

The Tomboy jumped off the back of a pung with a good-night to the obliging driver, and plunged down a side street which led to a poor quarter of the town. She made deep tracks with her new rubber boots and scooped up the snow for balls. Away they flew, hitting fence and lamp-post, cross old gentleman's neck, anything for a target, till suddenly she stopped with a half-made ball in her hand; for there before her on the sidewalk was a woman shoveling—a woman in a calico dress, trying to keep a thin shawl about her shoulders while she scraped the

snow in the gutter. The light from a street lamp fell on one of those quenched faces, not uncommon in that part of the town. The Tomboy had seen it often at the window.

"What are you doing that for?" she asked.

"I want to get it done before my man comes home," answered the woman, dully.

"Well, you go into the house and get warm, and I'll do it," said the child, impulsively seizing the shovel.

After a feeble resistance the woman let go the handle and went indoors, looking back doubtfully; but the sturdy little girl, with the compelling dark eyes, began to cut the snow in neat blocks and toss them far into the street as she had seen men do. Her cheeks grew warm and rosy as her red tam o' shanter, and so did her strong little hands, until she was obliged to stop a minute and pull off her wet mittens. Just then she felt someone looking at her and, turning quickly, saw a man near the doorstep—a big red-faced man in a woolen sweater and warm overcoat, carrying a dinner pail and smelling of whisky. He was cying her curiously, but as soon as she saw him he went into the house without a word.

Presently the woman appeared, distressed and flurried. She put a nickel in the Tomboy's hand, saying: "My man told me to give you this."

"You keep it," returned the child. "But don't you let him know," she cautioned.

The woman's cold fingers shut greedily over the bit of money; she and the Tomboy were very close together now, and the child questioned passionately: "Why don't you run away from him? I would."

"I can't," the woman faltered. "There's the baby; he's ailin'—and I ain't very strong yet. Besides, I can't find work. And he says he'd take the baby." Then, as if afraid of what she had uttered, the woman shrank within; and as the door closed upon her the Tomboy heard a baby screaming.

Ah, the incomprehensible weakness and the shame! She had never seen anything quite so bad as this; but she had heard women beg and plead—and lie; she had heard the drunken curse, she had watched her own mother's tears while her little heart was throbbing fiercely. As the Tomboy shoveled on in one of those wild revolts that rent her childhood, the blocks of snow weighed heavy and heavier, but she did not care; she did not care if her arms broke with aching; she would clear that sidewalk to the end, which she did scrupulously; then rang the door-bell, and the woman answered.

"Don't be afraid!" the child insisted, as she handed back the shovel and asked for a broom; but the woman hastily shut the door in her face. She had said too much already, and she was afraid her man might hear.

So the Tomboy trudged wearily home, late to supper, thinking she was glad she wasn't a woman; but then she had made up her mind long ago that she would "never be a woman!" And she thrust her little hands into her pockets with a sudden satisfaction, for she had earned a five-cent piece.—Amy Wellington, in *The Comrade*.

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We know how readily acts of successful injustice change their name, and move demurely, like the wolf in the fable, under the clothing of the law.—Hallam.

Verestchagin.

Verestchagin is a Russian painter. The fellows who claim to know—artists mostly—say he is not great. They say, in fact, that he is seldom artistic; that he paints impressive fact while he has only a limited sense of their artistic possibilities. Verestchagin made a whole roomful of careful studies of Indian city streets and building, very full of color—reds, blues, and every sort of varied tint, in all the intensity of the oriental and decorative manner. The artist fellows said the display was brilliant and interesting, but it was not art. They said Verestchagin drew all the details with a machine called a "camera lucida," and then colored them in oils. Artists love one another—some of them.

The czar of Russia does not know art. The czar thought Verestchagin was a painter, and gave him the job of painting a few scenes from the Russo-Turkish war. Verestchagin went to the front to execute the imperial order, and got so close he had a hole shot in him. So he threw in a few hospital scenes with the czar's order. It was an imposing array of big canvases. Besides bloody surgical scenes, there were groups of suffering soldiers in the snow—frozen legs and arms rotting off and that sort of thing; and brigades of troops cheering while their fellows lay bleeding in adjacent ditches.

The pictures were not flattering to the civilization of the fatherland. They were unspeakably horrible and undeniably true. There was one big canvas which showed the czar sitting on a hill, viewing the far off butchery—in safety. There was something about the picture that flung this fact in the faces of those who looked at it: that rulers loved war when the common people fought it.

The czar did not like the job. He would not accept the pictures. He found that Verestchagin was not as good a painter as he had thought he was.

Verestchagin lit his pipe and thought a few minutes. Then he picked up the collection and took it to Paris. The French people thought the pictures were first rate. They liked them so much that Verestchagin thought they would enjoy a few pictures on French subjects. So he painted a series of canvases on Moscow—while Napoleon Bonaparte was there. These pictures were also horrible, and they were also quite true. The Parisians were furious at him. The fellows who claimed to know said that if Verestchagin would learn how to paint he would be an artist.

The people see war in the brass bands and the gay uniforms of marching men—inspiring spectacles. Rare and gaudy brave hides a ghastly lie. Verestchagin brings the other aspect before them. Men slaughtering their kind; men bleeding in the grime and dust; disembowled men; bold, sickening, brutal murderers.

Verestchagin might be painting flowers. He might be painting sunsets. Then he would hurt no people's vanity and expose no people's shame. It is always safe to paint flowers and sunsets. The people will not look at them long. Nature paints better.

But the people look long and earnestly at scenes of carnage; the images sink into their hearts and mysteriously move them. Verestchagin is helping to abolish war by show-

ing the people what it is. The fellows who claim to know do not know how great Verestchagin is. Verestchagin himself does not know.—Franklin H. Wentworth, in the *Pilgrim*.

The General Strike.

The important point in Ross Winn's view of this subject appears to be that he is tired of talk and wants action. Under those circumstances, it might seem advisable for him to act. I hardly think that Interloper, Kate Austin, or anyone else among us, will object to his starting a general strike, if he can, for almost any purpose on which it is possible the proletariat might be induced to unite. His critics have but excused themselves from taking much interest in the project, because they doubted its feasibility.

My own view has long been that, in the army of the social revolution, the Anarchists are the reserve, who have been thru the experience of Socialists, Single Taxers, Populists, Bryanites, Greenbackers, Trades Unionists, etc. They do best to hold back and advise, except at certain crisis of victory, defeat, or trembling balance, when they come up with very great effect, as they did in the general strike of Belgium for universal suffrage. The Socialists are at present the main body, and the Trades' Unions the light troops in front. It might seem a grave impeachment of this parallel to remark that this army has no general. That, however, has frequently happened, when allied forces acted together. A common purpose prompts each to support each, and a common need directs those who know the most how to do it with advantage. The less seasoned and combined forces—the Unions—will attempt their general strike when they see a place to strike at, as they did in Belgium. Whether they can be shown one by us Anarchists is not so certain. But we need not be wanting on occasion anymore than then.

C. L. JAMES.

Listerism.

I will not be drawn off the trail by the herring so adroitly drawn across it by Mr. James.

No one that I am aware of disputes that anesthetics and M. Lister, (notwithstanding the many extravagancies of that gentleman's practise,) have been the chief factors in the very great advance the last 35 years have witnessed in surgery; but the question is—What has vivisection to do with that or any other advance in either surgery or medicine?

M. R. LEVERSON.

Anarchism Practical.

A great many people, and particularly twilight reformers of the Single Tax type, are continually asserting that Anarchism is a dream, a vision or utopia, impossible of realization. This idea it seems to me is one of the chief things the Anarchist propagandist should rock on the head whenever it confronts him.

Let us try to make it clear that Anarchy, instead of being a dream, is a practical up-to-date reform, and can be realized as soon as a sufficient number of people understand it, which need not be a majority by a long ways.

Let us try to make it plain that no one can read history right and be anything but an Anarchist. Let us show that no matter when or where or in what line of human activity liberty has been tried it has always been beneficial; and inasmuch as it has solved the greatest problems in the past, so it will in the future. And, last but not least, let us make it plain that it never can be achieved by simply discussing it in a half-hearted way in social and business circles. It requires grit, determination, and backbone.

H. W. KOEHN.

A Comparison.

When Ravallac was convicted of the murder of Henri IV of France, in 1610, he was tied to the rack, a wooden engine in the shape of St. Andrew's cross. His right hand was first burned at a slow fire; then the fleshy and most delicate parts of his body were torn with red-hot pincers, and into the gaping wounds melted lead, oil, pitch and resin were poured. The executioner cut him into quarters, and the mob dragged his members thru the streets.

When McKinley was killed his murderer would have been treated the same way by the mob. Even preachers of the gospel wanted him tortured, and would have burned him at a slow fire as the other murderer was.

But King Henri could order the murder of people, and his glory was sung by the slaves. McKinley might have killed one man or a thousand and press and pulpit and the "dear people" would have looked on with indifference. The king can do no wrong. Long live the king.

Suppose President Roosevelt should shoot and kill some obscure man—a day laborer. Would he be punished? Would a mob try to burn him at the stake? Suppose a day laborer should shoot and kill the president? Would he be punished? You can see the mob now. Yet there are no classes in this country. All men are free and equal before the law. Justice does not smile on the powerful, and frown on the weak. Money and pull have nothing to do with mobs nor courts. Yet some people are foolish enough to say equal justice is not done and exclusive privileges are not granted to any one in this glorious country. They are foolish enough to say murder is murder whether done by pauper or millionaire, subject or king, president or subsidized courts or brainless mobs, and should be punished the same.—*Kentucky Free Lance*.

So long as they are pushed to the arrears by the police and troops, the newspapers speak of about the "disorderly mob." As soon as they are victorious, it is the "triumphant people." Today it is yet the mob of Barcelona that, according to the yelpings of the wishy-washy press, perpetrates the worst infamy. Tomorrow it is perhaps the "victorious people of Spain that have at last shaken off the disgraceful yoke of the nobles and priesthood."—Martin Drescher.

Human evolution is the product of three factors—heredity, environment, and individuality, and the last is by far the most important.—F. R. Hays, in *Colorado Chronicle*.

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